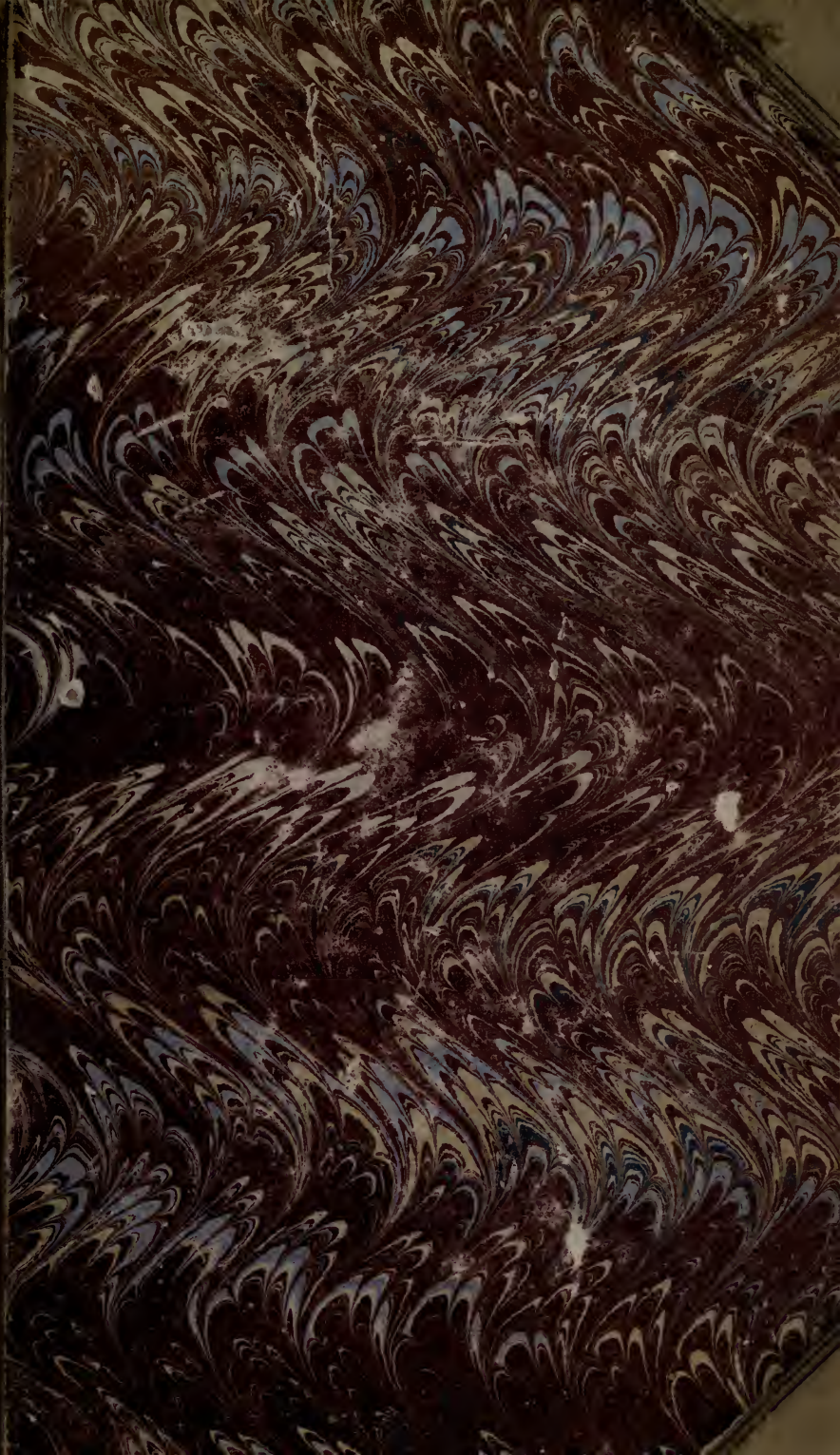


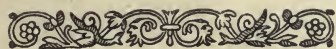
3 1761 04413 4294



149/37

| | |
|-----|--------------------|
| 416 | m |
| 170 | $\frac{1}{2}$ 6.00 |





The *DIARY* and *HOURES* of the
LADYE ADOLIE







The *DIARY* and *HOURES* of
THE LADYE ADOLIE
A faythfulle Childe

1552

ADDEY AND Co. 21 *Old Bond Street* LONDON

1853

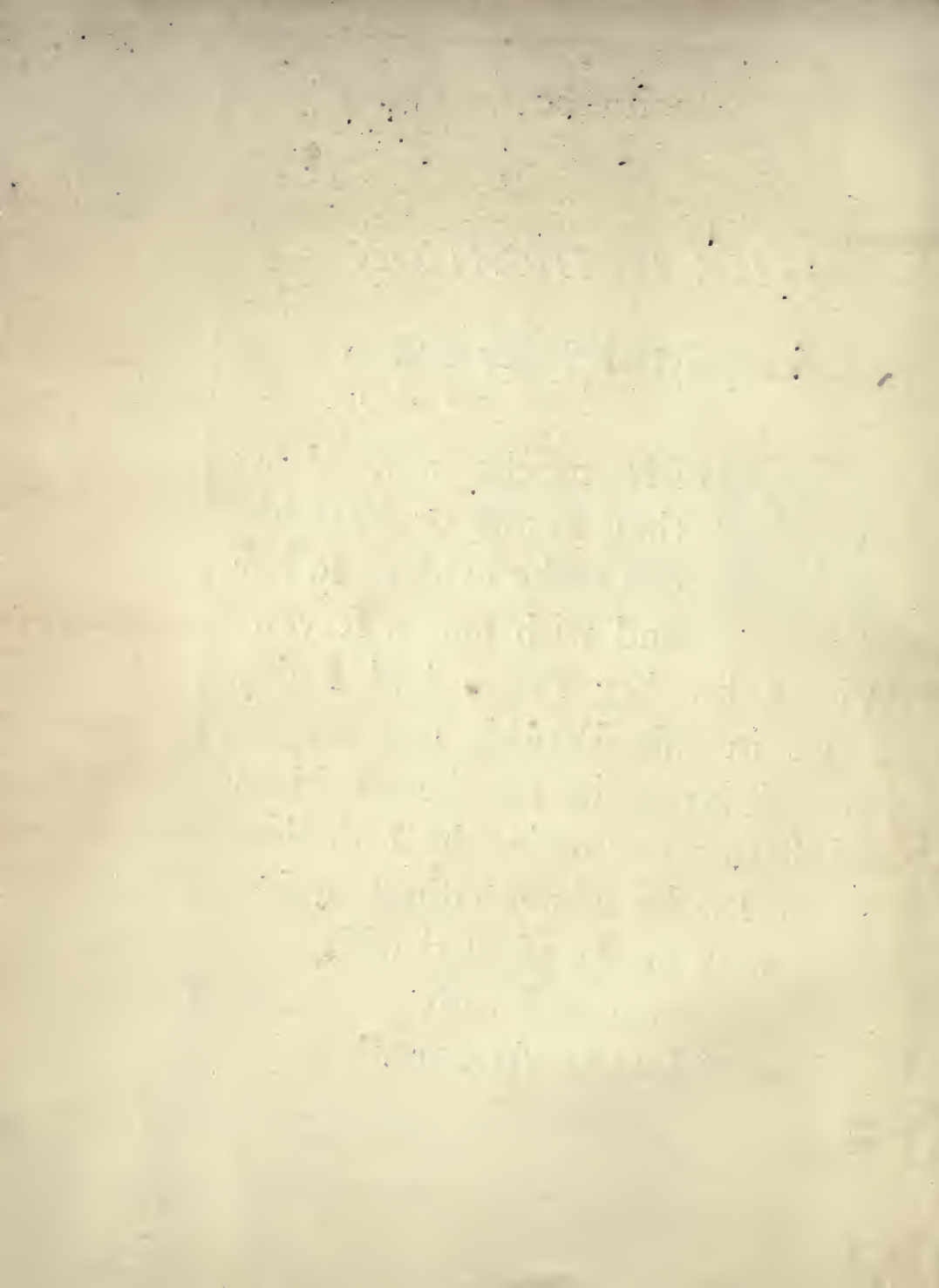
PR
5167
P858 D5

THE DEDICATION

To my lyttel Syfter EVELYN.



WITH moche more Love
than Penne or Worddes
can make evident to her,
and with manie fervente
Wishes for her Peace and Enjoy-
mente in this World, and for her
Eternal Reste in her better Home
and better Countrie, do I dedicate
the Booke I have edited, and
may she be pleased with
mee and with
“ LADYE ADOLIE.”





Introduction.

MY DEARE EVELYN.

ADOLIE, or Adela, the daughter of a good Man and a true-hearted loyal Noble, in the troublous days of Queen Mary, kept a little Diary, and drew up for herself, with the help of her Mother's Chaplain, a Set of "Houres," or private Meditations and Prayers. In case you, my beloved Sister, and your coteremporaries, may find them a guide and a help to your own endeavours after an holy and consistent life, I have put into somewhat plainer orthography, and left unaltered

Introduction.

altered in style, the simple records of her young and pious Spirit; and may the kingdom of Heaven draw near, and brighten upon your soul as upon hers, (though not through the flames of Martyrdom, yet in a like temper and spirit,) day by day!

Amen, dearest Child, Heaven be ever about you. Amen.

Your ever-loving Sister,

CHARLOTTE MARIA PEPYS.



Journal of *Adolie*.

CHAPTER I.

1552.

“Erl’s Cope.”

1552.

Maie 24th.



He 24th daie of *Maie*—year of grace 1552. This daie is the daie of my Birth, I am thirteen years old this daie. The first-born of my *Parents*—God sanctify their First-born! God make me strong and stedfast in the Faith. Tempt me not, Oh God, by the Allurements of Riches; give me not Beauty without Grace—*thy* Grace. We are beset with Perils; not now while our young *King* lives; but he may die, and then——But it is not good

1552.

good to speak evil of Dignities, and the *Ladye Marye* may perchance forsake the Worship of the Virgin she is called after, and give Heed to the Truth and Pureness of our most holy own Church. I must to my Studies, I was yesterday rebuked for Idleness.

Maie 30th.

Ever since my Birthdaie I have purposed and carried out a little Plan of mine, to retire from my Recreation or my Study at Sunset every Evening, to read a Psalm or learn a few Verses of the Scripture. We may perhaps not have the Blessed Scriptures always at hand. How shall I mourn then if I have them not in my Heart like my honoured Mother *The Ladye Beatrix*, the "*faire Countesse*," as the worlde here doth often call her.

Last night I had to seek a Psalm of Penance, for I had been naughty. My musicke Lesson did seem to me harde, & I not disposed thereunto did say the same to my Master, worthy Master *Herberte*, & he being high in favour at

Court

Court for his excellent Science and Skill on divers Pieces, was not well pleased to be chid by me in my Folly and Ignorance ; but tould my *Mother* of my Waywardness, & she looking on me with her gentle Severity, did desire me to leave her Prefence, and not to expect her Blessing till I had satisfied Master *Herbert* of my Repentance & voluntary Humiliation. I ran after him, but he was gone into my *Father* his Prefence, and my Pride (pretending to be Filial Duty) would not let me disturb them.

I am in Favour again, and glad enough to leave my Turret & wear my Kirtle & Shoes again. I did blush for very Shame when the Waiting-woman came to tire me for the Evening, and I might not let her in. How bitter is Disgrace ! *Alice* of *Sydenham* is punished with Becks and Blows, but she never feels as if she had really *sinned*, only as if she had been *unlucky*, says she. Heaven make me dutiful
to

Maie 31 ft.

1552.

to my good *Mother*, and make me love her,
next to God!

August 2d.

I have ben in my Bed ever fyne the twentieth daie of June, with a severe Feaver that was like to turn out to be the Smallpox, but thank God for myselffe and for others also, proved to be a Feaver which is not infectious, they say. I have had a neat Box full of silver Pins sent to me as a Gift. I must not waste them, but little *Bridget* and *Eda* are so taken with the shining Things, that it seemeth hard to refuse them. They will never recollect the Time when such Things were not used, but I have yet the ivory Skewers of my Kirtle & Bib. Inventions succeed each other very swiftly.

Oct. 15.

Bridget is five years old this day.

Sunday 1st
9ber.

I am not yet well of my Sicknes; I have much Paine in my Heade at Times, so much that I might not goe to the Church this Morn, though the newly ordered Prayer-boke was
used

used for the first Time. It is a very glorious Work, they saie, and muche Paines have ben taken, by learned, wise & holie Men, to restore unto us a Liturgie, fit for those, who, like the holy Apostles, would worship in Spirit & in Truth, & abhor "Vaine Oblations." This is not my Skill or Learning, in truth it is my Handwriting alone that is mine therein, and I doubt it is mostlie thus when younge Maidens have Opinions at all—that they are those of wiser Heades; more the Pity then, if they afterward forsake them & follow not in the Paths of Stedfastnesse, where the Wise & Good have gone before.

1552.

There are Troubles abroad again. The Duke of S—— though he be deade & buried, yet getteth Anger, and his Party, Contumely. Troubles are at home also. My sweete Sisters are fallen sick of a Feaver somewhat like to mine, and do not well get over it, indeed poor little *Bridget* is very ill, and likely to die, I fear;

Nov. 13.

1552.

fear ; but I pray God to spare her. Would my *Mother* ever be herself again? She doth so love that little Thing, & *Bridget* is indeed a winsome loving little child.

23 Nov.

She died ! Little *Bridget* is gone home. It is a pleafante home, and she was a most sweete Childe. The Lorde took her to bleffe her ; took her in His Arms safe from rough ways to come, from all danger, & distrefs, & troubling.

*From the Perils of the Waie,
From the Dangers of the Soul,
From the tempting World's Array,
To a safe and quiet Knoll,
Sister, thou art fled.*

*From the Cruel Rage of War,
From the Love of Sinful Ease,
From all Things that blight or mar
God did call thee to His Peace,
Thither art thou fled.*

Pleasure

*Pleasure now is Noughte to me,
Pain & Deathe I cannot fear,
This were dreary without Thee,
These would bring our Spirits near,
Sister, thou art dead !*

*“ Dead to Earth,” Thou dost reply,
Whispering low and sweet ;
“ But how blest beyond the Sky !
Die to Earth and we shall meet
When thy life is fled !”*

She died on the 18th daie of November, in her *Mother's* arms, at Sunfette, but I could not write in my Booke until now. My Hearte was too full, and my *Father's* & my *Mother's* Grief did seem to break them down so much. God comfortte my poore Mother, she is bitterlie cast down, but she murmurs not. Onlie she has *Eda* ever in her Arms, & makes her sleepe in her Room at Night, and when she sees her thin Face, & thinks of *Bridgette* she weepes.

Perhaps

Diary and Houres

1552.

Perhaps she thinks, if little stout *Bridgette* drooped & died, how can *Eda*, who is more weaklie at all Times, recover?

Dec. 1.

We are going to the Sea for *Eda's* healthe, atte this all are well pleased. I love the Sea dearlie, but I do not quite like to leave the place where little *Bridgette* died & is buried.

31 Dec.

We are returned & *Eda* is more stout & strong, thank God, and with His Blessing will live. Farewel, yeare of trouble, farewell deare, deare little Sister Bridget.

Here

1552.

Here lyeth a faire Childe
BRIDGET-MARGARET-LYNDALE.

Born Oct. 15, 1547. died Nov. 18, 1552.

Aged Five Yeares.

What she was on Earth, did remind us oft, of
Heaven, all Love, all Brightnesse,
all Gentlenesse & Peace.

But this sweete Flower
was of the Lorde His Planting, & He hath
claimed her earlie of her forrowing Parentes.

ALWYNE & BEATRIX YTENEHURST.

*We may not thy swete Life deplore,
Thou wert, & art for evermore,
A Chylde of Heaven.*

*We onlie praie that from thy Tombe
A Light may pierce our Sorrow's Gloome,
And lead to Heaven.*

1553. Here



CHAP. II.

1553.

Jan.
1553.

Ere openeth a new Yeare to us alle, and I do thinke sometimes what cause we have to be fuller of Prayses than of Weeping & Mourning.

For though the past Yeare hath broughte us Sorow, and especially that heavie Tryall of sweete little *Bridgette* being gone Home, yet there is great Cause to rejoyce. We have had another Year of Peace, & Libertie to serve the Lord in the Waie He would have; and our gode young *King* is still with us, though
alasse!

alasse ! alasse ! I do feare his Health will never be strong. The Courte discretelie sayth nothing ; but I fear this very Discretion & Care prove how great is Fear also.

1553.

It is now to-day one Year syne the *Duke of Somerset his Execution*, & the People do say, that the *Duke of Northumberland* had better alsoe take heed to his Waies. I do not understand these Things, yet they make me ponder.

22 Jan.

Though there is so moche to think about, my Hearte is (& no doubt all our Heartes are), very fulle of the dear little One, whose short Life is over, and she already in her happie Rest. Though she knew so little of this busie World she knew moche of a better. Yonge as she was, she woulde alreadie fold her Handes if anie one spoke the Name of God, & when she was dyinge, she spoke moche of Heaven, & the bright Angells. When she had done wrong, she would alwayes go awaie
afterward,

1553.

afterward, in a little Corner, kneel down, and praie alone. Once she did so, when she was so lyttel, that the Maid thought she must be tyred, and would go to Bed, so fetched her awaie, and thus put the little Thing in sad Distress & Trouble. My Sistere *Bridgette!!* at five Yeares old she coulde love her God, & seek His Pardon, & His Favour, & what canne I at thirteen? Trulie, I would gladlie receive the Kingdom of God as this lyttle Chylde! Thanks be unto Him, I do see more & more of the Eville that is in me by Nature, and of the Godeness of God, in not leaving me to mysellfe, but kindling in my Hearte, the Fyre that was laid early, when I first was called His own. He lit up the Secret Places, and I saw the Evill of all that is displeasing unto Him, and saw how the Evil of my Hearte, would skulk into Holes and Corners, & come not unto the Lighte, lest its Deeds should be reproved. Oh may that Fire for ever point upward, upward, still.

The

The younge *King* is very ill. His Weaknesse is very great and his Sufferings most sad to see, but he is very calm, and as his Bodie doth fade and fall awaie, so doth his forward & readie soule seeme more and more fulle of Holinesse & Goodnesse, soe that his Example filleth all gentle Heartes with Love and Desire to be like Him. His Cousin, Ladie Jane Grey, is in moche Sorow by reson of his Illnesse; I saw one to-day, that had seen her on the Lord's day, weeping fore & bitterlie in the Church as she knelt in Prayer. Every Harte is fulle of Pitie, for the young King his sad Condition, & of Wonder at his Earlie Ripe-ness for Heaven.

To-daie when I was returning Home after a Walk to see poore *Alice* whom I did finde in great Distress and Alarm, her Brother being imprudent enough to provoke continuallie the Duke of Northumberland; I did ponder in
my

1553.

Maie 20.

1553.

Maie 30,

1553.

my Minde why it sholde bee so, that every Man will climb higher than he is, & foe prepare his own Falle, while in the Things of great Moment, few are they who strive or aim high, we too soon cry out "It is too hard for me." This verie Duke, were he more like to his younge Sovereigne, seeking the Kingdom of Heaven, and not striving for an earthly Crown, woulde know far more true Happinesse & Peace. But why do I speak of others? Onlie this daie when *Alice* sayde that she could write better than I could, & plaie too, I did colour redde, partlie because she did speake unfeemlie, and I wolde not reprove her in her unhappie state, and partlie, nay *more*, because I did feel hurt in my Spirritte, at her Words; hurtte to finde that she did think lyttel of my Arte, and so lyttel as to deeme it les than her owne, which is never highlie esteemed. Nor is she herein to be blamed, for her Healthe is but poore, and she, often moving from House to House, canne not so strietlie be brought to Studie

Studie, Daie by Daie, as I am for the most Parte.

1553.

But aftere I came in to the House I did confesse my Faultte with manie Teares, to my Godde firste, & then to my Mother, who tenderlie did pointe out to me, that when a Measure is too fulle, a verie lyttel maketh it to run over, waste, & spoyl. “And foe,” said shee, “is it with our Pride, my Chylde,” and foe saying, she did praie with me. She prayed for Pardon and Peace for me then, & Strength & Courage to hold faste to the Truthe. She praied foe earnestlie, that I turned to looke at her. The Teares were on her Cheekes, and she pressed me to her Heart, saying, “Alasse, my Chylde, our young King must die, & what will then be our Fortunes? and who shall be strong enough for these Times that are coming upon us?”——I fell to weeping too, and my former Cause of Anger seemed now to rise uppe & rebuke me, as I felt how weak & uselesse I indeed should bee, in any dangerous

1553.

gerous Pafs or Trouble. She told me that all Opinions, however hidden, agree to think that our goode younge Kinge will die ; and that we must thence looke to being overwhelmed with the Authoritie and Ill-Usage of the Opposite Partie. “ Nor were this much,” she sayde, “ but we must looke to losing all we dearest love, our Peace, our pure Formes of Worshipp, and our blessed Prayer-booke, newlie establisht in our Universities & Churches. But we need not let it depart out of our Hearttes, my Childe ; no, my deare *Adolie*, lette us give ourselves yet more earnestly unto God, in Prayer, that whatever ills betide, we may yette holdde fast the Forme of pure Worddes, and that Possession of our precious Bibles, which neither Evil Man, nor Evil Spirit, can take from us.—*Adolie*, if we stand firme, the Gates of Helle shall not prevail against us, to rob us of its pure & saving Light. Onlie, let us remember, that the more gentle, pure, & holie we are in Dailie Life, so
much

much the more stronge & able to stand, shall we be in the evil Dayes, when Fear cometh."

"To stand, even unto Deathe, *Mother!!*" sayd I, hiding my Teares, for methoughte her Face was too bright, as she said these Wordes, too like to an Angel, & I feared she would be like Saint *Stephen*, the Holie Martyr who, soon after having the Face of an Angel, fell asleep and died, for the Faith. But I must goe on, for this was not all that she did saye. I did reply that I thoughte "it woulde be worse than Deathe to see," and I coulde not ende for weeping; but she held me closer in her Arms, & said in a soft low Voice, "As the Lorde will, my Childe, we know not upon which of us He will put this Honour, to die for His Sake: little we doe know that whether we have to staye and lose—or to goe & gaine—He will be with us, even unto the Ende; now goe, my *Adolie*, and bathe your Face, & compose your Minde, it may yet be well if the Lorde so wills it. Amen." I kissed her

1553.

London,
June 8,
1553.

her Hand, and said, "Amen," with all my Hearte.

The *Duke of Northumberlande* is ever at the Courte, and the younge *Kinge* is worn to a Shadow, his Illnesse is so strong upon him. Alasse, he will surely die. Men's Eyes are fixed upon that *Duke*, of whom they say, that having the *Crown of England* for his Countie & Dukedom, he longeth yet to make his Dukedom into a Crown at once. They saie in sober Earnest that his *Son's* Marriage with *Ladie Jane* is not without Signification; he has almoste perswaded the *Kinge* to set aside the *Ladie Marie*, and even his deare Sister *Elizabeth*, & *Queene Marie* of Scotland; the two first on the Plea of their Mother's Marriages having been broken off, and the last, because of her being as great a Papist as the *Ladie Marie* of England. There was Rumour that the *Ladie Marie* had wished to escape to the *Emperor Charles*; but her Design (if real)

was

was detected. It was soone after that her two Chaplains, *Mallet* & *Berkely* had beene throwne into Prison in the Yeare of Grace, 1551. If so that she had gone, she could now have no Hope of the Crowne.

1553.

The *Kinge* is beter agayne, we heare, might it please the Lorde to raise Him up!

June 10.

He is, alas! very ill to-day. *Sir James Hales* did sup with my *Father*, & one or two other worthie Gentlemen, and they discuffed much, but cautiously of the State of Affaires, & of *Northumberlande* his Projectes. My *Mother* did propose to sende me awaie, but my *Father* sayde “Nay, nay, shee is worthie to be trusted, I thinke:” at whiche I did colour redde, & *Sir James Hales* did saye, “I reade manie Faces—there is Faithfullnesse in hers;” at whiche kind Wordes, and especiallie at my deare *Father’s* Smile and Nod at mee, the Teares did come fast into my Eyes, & I thoughte

June 12.

1553.

thoughte they would betray me to be but a weak Childe after all.

Childe as I am, I could admire muche how gentlie they spoke of those who think not with them, how much they did prayse both the Deade and the Living noble Examples of Faith & Constancie among the Roman Catholic Partie. They spake of Bishop *Tonstall* his Mildnesse, and of his Patience under Ill-usage, & they thoughte that suche Treatment of a holie Manne, as he received, would make it to go hard with the Protestantes, if the *Ladye Marye* shoulde come to be *Queene*.

“And yet,” said my *Father*, “as I think her Right is so plaine, & not to be gaynsayed, I will never sign an Agreement to deprive her of it.”

“Ah, my Friend, how trulie do you speak my Minde, I refused but Yester Nighte to do so.”

Then they did converse in low Tone for a While, and methoughte my Father gave a kindlier Graspe than ever to *Sir James* his Hande

Hande, & did say "God bleſſe You," as they parted.

1553.

Dr. *Jerome Cardan* came in this Daye to ſee my *Mother*, & he tolde her that the Courte is enraged to finde the Phyſicians of the young Kinge now no more allowed to come unto him, & a Woman alone to be ſuffered to adminiſtere unto his Healthe. Dr. *Jerome Cardanus* did ſeme to be muche hurte & grieved thereat; he loveth *Edward*, and he is alſoe a Man much eſteemed. He ſpoke with caution of y^e *Duke* his plans, & mourned over the two *Seymours*, who were, he ſaid, Martyrs to *Warwic* his Ambition, & eſpeciallie over y^e laſt the *Duke of Somerſet*, who was, he ſaid, a Man of much Worth. I have hearde my *Father* ſaye of him, that he was a Man far before His Time of his Living, in Underſtanding and in Largeneſſe of Minde: but methinkes one can not forget the *Lord Admiral* his Death, and *Somerſet his Share* in that Deede.

June 15.

Roger

Diary and Houres

1553.
June 18.

Roger Ascham writeth to my *Father* priuile, that he hath continuall Feares for his two noble & learned Scholars, The *Ladye Elizabeth* & the *Ladye Jane Gray*. "My two faire Sapphos," he doth faye, thoughe I do suppose two could hardlie be at once. Shall I ever be as learned as they are? I am but three yeares less of Age than the *Ladye Jane*.

June 25.

Jubilee Feasts all this Weeke at *Durham House*, for the Three Marriages; oh, how do I pitie the poore younge *Jane*! *Ladie Catherine Herbert*, and *Lady Margaret Keys*, are but Children yet; but how far happier Brides than their poore Sister, whose Greatness will bring her Perill!

June 26.

We are all at *Erls Cope* agayne, after a most busie Time of few Dayes in *London*. The Skye, & the Flowers, & the Birdes, look alle so happy, & there are no Faces here full of Grief, and Care, and Ambition, like Every Face in *London Streetes* now.

Earlie



CHAP. III.

June & Julie 1553.



EArlie this Morninge to take my walking Exercise, & did mete a most prettie Childe. She was not much attended, nothing about her showed her to be of greate Estate; but she was looking towards gode *Peter Purcell* his Cottage; she hadde some Broth in a jug, perhappes to give the poor old Manne. She hadde climbed uppe the lyttel Banke, & soughte thus to see her Way; it was stepe, & she seemed to be casting in her Minde, how she should get down without spilling her Broth
in

June 30.
1553.

1553.

in the Road. I felt too shie to go and helpe her, & I thought perhaps she mighte not like mee to speake to her, at leaste so I said to myself; but I do believe, I was myselffe the one that did not moche like the Thoughte, and was fulle well inclined to passe her bye, and leave her; so I did watche till she was not lookinge my Waie, and then did goe quickly past. My Heartte did smite mee, that I was like the Prieste & the Levite, & not the gode Samaritaine; but I would not attende, all that I did care to think of was that I sholde get past her, unsene, & I did so; but scarcelie was I fairlie bye, before I heard a moste piteous Crye, and a Falle, & I looked round and saw the Chylde scrambling, & falling, and the Jugge broken & lying on the Grounde. My shie Pride, (or proud Shienefs) was alle gone, and I ranne to helpe her. Her Foote was twysted & she did scream with Payne. I felt awkward in my selffe, & afraide of hurting her more, so did pull her uppe but badlie I feare

feare. She was quite pale and changed with Payne, and coldde not stande, so I made her sitte down on the Banke, and took her Jug up, while she lay on the Banke, and made a pitifulle low Sighing. Then I did fele much Repentance, that I had not helped her sooner, and I said, Oh, I am so forrie for you ; and I thoughte I coulde say a greate deale more, but the Wordes seemed to be all gone, & my Throat was full of odd Feelings. We sat quite styll, for the poor Chylde made no more Syghinge, and I looked atte her to see yf she was fainte ; but shee was not fainte onlie very whyte, & when she saw me looke at her, she smiled and said, “ You are kind to me. I am not moche hurte.”

I did ask her yf she coulde walke, or yf I muste goe and fetch more Aid. She sayde she woulde trie at lease, before I shoulde goe, and she rose uppe, but with a lyttel Crye, sat down again and sayde, “ I must wait a While, I muste have Patience for a lyttel.” In Truthe she

1553.

ſhe was very patient, for I coulde ſee how moche Payne it gave her, and I was quite at a loſs what to doe for her. There was no one who coulde helpe her home, in the Cotage of poor *Purcell*, for he lived alone, and I was never allowed to goe further alone. “This once,” I thought, “for Charitie’s Sake I may. Yet why not ask my Mother?”

“That will ſpend Tyme & ſhe is oute,” ſaid my Wiſh to go at once.

“Better ſpend Time than diſobey her,” ſaid my Fear of doing wrong.

“The lyttel Girl may be worſe, or get hurte here alone, if I doe leave her,” added my Wiſh to ſtay by her.

“My Mother will never minde it when ſhe does hear the Occaſion,” pleaded my Deſire to goe.

“But if I doe wrong, ſome Ill will comme, for God ſeeth my Hearte; and if I doe right, He can make yt proſper. I will not diſobey.”

And

And so I did determine, and then the Thoughte came, that perhappes some one mighte call at *Purcelles* cottage, who coulde helpe. I thanked God for the Hope and the goode Thoughte.

I did ask my new Friende, if she thought I mighte goe so far from her; & she sayd, "Oh yes; but you need not goe, they will soon sende to seeke me, I am sure, for I do not often walk abroad alone; onlie I had asked Leave to bring the Broth to the poor old Manne, and then, seeing this prettie Woode, I was tempted to come throughe itte, and thoughe I founde the Waie out to the Roade, I did not know which Waie to turn, when I was here."

"Are you acquaint with poor Master *Purcell*," I asked; and she sayd,

"Yes, I have been to see hym more than once, syne we came to live here."

"Are you better now?" did I say.

"Yes," she did make answer, "& I need
be

1553.

be no further Hinderance to you, for I can walk to the Cottage alone."

"Nay," I did exclaim, "suffer me to goe with you, at least so far."

"Will you get no Anger by being farre from Home so long?"

"I am not very careful about that, for my *Mother* would reprove me, if I told her that I had seen you in so much Trouble, and had not stayed with you; and then I am not far from Home. I live at Erl's Cope, the House between those Trees. And you, where is your Home?"

"My Home is at the *Abbaye* of *Greystone Towers*," said she sadlie hanging her Head down, "& I wish I were likelie to live there alwaie; but I fear it will not be so."

"Why should it not?" I asked, and she replied, "If the yonge *Kinge* dies, and *Ladye Marye* is *Queen*, we shall be sent for to Courte—perhaps—& if she does not become *Quene*, we shall have to flee awaie."

"Awaie

“Awaie, where?”

1553.

She would not tell me, & she did seeme wonderfully moved, so that I suppose she shoulde not have saide so muche. I was now moche troubled to think how she woulde ever get Home, for her Walking becoming worse and worse, I feared she coulde not even reache unto the Cotte, with all her brave Courage. However soon I heard a Coach coming, & saw two Esquires on Horseback come quicklie forwardes, through the gate where stood *Purcell* his Cotte. The Coache was very grande, & I cast about in my Mind, if I did dare ask it to stay & take up the poor Childe. I knewe I oughte to doe this; but my Face was all hot with the Thoughtes, and I was quite busie and silent thinking how I shoulde speake to the Ladie inside, and trying to gette bolde enough to say “Hold!” when it shoulde be near us. So deeplie busie was I, that when it didde reallie stop, I was quite frightened, and did screame. The Ladie looked out and saide it shoulde

1553.

shoulde not hurt me. I, vexed to be thoughte such a Babie, and perplexed at its stopping when I had not called it, hardly remembered what *I* had been so anxious about, until I heard my lyttel Friend saye, “Good bye, I must goe in this Coach; wont you come too?” And then I saw that the Coache was sent for her. There was a Ladye inside, and a sweet and lovelie little Girl of aboute five Yeares. That Age is dearest to mee: My Friende sayde that they were “*Marye Seymour*, and her Governess.” The little Childe’s Face was very fair, but her Eyes dark & very bright.

The ladie asked me how the Mischance had fallen out. She called my little Friend “*Una*,” and did seem trulie glad to find she was not much hurt. She did then press me kindlie to goe with them in the Coache; but when I did excuse myself, saying that I had no Libertie to go so far awaie, she did smile and saie, “It is not far awaie, but I will not leade you, my Childe, to disobey—farewell.”

And

And foe we faide farewelle, Friendes of a very brief Season, and yet my Roade did looke most dulle and void of Pleasure now. I had not yet fulfilled my first Charge, of seeing the poor old Man, but did not now feel so bent to do it as before, and turned homewards, thinking of alle *Una* had faide, and alle that I had faide. But my Hearte smote me, when I came to the Spot where we had sat so long, for the Thought of poor old *Gaffer* awaiting me in vain, the whole After-Noon, and forsaken for some newer Fancy, was grievous. "I did no Harm," said I, "to help the little Childe;" but that is over now, and I am but pleasing myself, musing on this little Earth-Seat, and telling myself all I know quite well about it."

Then I rose up, & tried to turn off mine Eyes by repeating—"Inasmuch as ye did it not, unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me"—that I might remember for Whose Sake it was, that we were to love one another,

1553.

another, and to do Good. These Thoughts made it seem pleasant to me, to go to see the old Man; and *Una*, and the Coach and *Marye Seymour*, went out of my Mind. Poor *Gaffer* was very ill in his Health to-day, & I did hasten homewards to send him some of my Mother's good Comforts, which she is always glad to find, are wanted. He said that he had thought so much to-day, about the little *Grandchild*, that he lost a while ago, and did seem to hear her Voice oft-times in the quiet Eventide, or Night, but not often in the Daye till to-day.

How well I knew that sad Fancy! and how much did I rejoyce, that I had come to him to-day. He said, "Ah, You in your Springtime, lyttel Maiden, have never known how sad it makes the Heart, to see younger Creatures die!"—I did bow down my Head, to show that I did hear him,—but I could not speak one Worde.

"You will know it one Daye," he said,
"and

“and you will then think of me, & perchance be glad you did listen to my Wailing for my Childe.” His Eyes here were too full to hold the big Teares, and they came flowing down; in Truth so did mine also.

I did long much to goe awaie, but I thought it would seem as if I did not like to stay by him in his Grief, and oh, it was not that, but I could not speak, to tell him of *my* Sorrow too—my little Sister!! At last he did take note of my black Clothes, laid his Hand upon them, and said, “Why so? my little Ladye, why so?” I could but say, “My—Sister—my Sister *Bridget!*” and then his Eyes looked into mine, and very softly he said, “Nay, my little Ladye, forgive me, I knew not that you had also a deare Treasure in Heaven. Let us take up our Crofs, and have our Heart and our Conversation there in like Manner. Let not our Hearts be troubled, we shall indeed be blessed if we meet these bright Angells in Heaven. Let us think of
this

1555.

this, and love God, the Lordde Who has taken them, because He loved them."

He lifted up his Eyes, and I put my Hand in his and said "Amen." He kissed it, and said, "The Lord blefs Thee & keep Thee, The Lord be with Thee ever, and comfort Thine Hearte."

June 28.

Everie Daye, more sad Accounts of the *Kinge*. Sir *John Cheke* writ to-daie to my *Mother*.

June 29.

A Messenger to saye he is very ille to-daye.

July 2.

He is worfe, and his Doctors are called agayne to him; too late I fear.

July 4.

Sir John Cheke is here now, he is very low and sad about the young *Kinge*. My *Mother* has desired the Whole of her Householde to praie for him in the Church Prayers, but privilie, for fear of evil Interpretation.

He

He is fo ill that he can not speake.

1553
July 5.

He is gone to his Rest. Younge and full
of Promise, he is allowed to enter his Mansion
of Rest in his *Father* his House. Amen.
Amen.

July 6.

All



CHAP. III.

Julie 1553.

1553.
July 8.

ALL is quiette awhile; but it is an awfulle Quiette. None knoweth to whom Allegiance is to be fworne; my *Father* faith that the People know not generallie that *Edward* is dead, howbeit it can not long be kept from their Hearinge.

Syne these manie & great Events, I have not said moche of our own Busines in this Diarie, but now must mention that I have seen *Una* manie Times, & alwaies liked her so verie dearlie. She doth speake so lovinglie
of

of her Parents, and then she is so tender to the little lonelie Princeſſe (if one may call her ſoe), the Motherleſſe Childe, *Mary Seymour*, now quite Orphaned, & not much cared for, it ſeems, by the Relatives who have undertaken the Care of her Infancie. She is now for a Viſitte with *Una's* Parents, at the *Abbaye, Greyſtone Towers*. My *Mothere* did allow me to aſk *Una* to ſup with me; I did beg for *Mary Seymour* too, as a Friend for little *Eda*, they are not far in Age from Each Other. *Mary* is indeed moſt like in Size and Age to faire little *Bridgette*, when ſhe died; & when my *Mothere* did ſee *Marie*, the Teares came into her Eyes, & ſhe ſaid, “God be gracious unto Thee, my Childe.” My *Mother* thoughte that the lyttle *Marie* mighte come, though a Childe of her Ranke and Station doth not often viſitte; but for her there is not that Ceremonie obſerved. Onlie her Gouverneſſe did come with her; ſhe is Niece to *Katherine Aſbley*, who was with the *Ladie Elizabeth's*

1553.

beth's Grace. Her own Name is *Margaret Anstey*. She saith the lyttel Girle is mighty quicke at her Bokes, she is but five Yeares old, & that is not moche for Learning; but her Mother, the *Quene Douagere*, was very clevere, and skilled in manie Artes.

Ah! my own deare *Mother!* my noble *Father!* yf we mighte all be worthie of our Parentes! Amen.

July 10.

Una and *Mary Seymour* did come again to-day. I was juſt putting ſome Clove-Gilliflowers into my Plot of Garden-Ground cloſe to the Border of Panſies and Violets, & thinking how would I like to have to leave *Erlſcope*, which is in mine Eyes ſo beautiful? when I heard a Voice ſaie, "*Dolie, Dolie,*" for ſo doth the lyttel *Marie Seymour* call me, & I looked up, and there they were, ſmiling and looking ſo verie much pleaſed, at the Surpriſe of mee & lytel *Eda* (for ſhee was with mee), and we were both all dirtie in our
Garden

Garden Drefs, and not fit for Vifitors, who came fo cleanelie and nicelie decked. Welle, but foone I remembered to fend *Eda* in to be drefsed, and to ask *Una* how it was we came to have this great Pleafure to-daie, when I knew not of it: & ſhe faide that my *Mother* “being very kinde, and hearing that her Parentes were gone to *London*, had asked her to come.”

“Gone to *London*!” did I exclaim, “& wherefore?”

“I may not tell,” ſhe faide gravelie.

I did long very moche to know, and I did fuppoſe it was Something to do with the *Kinge* his Deathe. We did walke alone while *Marie* went to ſeeke *Eda*, and held Converſe ſome Time very pleaſantlie, when it did chance that ſhe ſpoke of a verie olde *Grave Stone* near the *Abbaye*, where is to be ſeen a curious Legend in Old Rime. Her *Father* has writ it down, in Verſes of the Modern Style of Spellinge. She was about to tell it
to

1553.

to mee, but she suddenie bethoughte herselffe and stayed. At which I did beseech her to let me hear it; she did ponder, and think, & then sayde that she coulde not. I did urge her verie muche, but it was long ere she did complie, and then timidlie.

It was onlie, I supposed, Modestie about her *Father* his Verses. The Date on the Stone is 1253 temp: Edw. I.

*“ When thrice one C. Yeares are gone
A Kinge shall dye, withouten Sonne,
And Holie Rood and Rule once more,
Be stronge and valiante as before.*

*Then Side by Side inearthed shall lie
Brave Men of Doctrine contrarie,
And Satan seize and joyfull burne
All who from Holie Churche did turne.*

*Take Tent, take Tent unto your Waies,
All Menne that follow on my Dayes ;
For e’er the Time I speak of, ye,
Fulle manie a Heretic shall see.*

Una

Una coloured as she faide the laſt Line, & ſcarcelie coulde make an Ende. I did ſee verie welle why ſhe did not like to faie the Verſes to me. And I did beginne to aſke about the Letters they were writ in, on the Stone, to let her ſee I was not going to take Anger. But ſhe did looke into my Face & faie, “Then you are not angered, You do not think mee unkinde?”

“Unkinde! nay, my deare *Una*, you know I did preſſe you to faie the Verſes, and you did not wiſh me to heare them.”

“No,” did *Una* make Anſwer; “but it was becauſe to hear them might hurtte you in your Minde. And you knowe, deare *Adolie*, I am verie ſorry that you and I are of ‘Doctrine contrarie;’ but you do not feel angered about it? You do not thinke that it need make us not love any more?”

“Oh no, *Una*! I do not thinke any Thing ſo drearie and ſadde. Heavenne forbidde that any Anger ſhoulde come betweene

1553.

tweene us, to part us! But I amme verie, verie forrie.”

“Why are You then so verie forrie?”

“For that manie Thinges maie hap to part us; and that we may never speake one to the other, of our dearest Joys, perchance.”

“I do fear foe, *Adolie*. Dame *Margaret Anstey* will not suffer me to speake thereof to little *Marie*, & perchance my *Mother* would in like manner think it evil for me to speak thereof with you.”

We were come to the little Ponde whiche is very cleare, and lookinge into it, not verie far from the lytel Old Ashen Tree, I did see a yellow Carpe in the Water. “Oh, *Una!* did I crie, there is a yellow Fishe!”

“I do not see your yellow Fishe, but I see a browne One there, quite large among the Reste.”

“So is my Yellow One, the only large One, you must meane the Yellow one, *Una!*”

“Nay, I meane the Browne One, he
would

would be toothsome in a Dishe, shall I catch him?"

And she put her Hande downe into the Water under my *yellow* Fishe which she called brown.

"Oh! *Una*, be wary!" did I crie, as she stretching far after the Fishe, which had glided softlie and swiftlie between her Fingers, did seem half in the Water: "but you *do* mean the Yellow One!"

"Nay, nay! this fine Brown One, I do meane! where is my Kerchefe? I will soone have him!" & she did throw it pretty far. The Fishe did give one Looke at the Kerchief (that made a pretty Tent over him) gave a Jerke to his Tail, and awaie, while *Una*, still more desirous to have him, because he slipped awaie so oft, got a lytel hot & vexed.

"I will have him, *Adolie*," sayd she, "just to shew you that he is browne & not yellow; what Eyes you must have!"

"You will dirtie your Kirtle, *Una*," saide I, striving

1553.

I, striving to speak softly, as I saw she was vexed. But it was a softte Answer of the Sorte that doth not turn awaie Wrathe, for she saide,

“I shall not, *Adolie*; You do saie so but to kepe me from showing you how Brown this scalie Coat is, that you do call Yellow.”

To this angrie Speche I did nought replie. And she did throw the Kerchief with yet more Force into the Water, so much so that she did throw herself in too.

It was all done in one Minute, & she was struggling in the Water.

My Harte did smite mee, that we had had angrie Wordes just before; but I had no Time to lose. It was not farre from the Garden where the Kale groweth, & I shouted loude, loude for Helpe. No one came. The Moments methoughte, were verie, verie long, and poor *Una's* drowning Face, peered up to me amonge the Weedes. Oh, piteous Sichte! thereupon I did call like one madde,
 stille

ftille no one came. Then I did remember how the Shepheards call, and putte my two Handes uppe to my Face to make a long Crie, whiche done, I did looke to fee if poor *Una* were ftill to be feene; ſhe was ftill there, and did not ſink, ſo I did hope that ſhe was held uppe by ſome Plantes or Weedes, and I thoughte that if I coulde tie ſome Sticke together, ſhe mighte be kept up till Helpe ſhoulde come. There were ſome Pieces of hewn Wood lying near, for the little *Aſhe-Tree* had been cut down latelie; and with the Lace of my Boddice, I did tie three Pieces together, ſoe Δ , & throw them to her. She had yet Senſe enough to catch it, and put it over her Headde. The ſame Woode ſeemed to bring me a good Thoughte, I could not reache her, even with a Sticke, and no Helpe coming! But if I coulde ſet Fire to the Stumpe of the Tree it mighte be ſeen. I did rub ſome verie drie Woode till I was tired, ceaſing not to ſcream too. And at
Laſt

1553.

Last when I thought the Fire never would come, it blazed out in a little Flame. I put it neare to the Stump, & heaped all I could finde near it. It blazed! and how thankfulle was I to see it! Yet I ceased not to shoute, for I did think that they in the House would see the Flame and Smoke, and though they could not hear mee yet would come, and that they in the Garden if they did not see, would hear me screame. I felte afraide that poor *Una* would be too weake to holde up her Headde, she looked so pale and colde.

Shoutes and Footstepes now came neare, & manie of the Garden-men, and Serving-men, and Retainers of all Kindes, came down to usse, for my Beacon was flaring brightlie, & some had hearde my Voice. They ran for Ropes and Plankes, and one Man went into the Water, and put a Rope round her, and held her while the others drew her to the Shore. She went off quite in a Swoon as soon as she was moved, and, I onlie remember

ber to have seen her safe on Land, & no more;
I believe I did swoon too.

Una was carried to the House, and I alsoe. As we were on the Waie, I did hear the Man who carried *Una* saie, “I do thinke she is deade;” and another saide, “Whose Childe is she?” “I don’t rightlie know,” saide the firste, “but by her being with *Lady Adolie*, one might thinke she were the little Papist from *Grey-Stone Towers.*”

The other Manne, fierce at this Wordde “Papist,” did tell his Fellow “not to use such Worddes, for that the Earl his Opinion was, that such Worddes do breed Unkindnesse, & Bloodshed, being harde Names of Ill-Will, & of Party.”

I marvel that I coulde hear all this so welle, for when I assayed to speke, I could not; thoughe I was longing to know how *Una* was. I remember no more till I found my selfe laid on a Bed. Then I did think where was my *Mother*, would she be frighted to see
me

1553.

me there? And *Una*, where was she? Up did I spring, and no one stayed me, I was alone, and I fought eagerlie my poore lytel Friend. The Sound of Voices in one Room, the Door being open, told me where she was. She was laid pale and still upon the Bed. The Maids were round her, and a Leech stode by. He did aske if she had neede to be held up by the Feete? They saide bashfullie, "Nay, we know not; but here is the *Ladye Adolie*, who was with her."

I told him "that she was quite in her Senfes till Aide did come, and had onlie had her Head under the Water for a Moment." He did reply that he woulde not therefore holde her up by the Feete, but would have her kept in Bed warme, and he woulde staye till she did open her Eyes. Her Hearte did beate faintlie. His Cares were used for some Time, and we did anxiously sit near to see how it would be with her. I can not tell the Paine and Sorrow I was in. I did not thinke she

ſhe was Deade then, but I did thinke ſhe was Dying: I did thinke of her poore *Mother*, in ſuch Trouble when ſhe ſhulde returne and finde her foe. I did thinke of my own *Mother*, her grief that ſuch a fearfull Ende ſhoulde have come upon her plefante Plan for us. And where was my *Mother*? I was tolde that my *Father* had been ſent for to *London*, & that ſhe was gone with him as far as to *Abbots Worthy*. While I was deepe-
lie thinking of her Abſence, and longing for her Return, *Una* opened her Eyes, and gave ſome Signs of Life, and the Doctor ſaide to our *Nurſe*, who was ſtanding bye, all that he wiſhed to have done for her in the Nighte, “for of courſe,” ſaide he, “ſhe muſt ſtaie here this Nighte.” “So then *Marie Seymour* and *Miſtreſs Anſtey* did go hence to the Ab-
baye to tell all about it, if *Una*’s Parents were there; but it was thought they were gone for two Daies at the Leaſt. The Daie was now fading faſte into Evening, and my Thoughtes
were

1553.

were verie hevie, as they had good Cause to be. My deare *Parentes* awaie, my lyttel Friend in Peril hardlie over, and all the People I love seeming to be wondrously mixed up in the Troublousnesse of the Times. I do suppose I had sat musing a long Time, for *Nurse* presentlie faith to me softlie, “Sleepes the *Ladye Adolie*?”

“Nay, I sleepe not.”

“Looke then, *Ladye*, at the Childe, methinkes she is more at ease,” said she.

I did looke, and *Una* did seeme to sleepe quite quietlie, with a lytel rosie colour.

“I will goe and tend the *Ladye Eda* for her evening Couche, an the *Ladye Adolie* will sit beside the Patient,” saide further the *Nurse*, & she lefte me there. It was not long ere *Una* did half wake & speake to me, “*Adolie*,” said she, “kisse mee, I was wronge about itte.” She did adde no more, and dropped to slepe againe; but I was much moved, and kissed her lovinglie, with the Thoughte that I
too

too had been wrong, *how* wronge I had not known until I had sene my lytel Friend urged into Danger of Deathe, by mine Obstinate Persistence about a Trifle. I did thinke too how like it was that Manie Things wherein Men do disagree even unto Bloodshedde, spring from such small Cause, and I did praie for a Spirritte of Peace-loving Candour. *Una's* wet Clothes were not yet removed, I did take them up, and lay them by, one by one in the outer Chamber to be dried for her, and I did finde in the wet & heavy Foldes of her Kirtle something faintlie moving. It was a poor little Fishe, that seemed almoste deade. I putte it into fresh soft Water, and it did begin to revive; I did carry it to the Light, to see it better, & the Evening Sun, just sinking, gave it a golden Hue on one Side, but left it brown on the Other.

Oh *Chaucer!* *Chaucer!* we too had been like unto thy Knightes of the Gold & Silver Shield! We had meant the same Fishe. This
was

1553.

was the same Fishe; but *Una* down on the Banke, cast it into Shade, while I, standing, had seen the other Side lit up. This was poor *Una's* Fishe! and like a *Mermaide* she had caught it with her Taile.

She was still sleepeinge, and I still on my Watche beside her, when Slepe came over mee too, & I dreamed. I did dreame that there were manie Men trying to catch Fishe, for that they were starving; and there were manie Fishe, of divers Sortes, in the deep Waters. But as soon as their Nets caught anie, one Man did call this a Poisonous Sorte, and another did call others badde and uneatable, so that with one and another Assurance all were rejected. Then I wepte & saide "What will ye then do?" Then I hearde a Voice saye, "Have ye anie Meate?" and they made replie, "Nay." Then saide the Voice, "Come & dine." And we saw One who from His Hande did give us some of all Kindes of Fishes to eat, and they were verie goode.

And

And He vanished out of oure Sichte. Then these Men fell to discourfing wherefore all were goode from His Hande? & once more beside the Waters did dispute eagerlie, which were of the Sorte that He had taken and given unto us. Then faide I, "It was not the Sorte, but because they were in His Hande."

Whereat all did turne and looke angrilie upon me, and fright me, and drive me near the Waters, so that I cried out for Feare. And methoughte One caught mee to His Bosom, and the same Blessed Voice sayde, "Faythefull Witnesse! none shall pluck Thee out of My Hande"—whereat I trembled with exceeding Joy, and I awaked.

I awaked, but still did I fele kind Arms round mee, and looking up I did mete my *Mother's* gentle Eyes. She had come in, and she had heard from Mistres *Nurse* (all hastening ever to tell News), the Storie of poor *Una*. She kissed mee & blessed mee, & sayde
"My

1553.

“My Chylde, God blefs Thee, Thou haft well done this Daye, but now to Bed, to Bed. I will nor afke Thee, nor tell Thee ought this Nighte.” She did lede me to my Chamber, herfelf did untire me, nor did ſhe leave mee until I was well laide to Reſte in my Bedde with her ſwete Kiſs and Bleſſing once more, to make me happie, as it doth like Sunſhine.

Julie 11.

Una is much better this Morninge, and woulde like to goe home; but the Leeche ſtill ſayes ſhe is ſafer here for another Daye: we have writ to *Greyſtone Towers* to ſaye ſo.

When I did ſeeke my deare *Mothere* in her Chamber, ſhe did looke as iſſe ſhe had been weeping fore. And during the Reading of the Service by her Chaplaine goode *Leſlie Knowe*, Teares did run down her Face, and when Maſter *Leſlie Knowe* did afke her when my Father woulde return, ſhe ſaide, “In Truthe I know not, he is about the new Councille.”

“The

“The Lord preserve Him,” answered *Leflie Knowe*: and she sighed, “Amen.”

1553.

Goode *Master Herberte* now did arrive, so that I had noe Time for my longed-for, sweet Converse with my deare *Mother*. And as I did slowlie mounte the Staires, it seemed to me a very Hardshippe to be forced to goe from her, but I did remember how great was the Gaine, of having so excelent a Master as the worthie *Herberte*, and one so feldom able to give me moche Time. That Reflexion did comfort mee, that it coulde not bee verie long. Nor was it long before I was sitting happie at her Feete. *Una* by her Side and *Eda* in her Armes, till she did send *Eda* forth, make *Una* go to lie down on her Bedde, and then aske me all the Tale of Yester Daye. At some Partes she did weepe, at some smile, & at some looke gravelie at mee, nor did she faile to bid me see my Follie, even while she did prayse me for what she did calle my Presence of Minde & Courage.

Then

1553.

Then I did tell her of my Dreame, and she showed me how it arose out of my busie, frightened Thoughtes of the Daye, and of the Times. But she did seem pleased at the Turne those busie Thoughtes had taken, and did calle it a iuste and pretty Allegorie. "And one that suits these present Eventes," said she, "oh! that Men would see how muche Roome there is in the Worlde for Love and Charitie."

"For listen my Childe," she did continue, "To-daye there is sitting in *London* a Councille. Yesterdaye it was called together, & the *Lady Jane Grey* was proclaimed Quene!"

"*Quene!*" did I exclaim.

"Yes, my Childe."

"And my *Father*?" did I crie.

"Your *Father*, my *Adolie*, is no partie at present to anie such Measure, nor will he be, for he is not one that thinketh we may do Evil, that Good may come, and his Politicks are not entangled nor courted, because
he

he doth fet the Wordde of God always before him."

"Will the *Ladye Jane* reign manie dayes, Mother?"

"The People are too stronglie fet in favour of the *Ladie Marie's* Grace, they know her Righte too is a certain Fact, but the Goode to be gained by *Ladye Jane's* Reigning, in her Steade, is more doubtfulle, & harder for them to see clearlie. The Time is gone when they can be passed over, and their opinions not regarded, nor held in Respect, & I do therefore think, that the *Ladie Marie* will reigne, and poor *Ladye Jane* suffer bitterlie for the Ambition of her *Father-in-Law*."

I did tell my *Mother* of the old Inscription, and of its curious Prophecy, and did aske her if the Sayings of "Gammer Gurton" were like unto this; whereat she did promise to shew me some thereof.

Newes of the *King* his Deathe were despatched to my *Ladie Marie's* Grace at Kenning

1553.

ning-hall, and alsoe to the *Lady Elizabeth's* Grace at *Hatfield* where she keepeth her Bed, they do saie, being sorelie sicke, by Reason perchance of her Sorrow & long Anxiety for her Brother.

The *Ladye Jane* is in the Tower, they do saye she was quite broken down with Griefe, to hear of her Cousin his Deathe, and her own Royaltie, so called. Ah! poor younge Creature, she will surelie die of her great Dignities and Honours!!

Julie 12.

Una was fetched awaie to-daye; but her *Parentes* are still in London. My *Mother* heareth that the *Ladye Marie* was at *Hoddesdon*, on the daye the Messenger was despatched to her, and that she was on her Waie to *London*, having bene sent for by *Northumberlande* (some saie to catch her), during the *Kinge* his Illnesse. No one thinkes she will adventure Herselfe there now. If she loved her Brothere, how sore stricken must she be
at

at this sad Newes to-daie ! And who would
not love a Brother ?

Northumberlandde is not loved by the Peo-
ple. They still bewaile the *Duke of Somerset*
whom he did to Deathe :

“ *Whoso upon six Legs would goe,
Let him beware, he trip not soe.*”

His Heart is restless, he keepeth my *Lorde*
of *Arundel* and others in the Towere, upon
divers pretexts ; but one thing is true, “ He
feareth bitterlie.”

Reportes are very various how the *Lady*
Marye will take these matters ; some saye she
will be verie calme, and some, furious.

The *Ladye Marye* is gone backe to *Fram-*
lingham, on the Newes of her Brother's Deathe,
(a Warning sent privatelie by the *Earl of*
Arundel,) and the *Ladye Jane's* Accession.
The *Ladie Elizabeth's* wife Reply to the En-
treatie to give up her Righte to the Throne,
is

1553.

Julie 13.

1553.

is much commended. They saie the *Ladie Marie* will go to *Flanders*.

Julie 14.

It was on this day that the Armie of *Ladye Jane* did fet forthe to fighte.

Julie 15.

The *Suffolk* Men are in Arms for *Ladye Marie*. Methinkes the Duke thereof, his Wife, and his poore Daughter were glad enough they should do so, for *Northumberlande* heads *his* own Armie.

Julie 16.

My deare *Mothere* did hear no Newes from my *Fathere*, and nought verie positive of the Counties yet. We heare divers Reportes daylie, but all Thinges make Cloudes to darken, methinkes, round poor *Ladye Jane*. Foure days agone *Lady Marie* was proclaimed in *Norwich*, and manie Counties to the Easterlie are her Friends. The Countie of *Hants* is stille verie quiette, I am not certaine which Waie it will tend. But the Religious Houses,
whereof

whereof there are yet several escaped from the Destructions of *Kinge Henry*, will, of course, incline to the *Ladye Mary's* Grace.

1553.

The *Duke of Northumberlande* meeteth but little Successe.

Julie 19.

Ladye Marye is to daie proclaimed *Quene* in *London*; her Armie is so strong, and the People so set upon the Righte of her Birthe, that not even the Sermons preached in the Favour of the *Lady Jane*, nor all her own swete and gracefulle Waies, could bewitch them. My deare *Mothere* is not happie neverthelesse, for she foresees Danger to my *Fathere* everie Waie. It is true, he has not uphelde the Cause of the *Ladye Jane*,—yet he is Contrarie to the Old Religion, as it is still called, & for that Reason liable to suffer. We heare not of him agayne to daie.

Julie 19.

The *Ladye Jane* is once more gone to her
Home

Julie 21.

1553.

Home at *Sion House* with her *Mothere*. Some low-hearted & pitifulle Wretches did pelte her as she went; whereuppon two Men, one a Nobleman, did leape forward and ride by her Side till she entered *Sion House*, one with his Sworde drawne to defend her. She was melted to Teares. This we heare of our *Cousin Mortimer*, who is stronglie attached to the *Ladye Marye's* Cause. So ends her little Reign & her greate Trouble, if perchance her Trouble doth foe ende alone !!

The *Ladye Marye* will ere long make her public entrie into *London*, & it will be truelie a fine Sichte, but we shall not goe forward to *London* to see it.



CHAP. V.

Julie & August 1553.

THE *Ladie Elizabeth's Grace* rode beside the *Quene*. They were righte royallie received. My *Mothere* and I heard Shoutes & Screams enow, but we did not goe to see the Sichte, for our Hartes were verie heavie. Grieved at my *Father's* long Silence, & alarmed lest Evil had befallen him, my *Mother* came to *London*, & has searched diligentlie for him everiewhere, without Succes. Late this Evening a Messenger, dirtie and tired, did come to speak alone with her. He came to say that
it

1553.
London,
Julie 29.

1553.

it had chanced he was in the Waie when my *Father* called for a Messenger, trustie & swifte, and he saide he was suche. Then he bade him take a written Message to the *Countess Yteneburste*. Oh give it! said my *Mother*.

He did produce a dirtie Bit of Paper, on which was writ,—“Home to-morrow” in the Frenche Tongue. We eagerlie asked him when he had seen my *Father*, & how he had known Him. He sayde he was once a Servitor of ours, when I was quite an Infant; & my *Mother* asked his Name. He sayde, “*Tim Aldayne*, an it please you, Ladye; I was at *Erlescope* just before the *Ladye Adolie’s* Birth, when the good *Captain Mortimer* was going to foreign Partes,” sayde he (saddlie, for my *Mother’s Brother* was this *Captain Mortimer*, & he was deade). My *Mother* was now assured he was trustie, and asked him when and where he had seene my *Father*, and he did replie, “Near *Sion House*, on the daye the *Ladye Jane* did leave the Tower.”

“Why

“ Why did not you bring it sooner ? ”

1553.

“ Alack ! Ladye ! I was caught by Companions (its a Waye I have), who would faine goe see the Marche of *Quene Marie*, and they carried me out of *London*. I did hope it was towards the South, for I never did know where Places do live, and *Suffolk* did not found to the *Northe*, did it ? But when I found out my Mistake I made all spede to *Erl's Cope*. You were no more there, and my Lorde had not been there at all for verie long.”

“ God preserve Him ! ” fighed my *Mother* deeplie, and fell back senselesse. It was too fure now, that some Ille-Fortune had detained him ; and as I chafed my *Mother's* Handes, and threw strong Waters over her, and sweet smelling Effences, worthy *Tim* did saie he would goe out and watch for News, & bring us Worde again. He asked me if I would have a Leech for my *Mother*. But I sayde, “ No, it is all Grief and Fear ; ” and indeed Grief and Fear did seem to be all around us.

But

1553.

But my *Mother's* Maidens did now come in, and therefore I did saye no more to him, but “Be wary, goode *Tim* :” whereunto he did reply with a Sign of Secrecie, and leave the Prefence of my senseles *Mother*, whom we did in Time restore to Consciounes and Weeping.

Aug. 1.

It is so fadde to my *Mother* to be here, thinking that my *Father* is perchance lying in Neede of her near *Erl's Cope*, that we are to return thither this Daye. *Tim* so counselleth her.

Aug. 3.

We are returned to *Erles Cope*, but can finde no Newes of our *Father*. *Tim* is to keep on Watche for him in *London*. This is the Time for the Partizans of the *Ladye Jane* to suffer much, I feare. Honour to those who are brave enough to stand to their Colours, & not trie (like Master *Cecill*) to make two Stories goode.

Newes

Newes is come that the *Duke of Norfolk*, & *Dutchesse of Somerset*, with the olde *Bishope* of our See, and divers others, are released from Prison, where they had lain syne *King Henry* his Decrees.

Great Talke of sending for *Cardinal Pole*.
The Lorde have Mercie upon us.

The Heades of the *Ladye Jane's* Partie are in Prison. Oh, even that we knew that my *Father* were among them ! It would be but an Errour quicklie set to Rightes ; anie Thing better than this Suspense & Dread.

My *Mothere* came in when I had writ thus far, & chid me for my Lack of Trust in God.

The *Emperor* counselleth not, (as is sup-
posed,) the Return of *Cardinal Pole*, for he
cometh not.

Una's Parents are at Courte & in high Fa-
vour, as it seemeth, and she hath been here in
Glee ; but we could hardlie bear to see her.
The

1553.
Erls' Cope,
Aug. 5.

Aug. 10.

1553.

The lytel *Marie Seymour* is hurried out of *Greystone-Towers Abbaye*, for Feare of their being thoughte to favour Herefie;—and *Una* came to beg my *Mothere* would receive her, which she is well willing to do. So then to order the lytel Star-chamber, next to *Eda's* for her, which did us in Parte relieve of our Heavineffe & Woe. She is a most sweete Childe, yet my Hearte was verie sad to lose my own Friend *Una*, and we did have long & serious Discourse together. We spoke of the Lytel Fishe, and of my Dreme, & the Lesson to be learnt therefrom, and we did promise to be verie loving alwaies, though thus cut off from seeing Each Other. She did remind me of some Holie Verses I had once spoken in her Prefence to lytel *Eda*, and she looked at my Bible, and asked me to give her One next Time we met. She dared not take it then; she sayde it woulde be taken awaie on her Return to the *Abbaye*. She spoke much of her Life at the *Abbaye*, and seemed to think it less
happie

happie than mine. Mine, truelie, was very happie, until latelie, but now an heauiue Cloude hath settled downe upon it. Nor can I see my deare *Mother* grow pale & thin from Daie to Daie, and I be careles of her great Feare & Care. Wherefore my *Father* keepeth thus hidden, we cannot saie. *Una* did enter deeplie and kindlie into this Griefe, and promise to saie noughte about it to Anie, for it mighte work us Woe.

1553.

Tim fendeth us Worde at Length, that he hath Reason to hope my *Father* is safe—but hath Cause to hide awaie a little Space.

Aug. 15.

My *Mother's* Sister *Wesie* writeth, that her *Brother in Law* is once more in Power, having succeeded gode Bishop *Coverdale* in the See of *Exeter*, which greeveth her much; for that, though so nearlie connected with a Catholic Familie, she & her Husband are both of the Reformed Religion. The Terror of the *Duke* must now be terrible, since he & his Partie
are

1553.

are in Prison, and for all he may speak of
“avoiding,” it is plain he can not clear him-
self in the Matter of *Lady Jane*.

Aug. 19.

My *Mother* hath received a Letter from my
Father ! He is, alasse, alasse ! in the Tower !
He saith,

“ I did muche wishe, my deare Life, to tell
you myselfe of my Illfortune, ere that you
shoulde see it by my Name in the Public Liste
of the Tried with *Northumberlande*. (But I
was not tried yesterdaie, nor know when I
shall be.) I was let from having writ to you
before, deare *Wife*, for that the Materieles
were not brought to me ; not refused, but my
earnest Request unanswered. I must tell you
all in few Wordes. You left me not far
from *Abbotts Worthy*. I did come safe to
London, & join the Council, to ask wherefore
they had sent for me. It seemed, few were
willing to take the Field, & they, knowing
my Zeale for Religion, had thought I would
perchance

perchance give Aide. But I did speake out boldlie, ‘ that I would not rebel against my lawful *Queene*, but truste to God to maintain True Religion and Virtue ;’ and I did speake so plainelie, that one, it was *Arundel*, did warn me friendlie to be warie, lest Imprisonment should be my Reward. In a few Dayes *Northumberland* was gone on with the Armye, and I arrested and carried to the Tower, did find there *Arundell* & others. They escaped at the Command of the *Duke*, to send him Supplies of men to meet the *Queene Marye’s* greate Armie, at *Burie* ; and I, at the same Opportunitie, thoughte Goode to go free like wife.

“ The Daie that my *Ladye Jane* did againe returne to her *Father* his House, I did see *Tim.* an honest Fellow, whom you maie remember, as he did leave us to go to the *Captaine* your *Brother*. He was charged to tell you I was forthe for Home on the *Morrow*, my Dutie here being now over. Scarcelie had he left me

1553.

me two Houres, ere I was smartlie handled and taken into Custody, juſt as I was riding quietlie out of the Tower, but by no *Quene's* Officers at all, onlie by ſome tipſie Fellowes, who carried me to a Village Hoſtel, & kept me there while they drank and ſwore to obey Nobodie. Far in the Nighte, I made my Eſcape, the fourthe Daie of my Diſaſter, & did thinke to goe cautiouſlie to mine owne Houſe, and write to Thee, poore *Wife*, where Thy true *Huſbande* had bene, and why ſo long and ſo cruelie ſilent to Thee. On the Waie thither, I met manie Soldiers & Officers, & heard Rumours of Manie being in Cuſtodie, but never thought I had Cauſe to fear ought, ſo went to my Houſe, writ to Thee, put the Lettere in my Pockette, and forthe againe to finde how I might ſend it. Hardlie was I gone ſome few Streets, when as I was quietlie walking, I was agayne arreſted, at the Suit of *Quene Marye*, and my Pockets viſited & emptied. I entreated, and offered 5 marks to anie
One

One who would take your Letter to you ; but (though the Bribe was taken by the Officer for a Messenger,) I doubt it never reached Thee. Faithful *Tim* I had thought to have seen afar off the Daie before, how gladlie I woulde have seene him at this Moment ! At my House I hearde that you had bene in *London*, & my Childe *Adolie*. Kifs and blefs her and *Eda* for me. What will next befall I can not tell, no one knoweth of my Detention, as I am not in the published Listes, & that for which I am in Custodie is so small a Matter, that no One will think of a Petition for me. I onlie did protect the *Ladye Jane* from rude Mishandling ; yet as *Northumberlande* leste me with the Others in the Tower, I fear none will believe that I did not consent unto the Councill & Deede of Them.

“ Yet I will not saie ‘ *I feare,*’ for sure I am ‘ The Lord is on my Righte Hande, therefore I shall not fall.’ Onlie, my deare Life, & my sweete Babes, it grieveth my Heart to
be

1553.

be far from you ; I know not how long this Imprisonmente may laste, but lette us keepe up our Heartes & truste in the Lorde, & then when we do walke again together in the sweete wildes of *Ytene's* glades, you, dear Love, on my Arme, with *Eda* in your Hande, and I with you and my swete *Adolie* one on each Side, our Heartes will be full of Thanksgiving and Peace, & this harde Time shall be but as a Dreame. Dear *Beatrix*, God keepe you in helthe, praies

“ Your faithfulle and loving Hufbande,

“ *YTENEHURSTE.*”

Here was sad Newes ! yet better than not to hear oughte of His Safety. My *Mother* did reade it all to me, with a verie cleare Voice, till she came to his speaking of our Walkes together, and “ swete *Ytene* ;” and then she did give it to me to finishe, & she turned awaie in Teares.—Presentlie she came to me, put her Arme round mee, & did wipe awaie

1553.

awaie my Teares, faying, “ Now liften, my Chylde, can you bear yourfelfe well and difcretelie in my Abfence ? ” — “ Abfence, oh why ? Yea, *Mother*, I will try to do fo. ” — “ That is well, my Chylde, for I fhall go to your *Fathere*, left I fhould mifs fome Chance of working him Goode, & you muft be ready here to obey my Orders, and to take Care of my lytel *Eda* and *Marie Seymour* for me. ”

Then to fet in Order divers Thinges, and prepare for her Journey, & give Commands to her Maydes. — And then to Prayer with the Houfeholde, and to Bed.

It is now two Dayes fyne my *Mother* did leave me; I do mifs her fadlie, & have as yet no Worde of her. Yet though verie fad at Hearte, I do not find my Daye verie long, it is fo ordered for me by her : Firftlie, when I rife, Houfehold Prayers read by Mafter *Leslie-Knowe*, the Chapelain. Then to goe into the Larder & Stille Roome with *Miftrefs Glynn*, and learn Houfekeeping

Aug. 21.

1553.

Houfekeeping for a Space. Then to Break-faste with lytel *Eda* and *Marie Seymour*, and her Governeffe; for we are allowed Break-faste, being Young & Tender. *Master Herbert* did come in to daie, & gave me a goode Lesson; but he sayes it will be the laft for fome Time. Then I doe write my Studies for my *Mother* till the Table is ferved, and after it I goe playe with *Eda* and *Marie*, talking with *Mistress Anstey*, & hearing muche from her of the *Quene Douagere*, her Talentes & her Goodneffe, and manie plesante Tales of my *Ladye Elizabeth's* Grace. Then to take the Air, after two more Houres of Studie, Needleworke, or Painting, till Supper, & then Mufike, my Diarie, & Reading, or Writinge to my deare *Mothere*, till Houfeholde Prayers again, before we go to Bed. At Noon, at Sunfette, I do goe as usual into my lytel Quiet Corner in my Room; it looketh to the South-West, foe that I do catch there the laft faire Rays of the Sun. My Bible is there, my
“ Houres,”

“ Houres,” and My Prayerboke, my Crimfon Haffock of my *Mother's* Worke, and the lytel Table of carved Oak, with Boke-Shelve to Match, my *Father* his Gifte laſt Yeare, which holdeth one or two precious little Works. There, on a Marble Slab, ſtand ever ſome ſwete Flowers in Pottes ; & there, too, have I hung my three Pictures ; One of my *Mothere* ; one of my lytel Siſter *Bridgette*, taken by my *Mothere* ; and one of my *Fathere*, by her alſo. *Miſtreſs Anſtey* paints, and plays on the Lute right well, and ſhe will teache me theſe Artes. Lytel *Marye* toucheth the Lute and fingeth with rare Swetenefs.

In my Evening Prayers I forgette not to praie the Lorde for my deare Parentes, both in Trouble, and when I lie down to Reſte I remember their Love, & their Wiſe Sayings, & do ſaie the V. Commandment with “ Lorde have Mercie upon Mee, & incline my Hearte to keepe This Law.”

It

1553.
Aug. 23.

It is no Marvel that I heard nought of my *Mother*, for on the 21st daie of Auguste were born to her, Twin Sons. Thankes be to God for all His Mercies! Despite her Trouble, Sorrow, and Anxietie, she is doing Welle, & foe are the deare lytel Babes.

My *Father* writes to me.

Eda is so pleased to hear of Two Lytel *Brothers*, that she has already planned "Pusse in the Corner" for her 1st game with them, when they do come to *Erl's Cope*. I was muche grieved to thinke that my *Mother* had gone awaie to be ill, and I not there to be in dutyfulle Attendance, her "little Hand-maiden," as she called me in her Illnesse laste Yeare.

I have writ to my *Father* with moche Paines and Care, both for the Handwriting, whereby to show Respect, and alsoe for the right Commending of my Love, & Honour, and Gratitude for his Kindnesse, & Thoughte to write to mee of his owne Hande. He
sayth

sayth he is well, but cruellie beset with Longing to be free.

This Letter did I read, and read o'er agayne manie Times. Of mine Owne in Replie, I could not make as worthie a Worke, as I fain woulde; yet he will accept it as coming from his lytel *Daughter.*

1553.

Goode Accountes of my deare *Mother*, and of the *little Babes*, who are both verie healthie. One Babie, a lytel older than the other, must be called *Thyrseldene*, like to the faire lytel Sonne my *Mother* had before, who was taken from her at two Yeares old. This will be a Paine to her, to hear that Name againe, and yet she will be foe thankfulle to have another Sonne, two little Sonnes, that she will not thinke it righte to grieve over her first *Thyrseldene*. The other should be called *Arlice* an old Name in these Partes, & often had in our Familie peering in among *Rodolphs*, & *Tancreds*, & *Godfreys*, of Norman Names and Lineage.

Aug. 25.

Here



CHAP. VI.

Sept. 1553.

1553.
Sept. 1.

ERE beginneth the 1st daie of a new Moneth, and how moche hath happened syne the Last began.

The Reyne that did begin with suche milde and gracious Wordes, is waxing hot alreadie. Manie both of *Ladye Jane's* Partie, & others likewise, on smalle Pretence, hurried off to the Flete, the Tower, & other Prisons. *Alice of Sydenham* was here but now, in great Distresse & Trouble; her Brother, who hath been ever Imprudent and Headstrong, but was no Friend

1553.

Friend to *Northumberland*, was in the Flete a while ago, for having sayde he “ cared not a Farthing whiche Ladye shoulde be *Queene*, for that he was a *PLANTAGENET*, and had more than royal Bloode in his Veins.”—This foolish Speche made Men laughe, for that everie one thought he must have been mad or tipsie. But it alarmed *Northumberlande*, and being reported to him, he did caste him into Prison, and when asked to looke into his Case, did say, “ Nay, an he be a *Plantagenet*, he is safe enow; an he be not, he deserveth no less for his Lie.” Howbeit, he did escape out of his Prison by wonderfulle good Fortune.—He has been busying himselfe againe latelie about the Matter of the Foreigners at *Glastonbury*; and a Letter has been writ to the Mayor to send him up, “ with such Matters as can be procured against him.” It is hoped that he, having so latelie been made Stir about as a *Plantagenet*, will escape being known as a *Sydenham*, albeit he is Nephew to *Sir John Sydenham*.

1553.

Sydenham. *Alife* thinketh, naturallie, that every *Tree* is a *Queene's Officer*. Her *Brother* is come home to *Glynterne*, but her Parents are in such Morteale Feare, that he shoulde be found there ! She did ask me to let him come here ; I did replie, that I must ask my *Mother* ; but *Alife* wept a passion of Teares, & sayde, " That he would be taken ere an Answer coulde be sente, mighte he not come if hard pressed ? " So I did replie, " Yea, that he might ; " wherein, if wrong, I trust to be forgiven, for that I coulde not withstande the Teares and Cries of this poore *Girle* for her *Brother*. My own *Systere Bridgette*, like a Spiritte, passed through my Minde, & I coulde but helpe to save poor *Halbert Sydenham* at his *Systere's Prayer*.

Sept. 3.

My *Mother* yet goeth on well, & beareth better the Distresse of her Minde, as her Strengthe increaseth. My *Father* is still not released, but we do not fear *his Sentence* ; we
feare

feare his being forgotten, & left in his Prifon till, perchance, his Offence and the Offender are alike paffed awaie from Recollection.

1553.

Such Heavie Deedes outweighe Softe Wordes. The Clergie of the Holie Church are muche haraffed and perfecuted, Bifhops and Vicars equallie. The Star-Chamber is verie bufie.

Sept. 6.

Poor little *Marie's* Chamber is called "The little Star-Chamber;" how unlike the Reale One! One the Abode of Innocent Royalle Infancie, & the Other of a Practice fo I dare hardlie faye all, that all muſte thinke of it!

Earlie this Morning they did call me, faying that lytel *Eda* was not verie welle; on going to ſee her agayne in her Bedde late to-nighte, I did croſs the long Hall with my Lighted Taper in my Hande, when fuddenlie in the Darkneſſe a Figure did riſe up tall before me. I marvel how I was ſo bolde; but
I did

Sept. 7.

1553.

I did raife up my Taper and say, “ Who goes thus !” & he did replye, “ *Adolie !* *Alife* told me I might seeke Shelter at your Handes : I am purfued, and in Mercie do not fende me hence.” I did not fend him hence, but led him to a fmall Chambrere, which doth open upon both the Staires, the greate and the fmalle, evidentlie ; and which alfoe hath a verie cunning Secret Waie to the Chintz Chamber, and foe to the Roofe. There did I take him, then goe to the Nurferye as usuall, that *Nurfe* might not fit up for me. The lytel Bed for *Marie* had been put here by her De-fire, but now was moved out for feare of *Eda's* having fome Infectious Feaver. But lytel *Eda* was well, and not feverifh to-nighte, and the *Nurfe* told me fhe had cried bitterlie to lofe her Frende. *Eda* called me, and fayde, “ I did thinke alle were taken awaie ! My *Fa-there*, my *Mother*, *Bridgette*, and now *Marie* ! But, *Adolie*, I did faie to Myfelfe, ‘ Godde doth fee my Heart, & He can give me all
agayne

agayne & more. He is our Guarde, He is fulle of Love.”

Her innocent Wordes did make a choking Feeling come into my Throate; I did kifs her, and saie, “ Yea, let us praie to Him to keep all we love, and bring us all together again.”

“ Lyttel *Thyrfeldene* & *Regie* too, Syftere?” asked she merrilie, now quite Cheerful.

My poore Prifoner fleepeth and eateth well, and is tolerabilie at ease in his small Chamber. The good *Master Leslie-Knowe* & the *Mistress Glynne* and her Husband onlie know of my Prifoner being here. I have writ to my Parentes that they may not find me behind-hand in asking Libertie & Counsell of them. I hear Noughte from them; and albeit the last Newes was goode, I do praie for more; which is Faythelessenesse & Restlesse Longing, “ Houlde Thee *stille* in the Lorde, my Soule.”

Went this Daie to *Mistress Anstey*, and did draw

1553.

Sept. 9.

1553.

draw from her an Account of the wonderfull Preservation of the *Abbaye*, which was ordered to be destroyed in *Kinge Henry* his Zeale for casting forth and wiping out all Remembrance of the olde Custommes of Poperie. And shee, being a Resident in the *Abbaye* for some Lytel Space this Yeare, hath made it her Studie to discover of its Historie all she can, she being of a quick and inquisitive Spiritte. “The *Abbaye of Greystone-Towers* was condemned, with *Hemele & Mottisfounte*, to be destroyed, in the Yeare of Grace 1538. The lawlesse Bandes, too glade to cast downe so faire a Work, and spoyle so riche a Treasure, marched first upon *Mottisfont Priory*, & then turned to *Greystone-Towers*, which stood not very farre from *Hemele*.

“It did chance that it was a dark Nighte, & they, eager to seize Treasures, before anie of the cunning Grey Monkes shoulde escape with them or hide them. Presentlie a verie great Lighte did lighten up the Skye, and they

they did suppose it to be poore *Mottisfounte Priory*, to which they must by Chance have set Fire. But lo it stood *before* them! So must they have lost their Waie then! It was verie darke, and they were so perswaded they had lost their Waie, that they did back return, awaie from the burning Mass, determined to seeke for *Greystone* ere Day Lighte; and on did they marche till Dawne, when they, far awaie from it, did enter an Hostelrie, & drank deeplie, and then returning home, vowed that the Devil himself had burned down *Greystone*. The True Storie was that *Hemele* had been on Fire by Chance, so that, (though not destroyed,) its Fate averted Harm from *Greystone*.

“ It was afterwards robbed, but *Greystone* was never agayne in the Warrant but once, & then it was so loudlie declared that it had been burnt, that this Time too it escaped. The Monks disperfed into other Landes, so that there are but few now; but the Nuns are numerous still. They have alwaies per-
formed

1553.

formed their Services in Secret, and have not been persecuted thereupon, because the Existence of the Abbaye has bene so little known."

She tolde me too that *Una* was dearlie loved by the Nuns, but that they never would accomplish making her one, she thought, which was their Object. She thought *Una* was too moche struck with the Beautie of the Religion of those, who do read the Bible in their own Tongue, and have One Highe Prieffte. The Lorde Jesus.

Sept. 12.

My *Mother* writes that she goeth to present a Petition to the Quene, for my Father.

May it please God to grant her Successe. Amen. Amen.

Sept. 15.

Nay, there is no Hope of Speedie Release, Speedie Tryall is then our next Demand; but my *Mother* does not dare attempt it yet. Her first Attempt having so failed. Heavie and payneful

payneful Cares are round me on all Sides, but my poor Prisoner is gone. The Search was made for him here this Morning, but he was not to be founde, nor do we know where he is. His secret Passage was never discovered by the Officers sent to apprehend him. The goode Chaplain found me to-daie in the Chapelle. I was at the Prayers, for Helpe and Guidance. Busie Thoughtes were in my Minde; and strong Desire to free my *Father*, came into my Soule. I had long wepte and prayed over this Thoughte, and this kinde & goode Manne coming in just then, did seeme indeed as a Friend sent to whom I might pour out my Trouble and my Pain. He heard me verie patiently, and kindlie, and then he did saie, "That I could not adventure to make him *escape*, for that such an Attempt would make him verie much in Danger, if I did faile; and," saide he, "I need hardlie tell my lytel Friende, that it is a most difficulte Thinge to get a Man safelie out of Prison,

1553.

Prifon, even for thofe who know the Place well, and are fkill'd in fuch Matters." He did not counfel me either, to petition the *Queene* in Perfon; but he thoughte I mighte write to her. He fayde he knew the *Lord Arundell*, and would afk him to prefent my Petition. So bufie with this, that I did forget to go to *Eda* and *Marie*, to Supper, and even to Houfeholde Service.

Therefore my gode Friende came to me, & fayde, "Nay *Ladye Adolie*, nay, this fhoulde not be. How can your Caufe prosper, if you leave off Prayer & Dutie?—Neglecte *Ladye Eda*, and your Houfeholde—your Gueftes—and your owne Healthe of Bodie, & Courtefie of Minde?"

All afhamed at this Rebuke, I did hide my Face, and weepe. The deepe Sobs feeming to fhake me, as the Trees fhake in the Storme. Seldom have I wept fo bitterlie, I had not Strength for all the Teares I fain would fhed. I was tired, & my Heade & Eyes ached with

Writing

Writing and Thoughte, and yet I knew the Rebuke was juſt, though it ſeemed cruel to me then.

He left me for a few Minutes, then did come backe & ſaye, “ My deare *Ladye Adolie*, take this, it will do you Goode, my Childe.” It was a Beaker of Wine and Water, and the kinde Manne had been to fetch it himſelf for me. He put one Arm under my Head, which was down upon the Table, & raiſed it. He put the Beaker to my Lippes, & undiſmayed by the quick Sobs that drave it bubbling back, poured a little Wine between them. Then he wiped mine Eyes & ſaide, “ Weepe not, faire Childe, Thou haſt done for the Beſt, onlie with too haſty Zeale; ſee here!”

He ſhowed me that my Heade had thrown down the Ink over part of my Writing, whereat I did weepe the more. “ Nay,” ſayde he, “ it is better thus; for now my deare Chylde will come to Bed, and lay her Heade downe to Reſt, nor thinke to labour more to-
night.”

1553.

night." Howbeit, it was verie long ere I coulde do so, harde as I assayed to obey his Counfelle; but it did seeme such Terrible Difappointment to fayle in my Dutie, and also in the Deede that made me neglect itte!

Sept. 16.

With aching Heade, and wearie and sick at heart, did I come downe to Dailie Cuf-tomes this Morning; I had had not moche Reste, alwaies spilling Ink over my Paper; in the *Quene's* Presence, and screaming so, that *Mistress Anstey* came in once to see what caused such Distresse. Worthy *Master Leslie-Knowe* had tolde her I was not well; and she watched me all the Nighte after. But he tooke but small Notice of me, so that when he called me soone after Service to come into his Reading-Room, I did not expect other than my usualle set Tasks of Greek and Latin, to prepare for his hearing me later, as he alwayes doeth when my *Father* is not here. Great was then my Surprise to see a very
Faire

Faire Copie of all I had written the Nighte before ! Well made out and neat. He then did ask me if I had more to saye, and I told him “ No, but that I did feare it was anie Waie not strictlie penned according to Rule, enough to present ; he having copied just my owne Wordes, & no other.” He sayde, “ He thought it better foe, & more likelie to have Effect upon the Hearte of the *Queene*, than if correctlie penned upon the Pattern of so manie Others. It was verie Shorte and Simple, yet did it set forth verie urgentlie our Needes.”

Worthy Master *Leslie-Knowe* then did saye that he had *Businesse* in *London*, and would set it before my *Mother* and *Lord Arundell* ; whereat my Hearte did seem to stand still for Joye ; and yet Sorrow, that I might not go & see my *Mother* too. His *Businesse*, I know, was feigned for my Sake. Heaven blefs the goode Man.

“ To

1553.

“ *To the Queene Marye of Englande.*

“ Madam,

“ So greate & vaste ys Your Royalle Power, that You can, by One Worde, give Peace and Comfort to Your Subjects ; especiallie when they lie under Your Sovereigne Displeasure, as most unfortunatelie doth mine honoured *Father*, the *Earl of Yteneburst*. In that unhappie Movement, to deprive *England* of her rightefulle *Quene*, he took no Part, nor woulde do so, wherefore he was imprisoned by that Partie. When the *Ladye Jane* did pass back again to *Sion House*, as my *Father* rode along, he did see a beggarlie Fellow or two ill use her. Wherefore he did conduct her to her own Door, & defend her, as he woulde have donne the meaneste Estate & youngest Childe of her Sex, if Need were. We do beseech Your Royal Favour to enquire of his Case, & let him forth to us. He hath been manie Weekes far from us alle, pining in Prison for
an

1553.

an Offence never publicly stated, nor tryed,
as all the Others were. If he may not be
let forthe, yet we crie, Mercie, goode *Queene*,
Mercie ! Let him be quicklie tryed, and let
his Wife and Children visit him, & his Friends !
We are sick to see him, & we fele sure Your
Royal Mercie is not les than hath bene tolde
to us : wherefore we hope each Daie to hear
that he is enquired into, & hearde. He know-
eth not of this my Petition. Oh gracious
Queene, may Heaven blefs You if You hear
the Prayer of Your humble Subject and Ser-
vant,

ADOLIE LYNDALÉ,
the Daughter of the *Lorde Ytenehurst*,
of *Erl's-Cope*."

" 16 Daye of
Sept. 1553."

When the worthie and kind Chaplain and
my Petition were gone, I did feele more at
Ease, albeit his Profession is one ill-looked at
in these Dayes, so that he must not appear
too openlie in the Matter.

Heard

1553.
Sept. 18.

Heard by *Alice* of her Brother, who is safe at Home for a Season. He did hear the Horses Tread afar off (he must be quite a "Fine-Ear," methinkes), got up, and awaie in the Forest, before the Officers arrived here. The Daye before I did aske him, why he had ever tolde that he was a *Plantagenet*, and he did prove to me with more Formes of Genealogies than I can recollect, that he was the Descendant of *Thomas Duke of Gloucester, Edward III. his Son*; but as so manie Claims have ever been before his, he meante not anie Thing ferious. So I tolde him that I knew long ago, that *Alice* was a *Plantagenet*; but that I thought him not verie wise for saying so openlie, in Times of so great Suspicion, & Dreade of Rivalrie. "Ah!" he did replie, "but, my faire Friend, I shall pay dear for my Frolic, there is never more Reste for me, I see." Then he did sing,

"*Reste*

*“ Reste no more ; Hope give o’er ;
Care eats Thine Hearte :
Fool of yore ! Thou must fulle sore
Take thy Follie’s Smarte !*

1553.

*“ Reste no more ; Sleep no more
With a trustefulle Hearte ; —
Thy Crofs full sore, Fool of yore,
Terror’s ceaselesse Starte.”*

He is wondrously merrie aboute it, methinkes.

The goode Judge *Hales* is fined for not making the Judges of Kent to follow *Edward* his Customs ; but while the use of his Prayerboke is stayed, is it wonderfull if his Laws are haistilie supposed to be revoked also ? Yet this gude Manne refused to agree to set uppe the *Ladye Jane* in the Steade of the *Ladye Marie* ; so we see by this, but too moche Cause to fear, that Others may equallie be wantonlie

Sept. 20.

1553.

wantonlie punished, though innocent of this Offence.

Sept. 22.

Iuste one Moneth fyne that my *Lorde Duke of Northumberlande* was executed; & Folkes do marvel muche what wille be the realle Fate of the yonge *Ladye Jane*. Alreadie too are there Whispers abroad as to the Marriage of the *Queene: Cardinal Pole* is by some spoken of as likelie to be the Person; but as the *Emperor Charles* is sayde to be ambitious for his Son *Philippe*, the *Arche-Duke*, and *Cardinalle Pole* is in his Empyre, (though he be descended from *George*, our *Duke of Clarence*,) most likelie he will choose which he would rather set forwarde.

Sept. 25.

This Moneth alsoe is gliding awaie; I marvel how the *Ladye Jane* beareth her long Captivitie, and her Condemnation to so cruel Deathe. Her Youthe & her Goodnesse, Innocence, & her being a Victim to the Plans of her

of her *Father in Law*, do excite much Pitie for her, and for *Lord Guildforde Dudley* too.

1553.

My *Mother* writeth, that by my Petition she hath Leave to visitte my *Father* ; & that a speedie Tryale is promised, but with a strong Warning that his Offence is no light One. For Mercie Sake, what do they mean to bring agaynste him ! The best of Subjects, what can he have done ? No light Offence ! blessed *Father* ! Thou never didst offend the Laws by Word or Deede ; and if not so, what can be this Grave Offence ?

Sept. 29.

Master *Leslie-Knowe* returneth to-morrow, & will bring me the verie Answer of the *Queene*. I have missed him verie muche. Of late he hath set mee as a Taske, to write a short Historie of our Prayer-boke for *Eda*, when she is olde enoughe to reade it. I am verie busie therewith, & though he, of course, could make it a far better Worke by putting in somewhat

1553.

what here and there, he will leave it alle to mee, he faith.

To daie I have made a Liste of all the Prayers retained from the Missals & Breviaries, and they are verie beautifulle, many of them, especiallie for the Saintes Dayes : Todaie being the Feast of Angells, we did read accord- inglie, and lyttel *Eda* did aske me moche about them. In striving to answer her, I did finde oute how lytel I had reallie hearde or known about them, and tolde her Master *Leslie-Knowe* would tell me more about them when he did returne. She did ask me the other Daye where he was gone, and I knew not how to replie ; but to-daie I did tell her he was “ gone to do her *Father* goode.” “ But you alwayes tell me he is quite well, *Adolie*,” sayde she, “ when I do aske you ;” and the poore Lytel Thing was sadde with Feare ; “ is he ille now then ? do tell me *Adolie* ! !

“ No, no, *Edie* ; it is in his Busines that
Master

Master *Leslie-Knowe* can do him goode,—he is quite welle.”

1553.

“ Will Mifter *Eslie* tell him I am a goode lytel Girle ?” sayde she, now quite at Ease, and eager to finde out how moche Goode could be fayde of her.

Poore *Alice* is once more in great Distresse, her Brother is so verie heedlesse that he is agayne being tracked ; he will not goe beyond the Seas and be safe. His Parentes are most unhappie about Him.

Oct. 2.

Una and her *Mother* did come this Daie, to saye how muche Thankes I know not, for her having been so kindlie treated by my *Mother*. She sayde that she did truly grieve to finde that we coulde not go on and bee such deare Friendes ever. The lytle Fishe, she sayde, was safe and well, and she did speake muche of the Waie it was caught, & of *Una*'s Perille. I saw that *Una* had tolde her that Storie most kindlie

Oct. 5.

1553.

kindlie and generouſlie. She did ſaye that poore Judge *Hales* hath putte himſelfe to Deathe. Oh unhappie Man! couldeſt not thou wait one Houre!

I did turne pale at the Newes, and ſicke; I dared not trie to replie; I was verie miſerable; my *Father his Friend!* that wiſe and goode Man, to die in ſo horrible a Manner! And having had the Courage to withſtande the Enterpriſe of *Northumberlande* to faile in Courage now!

Una's Mother did aſke me if I had knowne him! & then I ſayde, “ Oh yes! my *Father his Friend!* He did love him well! well! and I did fall to weeping, ſo that *Una* did run to fetch me ſome *Water*. She did bring it in a verie prettie Glaſſe, & her *Mother*, to divert my Thoughtes, did tell me it was Partte of a Sette ſhe had broughte as a Preſent to my deare *Mothere*, and they were alle broughte in. I did eſpeciallie admire the flighter ones for Wine, and the Flower-Glaſſes, for theſe
were

were verie prettie. Then she did take out a verie deep riche red one, and saye, “ And this, my deare *Adolie*, is for your Selffe;” whereupon I did kisse her Hande. We then did calle lytel *Marie*; she begged Leave for the Childe still to remain with us, and sayde that it did suit her to stay at the Abbey, when they could not have the Chylde, as being a Heretique, and that *Marye’s Aunt* was verie ille, and about to be carried to the Sea Air for her Healthe, so that she could not have the lytel Girle. She thoughte *Eda* a sweete lytel Creature, and so indede she is. Just before *Una* & her *Mother* did go awaie, *Alice* and *Halbert* came in, and he, the carelesse One, did crie oute, “ Save me, *Adolie*, Save me ! I am agayne in Perille.” Then he did see *Una* and her *Mother*, and stop in Alarm. They did loke harde at him, smile, & go awaie to their Home, the Abbeye.

My



CHAP. VII.

Oct. 7 to Nov. 3, 1553.

1553.
Oct. 7.

MY Prisoner *Halbert* is yet here :
 several of the *Grey Monks* from
 the *Abbeye* have beene here to-
 Daye upon divers Pretextes.
 The One to seeke *Una's* booke of Musicke,
 the Other to aske Leave to see the Librarie,
 & others with a Note from the Ladye *Piercie*,
Una's Mother, to ask me to goe to the Con-
 vent,—verie strange, if they woulde not even
 let the lytel *Marye* staye there, to ask me, an
 older Heretique ;—but Master *Leslie-Knowe*
 thinketh it lesse to please than to entrap mee.
 He

He faithe they do evidentlie consider me as Heireffe to these faire Landes;—" And so you were, Ladye *Adolie*," did he adde, "until God pleased to give you these young Brothers, whose Birthe is so greate a Pleasure to you." "It is indeede," did I replie. Then sayde hee, "You do not regrette it." "Nay, I shoulde not, at all Eventtes, regret what gives my *Father* so much joy in his Distresse,—but now indeede, goode Master *Leslie-Knowe*, I do so lytel looke to growing up myselffe, that I do thinke it double well that my *Father* has a Son."

We were conversing thus, & drew near to *Purcell* his Cotte, when we did perceive a Grey *Monk* steale out at the door, and awaie. *Purcell* we founde verie angrie. He saide, "It was a Shame in a Christian Lande for Folkes to have such heathenish Curiositie concerning their Neighbours: but," added he, "I have so taughte him to ask me his Questions, that I do not think He will seeke Newes anie more."

Master

1553.

Master *Leslie-Knowe*, however, knoweth right well that he will seeke Information everie where, and diligentlie.

Oct. 10.

The noble Pole, *John Alasco*, is ordered to leave the Kingdom. He is a verie learned Man, & my *Father* hath him in high Esteeme and Honour. He did teache me Foreign Tongues when he was with us in *London* one Yeare, and all he saide was so easie to be remembered.

The newe Parliamente, it is thoughte, will be more than halfe of Roman Catholics, and *Una's Father*, Sir *Piers Piercie*, is certaynely of the Number. What will our pure Religion come unto?

Oct. 12.

We were out in the Aire this Morning, when a verie sadde Mischance did happen : *Eda* and *Marie* did run on before, and bring us some Blossomes that they did call Cuckoo-Flowers ; & Mistrefs *Anstey* did faye that she thoughte

thoughte the Year was too olde for Cuckoo-Flowers to be in Bloom. Howbeit, the lytel Ones must know all about it, and forthe they flew to bring the Plante, that she mighte see the Whole together. Finding no more in that Fielde, they did run to get over a Banke and Wall, into the next. We did run to help them, but they did fall over bothe together before we coulde catche them, and it was a deepe Dytche the other Side of the Walle, happilie almoste drie; still *Marye* did get half choked, and poore lytel *Eda* screamed loudlie when we did trie to raise her uppe. Her lefte Arme was quite helpleffe; she had fallen upon a Stone, and lay not able to rise. Master *Leslie-Knowe* not being with us, I did run for a Leech, while Mistres *Anstey* tenderlie carried her home. I was at home as soone as she was, and helped to carrie poore lytel *Eda* to her Bedde, & watche with Nurse by her till the Leech should come. Poore *Nurse* was verie moche distressed, and woulde not believe

1553.

believe it was reallie broken; but so helpleslie did it hang, & swelle so faste, we were fure it was so. Master *Leslie-Knowe* did come in, and he did set it for us. He has some Skille of Surgerie, and he is verie carefull. He did saye I had done well to bathe the Arme constantlie with hot Water; I had once heard it was right to do it, & therefore I did doe. He did aske where poore lytel *Marie* was. I told him she had beene fetched by Mistres *Anstey* as soone as she had broughte *Eda* home; & he sayde he would go see her. Mistres *Anstey*, half-dead with Feare and the Efforte of carrying Home two Chyldren, was at the Door with *Marye* in her Armes, *Marye* all pale and motionlesse. She did hope it was onlie the Mud that was stupifying her, and hastened to give her some Warm Water, to washe her Mouthe & Throate, and to trie to revive her; but the Chylde still lay quite senselesse. Master *Leslie-Knowe* thoughte it was more than the Mudde, for he sayde her
Throat

Throat was quite natural, & he did feare her Heade had been hurtte. All this Time no Leeche had come ; for *Eda* he was not needed, but for *Marye*.

Eda was still in moche Payne, and verie fainte, and I was busie with her when Nurse was called to *Marye*. Sitting by her, I did lift up my Heart to God, & praie for Patience for us each and all under our heaue Tryales.

Late in the Evening did the Leeche arrive, and he did finde *Marye* stille quite senselesse. Master *Leslie* had bled her, but in vaine, the Bloode would not flow, & the poore Chylde still lay as one dedde. We knew not what to thinke of her State ; and when I did looke at *Eda*, now at laste asleepe, & her litel bandaged Arme, I did feelee moste thankfulle that my owne lytel Systere lay not in Perile so greate as *Marye Seymour*.

She is to-daie able to take some Notice, & I have writ the Storie to my *Mothere*.

Marye

1553.

Oct. 13.

1553.
Oct. 14.

Marye Seymour is almoſte alwaies conſcious to-daie. The Leeche ſaith, however, that ſhe hath had a Shock to the Braine, and muſt be kepte verie ſtill and low-fed for manie Dayes. *Eda* is much better, but is in Bedde ſtill.

How ſmalle a Space is there between Life and Deathe. Fulle of Glee theſe two Chyl-dren did run together, full of Glee clombe up—but it was the laſte Moment of Healthe to bothe. They felle in their eager Haſte, & now they lie in their Beddes, pale & ſtricken and helpleſſe.

May be the Stroke of the Executioner is yet more ſudden, and the Paine not greater.

Oct. 22.

The Monkes have left off coming here ſo oft ſyne my poore Priſoner *Halbert*, coming out to aſke after *Marye Seymour*, a weke agoe, was taken in a friendlie Waie by one of them, and, entering into Converſe, was ere long
joined

joined by Another, and both of them tooke him by the Arme. He suspecting Nothing, walked on with them till they were past *Purcell* his Gate, when he staid, & would have gone back, but they did grip him firmlie, & saye, “ Naye, naye,” & one of them shewed him a Paper, & he did trie to resiste. Then came out of the Cotte, Master *Leslie-Knowe*, & did aske wherefore they did so handle him ; They did shew him also the Paper, which was a Queene’s Warrant, and he told *Halbert* he muste submit, if so be they were proper Officers. One of them did pull open his Grey Veste, shew his Drefs, and swear “ *that* he was.” Master *Leslie-Knowe* did replie, “ *A Queene’s Officer* should scorn to wear a Disguise-Drefs,” and the Man did look abashed; but the Other one did replie, “ The End may hallow the Means.” “ Never ! Never !” sayde old *Purcell*, who had crept to the Doore. But Master *Leslie-Knowe*, seeing it was in vaine to saye ought, & fearfulle left the Olde
Manne

1553.

Manne should get Anger and Peril by his Boldnesse, made him goe backe to his Fire-side, when he did glower and growl as he oftentimes doth ; while Master *Leslie-Knowe* did turne to the Younge Man, & bid him “ God Speede.”

He was deadlie pale, and sayde low, “ Tell my *Friende* this is the Worke of those I did meete the other Daye, and blefs her for her Kindnesse.”

“ Hush! Youth,” said Master *Leslie-Knowe*, with a Looke towards the Strangers, who did *seeme*, however, not to see ; but he would not truste their Seeming.

And soe he is gone ; and no doubt he is but too right, and his Follie the other Daye, in speaking ere he saw who was in the Roome, hath wroughte him this Mischance. Yet how Ladye *Piercie* shoulde care to worke him Ill, I know not. It was no gentle Deede, an she in Truth did betraie his Retreate, which she, all by unhappie Chance, had learned. But
these

these Grey Monkes have been verie busie of late, asking Newes in every Cotte of our Familie, and of the *Sydenham's* too; and if we were rich? & if manie Chyldren were there to share the Inheritances? and those Enquiries which did so greatlie mortify gode *Peter Purcell*, the worthie olde Gaffer, had no doubt this Ende alone.

1553.

The Princess *Elizabeth* and the Queene are not thoughte to be verie friendlie just now; if this be true, it will be all the harder for the *Protestantes*, and manie of our owne People will perchance goe awaie like *Peter Martyr*; yet I knowe not whither they can goe!

Oct. 24.

The Chyldren are much better, and *Marye* is uppe to daie, but *Eda* must yet lie verie stille. *Marye* knoweth not oughte of the Falle, and no One will tell her, for it is not welle for her Hedde, to thinke muche there-upon. She doth aske, "Is it the Feaver or
the

1553.

the Small-pox that maketh them both ill?" Mistres *Anstey* doth replie, "Deare Chylde, it is to keep off the Fever that you have both bene kepte in Bedde." The which is true.

Of course I writ to poore *Alice* of her Brother, and her Replie is verie sadde, and she saythe her Parentes are lost in Sorrow. She doth tell me "that *Una* and her Mother did know *Halbert* once slightlie, and did trie to convert him, but he escaped out of their Handes." "This doth explain," saith *Alice*, "their Perfidie; they will trie to convert him, and even if they do not succeed, the Abbaye will ask for his Landes, as a Reward for his Capture—my *Brothere*! either Waie he will be lost to us!!

Oct. 29.

The Cardinal *Pole* is now more talked of than even *Courtney*, Earle of *Devonshire*, as Husband to the Queene. He being in Descent from *George*, Duke of *Clarence*, it wulde be
marvellouslie

marvellouſſie well done to ſecure his Claims
as one with the Quene *Marye's*.

1553.

I marvel if poor *Halbert*, his Royal Bloode,
did him Harme, & made him more likelie a
Prey to the Spoyler. Trulie I do muche
feare it.

My lytel Syſtere walketh about now, her
lytel Hande in a Sling, & we are verie watch-
fulle leſt it make her grow up crooked or
bent in anie Waie, holding one Arme ever ſo
cloſe to her, and righte in Fronte too; but
they do tell us it is broken in a verie goode
Place for that, being neare the Hande, & not
at the higher Parte; the Wiſhe to ſhelter it
does not make it to be carried more than
naturalie in the Fronte, & ſo doeth not force
the Shoulder oute of Place too.

My *Mother* writeth anxioſſie about this.
Marye is better, and more livelie.

More full of Studie to-daie; my lytel *Eda*
and *Marye* were able to divert themſelves.
Maſter

Nov. 1.

1553.

Master *Leslie-Knowe* doth commend me for my Construing and for my Verses. Then he did hear me repeat my Lessons of Mythologie, Historie of *Greece*, Historie of *Germanie*; appoint me my Duties for To-morrow, reade the Scriptures with me, looke at my Historie of the Prayer-Booke, and then I did leave him, & go to my Musike and my Lighter Studies. I give muche Time now to Drawing with Mistres *Anstey*.

Nov. 3.

When we were walking to the Village, he did speak of Sir *Thomas More* his Daughters, and their Learning, also of that of manie learned Ladies; and he did especiallie tell of Mistres *Anne Askew*. He did speake so muche of Learning & of Studie, that I did saye I did "withe I were learned enow to please him."

"And so you might be," quoth he, "an you would studie more in Order, and not so readilie give your Minde, & too muche Time, to some new Thing, my dear Childe."

To

To this I quoth, somewhat hastilie, that “ I was not born to be a Genius, and must worke when I coulde.”

1553.

He looked somewhat surpris'd at this foolish Quip of mine, which I knew full well to be verie bad Logick, and he did replie, not trying to disprove it, “ Yea, faire Scholar of *Euclid* !” and did then become silente.

Our Walke did end so; and when I did come in, and Mistres *Anstey* did aske me if I coulde reade a while to *Eda* & *Marye*, while she did goe oute for freshe Aire, I did mutter, “ Nay, Master *Leslie-Knowe* saythe I do give too muche Time to such Follie, & I have not studyed enow to-daie.”

She did glance at me and at him, & then did faye gentlie, “ Verie welle, dear Ladye *Adolie*,” & sat her downe agayne beside *Eda*, with *Marye* on her Knee. The Chyldren did looke verie happie and swete, and my Hearte did smite me that I had so differentlie spent the same Time.

But

1553.

But the Eville Spiritte was yet with mee, and I did take my Settle and my Boke so hastilie, & with such a Jerk, that I did throw down the Settle with a loude Noife. *Marye*, who is still weake, cried out for Fear, and Miftrefs *Anstey* started. *Eda* saide, “Oh *Adolie!*” and I did make a Face of Anger at her, whereat she did crie too, but softlie. “Vainlie mighte I trie to reade here!” quoth I; and Master *Leslie-Knowe* came from the Window, where he had been staying, & had observed all. He picked up the Settle, tooke me by the Hande, & led me with Gravitie to my Chamber, saying, “Dear Chylde, it is almoste Sunfette — Time for Prayers and Repentance, I will come to Thee anon.”

Abashed at his gentle Tone, I did go in to my Chamber. Angrie Thoughtes rushed through my Minde, and I did thinke the little Partie in the Studie so very stupidde and tiresome! all wrong,—myselfe not righte, but all the Others wrong.

Oh

Oh what bitter and stormie Feelings did set
me on Fire; I did not know I had such in
my Heart. Ere long, calmer, and tired of
Waiting for him, I did open my Bible, almoste
idle, and the firste Wordes that met my Eyes
were,

“Blessed are the Meke, for they shall in-
herit the Earthe.

“Blessed are the Pitifulle, for they shall
obtain Pitie.”

All the swete Instructions of my *Mother*,
all the deare Counselles of my *Father*, all
the Lessons of Master *Leslie-Knowe*, forgotten!
How had I fallen! I who had so loved these
Wordes, explained by them, and so fulle of
Peaceful Hope of Blessing! How had I
restrained myselfe? How bene Meeke? How
bene Pitifulle?

Vexed at mild Counsell!

Harde when asked to do a Kindnesse!

Angrie at innocent Chyldren!

Fulle

1553.

Fulle of Selffe, heartlesse, untrue and contemning Authoritie!

I did fall downe and humble myselfe before my God. Deare was my little Oratorie to me this Daye. Manie were the Tears that did wet the Oaken Table, and my Boke of Prayers; and long, long was I left there in Peace by my true and goode Friende; and looking from the Casement I did see Mistres *Anstey* and Master *Leslie-Knowe* walking together flowlie, and in deepe Converse. The Casement open, I did heare some Wordes. The Evil Spiritte did tempt me to think they were lamenting my Perversenessse, and I did listen. My name, "*Adolie*," did fall upon mine Ear—" *Poore Adolie*, deare Chylde!" were the Wordes, & so lovinglie spoken, that I did close the Casement, ashamed of myself, my Listening, and my Suspitions; & kneeling down againe, softer Teares did flow, the last Remains of Anger died away, and I did feel cast down & humbled verie exceedinglye.

After

After a lytel Time, I did hear Voices and Sounds as of some Arrival, & did long to quit my Chamber; but as Master *Leslie-Knowe* had said he would come to me, I did not dare leave my Quiet Corner. He did come at laste, and then I did fullie and frelie confesse all my Wrong-Doing, from the Moment I did first think Sinn of his kind Praise of other Maidens, to the Time of my Misbehaviour in the Studie: I did weepe muche. He too, with the Teares in his Eyes, did holde my Hande tenderlie.

“I did not desire this Confession, my Chylde,” quoth he; “but I did not err, I see, in thinking that a Candid Spiritte would soon drive out the Evil Misfeasoner, and the Hastie Temper, that for a Time had Rule in thy Hearte. Howbeit, syne we have spoken thereof, beloved Chylde, I will saye that I thinke we can finde out the Cause of all this Anger before this our Walke and our Converse.” I was surprised, and did looke uppe.

“Yea,

1553.

“ Yea, my Chylde,” did he add, “ have not greate Thoughtes of Thyselffe been growing up in thine Hearte? Hast thou not ruled others in the Absence of thy *Parentes*, till thou hast, perchance, forgotten to rule Thyselfe? Neglected Thine ordinary Devotions or Duties? I mean not, passed them over entirelie, but performed them carelesslie, and thy Thoughtes full of what Thou wouldest do for Thy Poore Pensioners and the lytel Ones? Now these Things are all right & good; but of what Avail is it to think that one could put awaie all Earthlie Thoughtes, and stand forth to Deathe as a Holie Martyr, if one can not put awaie Earthely Care for a few Minutes for God his Sake! It is not Sin onlie that we must shake off, if we woulde draw nigh unto God, but all Cares and Pleasures and Troubles, except as Causes for Prayer. Dost thou take in this deep Truthe? I speake not to Thee as to a wayward Chylde, who willeth not to follow the Straight Pathe,
but

but as to one who grieveth ever to stumple therein, deare loved Chylde of God-serving *Parentes*. Nay, weepe not soe bitterlie, I know that thou wilt press on, by *Iesus Christ* His Grace, and, if He will, receive a Martyr-Crowne at the Laste; God blefs Thee, deare, deare Chylde.” He sat beside me some lytel Space, until my Teares had somewhat abated, and then sayde he, “ Now, deare Chylde, listen to me, there are more Duties for you to perform. There is Word for you from the *Abbaye*, that *Alice* and her *Parentes* have taken Refuge there; and that an you will give Hopes of being converted, you may do so too.”

“ I! never! never! Master *Leslie-Knowe*, dear kinde Friende, you would not so counsell me, nor woulde my *Parentes*.”

He then did give me *Alise's* Letter, which did saye muche of the Kindnesse of the Nuns, the Splendour of the Chapel, the Grandeur of the *Ritualle*, & the Safetie and Peace of such Refuge,

1553.

Refuge, all to tempte me. Then she did saie further, that she had writ to my *Mother*, to warn her, that as her Brother *Halbert* had ben seized here, the Warrants to arrest her for sheltring him might ere long be issued, and that she had better take Refuge somewhere. It is plain, poore *Alice* and her Parentes are in terribel Feares, and quite shocked by their Trouble. *Halbert* is, she says, well, but in Prison, and pining for Libertie.

I did write my Replie by Master *Leslie-Knowe* his Counsell, and when it was gone, I did confesse to him my unworthie Curiositie, to hear how he and Mistress *Anstey* spake of me, and how sharplie had their gentle lovinge Wordes pierced my Hearte. “Ah! deare Chylde,” sayde he, “we were speaking of the Paynes these Monkes are taking, and the Labour, to compass making Thee a Roman Catholic, and of their Heade, or Bishop, *Gardiner*, being so high in favour at Courte, that perchance Thy *Mother* might be frightened
in

in to sending Thee Orders to take Sanctuary.
Then we did saye we trusted Thy Faithe was
too firme to be shaken by them.

“ That was our Converse, *Adolie!* ”

More & more abashed, I did kneele downe
before him, and ask his Pardon and his Bless-
ing; and then did seek Mistris *Anstey*, and
beg her Pardon too.

1553.



CHAP. VIII.

Nov. 2 to Dec. 16, 1553.

1553.
Nov. 2.

IT is faide that the Quene, althoughe she did set free the Earle of *Devonshire*, and looketh on him with Favour, is vexed at his Coldnesse, and at his liking the Ladye *Elizabeth* better than her Royaltie; & that though he hath learned all other Artes righte speedilie, he hath not learned to act this Parte. Sadde to thinke of his younge Life wasted so manie Yeares in a Prifon, and truly without anie Offence or Faulte of his Owne, but in Consequence of his Father his Committal. Sadde too

too to think upon the imprudente Fervour, and heavie Los of Libertie of poore *Halberte de Sydenham*; fadde too to think how his so latelie indignant Parentes are now led by Feare to rushe even into the Walles of their Foes at the *Abbaye*. For that there is a Chaine in all these Eventes is sure,—hardlie possible to be in Error thereupon. The Monkes are as much his Foes as the old Comte de *Noailles* is to Quene *Marye*, when he woulde have her drive the Lady *Elizabeth's* Grace too hardlie, in which the Spaniard *Renard* is busie and alive, yet they agree not together in their Guile.

1553.

This Daye poore Ladye *Jane* and Lord *Gilforde* tried once more, and their Sentence publickly proclaimed. Deathe! Deathe! to these poore young Creatures! It was so sayde before, but now more fullie stated & believed. Can Royal Revenge go so far?—and yet how far better for the poore Victims is Earlie Deathe,

Nov. 3.

1553.

Deathe, than Long Imprisonmente woulde bee! The Daye is not yet fixed; but they and Others having been arraigned, & pleading Guiltie at the *Guildhall*, are now thoughte to be without Hope of Life, all but my Lord Archbishop of *Canterburie*, who hath petitioned the Quene; but her Purposes concerning him are yet secret.

Lord *Ambrose Dudley* is now condemned with his Brother.

The Archbishop of *Yorke* hath been committed to the *Tower* for divers his Offences; and onlie one Bishop, *Harley*, now remaineth a Protestante, and he is thruste out of Parliamente, with the Reproofe that he is married, and must not sit there.

Nov. 6.

Two Moneths syne the public Royalle Mass, and the Two Sisters both present. The Arch-Duke is verie muche thoughte on for the Queene's Husbande.

My *Mother* writeth that Sir *John Cheke* is
verie

verie kinde, & visiteth my *Father* continuallie in his Prison. She speaketh of *Alise's* Letter, but faith she mindeth not to go from *London*, where she can see my *Father* dailie. He is better in Healthe and Spirittes syne she has had Leave to go there. How muche Cause have I to be thankfulle for that my Petition was so far hearde.

1553.

Eda is very nearlie Welle, and *Marye* quite merrie & bravelie agayne. The Winter draweth on apace, Summer is now fled, with everie plesante Thinge, & my deare *Father* still pineth in Prison. This Evening I did walke alone in the Garden, at the earlie Sunfette-Houre, the Skeye was verie Grande; Purple Clouds did reſte as on a Banke in the Westerne Skye, & did break off into Fragmentes richly edged with Gold; the ſmaller ones all Gold-Colour, and the Skye near them like a Sea of Flame, glowing. The Heaven over my Heade was of a pale clear Green Colour. The Aire felt thoughtefulle

Nov. 11.

1553.

thoughtefulle, and stole softlie round mee ; it was not Darke nor Lighte ; my Heartte was not troubled, nor yet at Ease ; but lonelie, quiette, and sadde. I did wander down the Cypres Walke, and ponder deeplie. The Skye faded into Darknesse, & as I still walked, the Darknesse increased, and the Stars came forthe. Then I did thinke, what was the Science of those who could reade the Starres, and what woulde they reade for me ? Suddenlie a brighte Lighte shone out of the Darknesse, did pass rapidlie among the Stars, and vanishe as quicklie as it came. I, marvelling, did watch it, and hope it woulde come once more ; when, lo, Another, yet more Brighte & Glorious, came in like Manner, & in like Manner fled. A vague Feare stole over mee. I knew not what these were.

“Would you reade the Stars, Ladye ? Would you know those Signs ? They are full of Warning. Greate thinges are to come upon us, be ware,” said a hoarse Whisper beside me.

I knew

I knew not any One was near me, and I did starte for Fear, and looke arounde. I saw an olde Crone, whom I did not knowe at alle, but who looked, I thought, verie mali-ciouſlie at mee, and I did feel inclined to run awaye. But she spake agayne as I walked on. “ Verie greate Sygnes, Ladye, who can reade them? Can you? If not, I can. See there! One, Two, Three,” sayde she, as a Third Brightnesſe darted forth. “ Now, Ladye, this is St. *Martin’s* Daye. Woe to thoſe who deſpiſe the Warnings. Woe, Woe, Woe!”

I was now fairlie frighted, and did walke faſter and faſter, hoping to quit her; but ſhee did keepe up with mee, till quite near the *Caſtle*, and then did diſappear. I ran into the Houſe, and fell downe in the Hall, quite worne out with Feare & Haſte. Goode Maſter *Leſlie-Knowe* did come to me in Alarmme, ſeeing me in ſuche Condition, & he did raiſe me up, carrie me into the Prefence Chamber, and laye me on the Couche.

After

1553

After a while I tolde him all ; he did sende out to see if Anie One were lurking aboute, though he did not seeme to thinke moche of yt, but chid me gentlie for my Feares. He did tell me, that he too had seene these Wandering Stars, but that he had full often seene them before ; and that manie had assayed to prove them of muche Power to Heal some Sicknesse, if a Personne did stronglie believe in that Powere. Others, he sayde, did feare them mightilie, and thinke Evill was at Hand when they did appeare.

And I did hastilie aske, “ What think you, Master *Leslie-Knowe* ? ”

“ My deare, I thinke that they do alwayes shew, on or about this Daye in everie Yeare, and that Chiefe Eventes do not so falle out ; so that therefore I do not looke for Great Evilles by Reason of their Predictions. The Previssions of the Wise and Goode from other Causes, however, do point to Evil Dayes, & I would not gainsaye even in this their Opinion
in

in Matters that we cannot yet judge of. Butte, my deare Chylde, if we stedilie follow the Star of *Bethlehem*, we neede not feare, whatever the Courfes of the Stars may tell, neede we?"

"Nay, Master *Leslie-Knowe*," quoth I, encouraged by his soothing Wordes, "and I was foolishe to care so muche, but it was darke, and I was tired, and so easilie frightened, I do suppose; but I am wiser now:" and I did trie to get up and looke cheerfulle, but the Teares would come, and he tooke me by the Handes. "Weepe a lytel, it will restore thee," quoth he, "thou art terrified stille."

He was righte, for after a verie few mo-mentes I was quite well, and happie once more; and when *Eda* and *Marye* did come, we did playe at a few Games with them right merrilie, the firste Time syne their Falle, poore lytel Girles.

Surely never was a more lovelie Daye of
November

1553.

Nov. 14.

1553.

November seene ; nor one more brighte to mee ; for my *Mother* writeth that it hath bene rumoured that my *Father* and others will ere long be let free out of their Prifon.

Suche Joye and Thankfulneffe ! *Eda* and *Marye* did calle it a Holidaye, and were in the Midft of Games and Glee, when poore *Marye* did crie oute, “ But I do not know him ! ” and awaie with all her Merrimente for awhile, till *Eda* did take her rounde the Neck, and fay, “ But you are gladde for me, *Marye*, you may be gladde for me you know ! ”

Whereat the little Creature verie readilie did recommence her Laughter and sporting. *Eda* hath yet to be carefulle, as her Arme, albeit far better, is not ftronge yet.

Nov. 15.

We did walke oute with them in the Afternoone through the Village, and were talking of our happie Hopes, when an old Crone did come forthe to peer at us, & did faye, “ Fine Daye, Ladyes ! the Night cometh.” I did looke

looke round at her, and I knew her now ; & “ What faye the Stars, Ladye,” quoth she, in her horrible Voice, “ those Lightes were not for nothing ! aye, aye, cling to *him*, he can not reade them for you. Why get awaie from me ? I did but speake that Nighte ; I woulde not harme your daintie Heade, not I ! ”

All the People now did come out & looke at us, as if some Evil must befall us, after what the *Gammer* had fayde. Master *Leslie-Knowe* tolde me not to make Replie to her, for that the poore Creature, *Bet*, was oftentimes somewhat Wild, and knew not what she fayde. “ It was she who did frightene Thee three Nightes agoe, was it not so ? ” quoth he. “ I will goe speak with her. ” But I did beg to go too, and we drew near, speaking gentlie and courteouslie. She did smile, and tofs and wiggle-waggle her ancient Hedde as we did draw neare, then in a low and gaunt Tone, did faye, “ Come ye for Wifdome ? Avaunt ! Too late ! Too late ! ”

Master

1553.

Master *Leslie-Knowe* did strive to pacify her, but all in vayne. He did speak gentlie, ask why “Too late?” lead to the Meeting we had had in the Evening, and seeke to make her disclose somewhat of her Meaning. But she, peering suddenie and closelie into his face, “Bid me tell, Master, and burne the Olde Woman for a Witch, ha, ha, ha!!!” quoth she, angrilie,—“Woe upon the Ladye *Adolie*; Woe! Woe!”

Not another Worde coulde we get out of the Poore Creature, whom we never yet tooke to be a Witch; nor did we ever credit Witch-Crafte Tales, yet I do owne my Harte did quake to hear her saye, “Woe, Woe, Woe!” agayne in this lamentable Tone.

Marye and *Eda* had been taken home, and the short *November* Daye was going down rapidlie, so that we too did turne homewardes.

At the Gate of the *Castle*, we perceived a Man on Horsebacke: a Messenger, a Messenger!! & we did runne—runne—Master *Leslie-Knowe*

lie-Knowe did outrunne me, got the Letter, sent in the Manne to be refreshed, and did bringe me the Letter. I did open it Joyfullie, and looke to see great Joye in it. Mistres *Anstey* did bring downe *Eda* to hear the News, and *Marye* would followe; all the Householde did rushe oute to mee on the smoothe Lawne, to hear. I did reade hastilie out these Wordes,

“Your *Father* was pronounced to be free yesterdaye at the Privie Councill.”

Shoutes of Joye from all Sides did staye me; but I did soone goe on, “You maye fancie how glad we were to heare this, and manie Friendes did come to wishe me Joy, & to offer anie Service we might neede. But one did come with a graver Face, and saye, ‘Deare, deare Friende, do not truste too stronglie to this appearance of Favour.’ I did thinke he was cruel to dampe my Hopes; but he was but too right, worthy Sir *John Cheke*! Rumour is alreadie afloat, that some are to be released

1553.

released on one Count, but imprisoned on Another; if it be so, it is Time to sende you my swete lytel Babes; so *Tim*, and the Nurse they now have, shall bring them as soon to you as I can sende them; so that if I shoulde be arrested for poor *Halbert de Sydenham's* Sake, as is perchance but too likelie;—I shall know of their Safetie firste. They will be better awaie from *London*, and I muste not minde losing their swete Smiles. Perchance I shall not have to sende them forthe juste at the Presente. I woulde gladlie have them awhile longer, deare lytel *Thyrfeldene & Regie*, both growing so lovelie with their plesante Smiles and prettie winsome Wayes. Heaven bleffe you alle, deare, deare Chyldren! When shall I see ye alle once more? Your loving Mother,

BEATRIX YTENEHURST."

Not all this did I reade aloud, but Partes, and great was the Gloome outspreade, especiallie when I did finde the Postscriptum.

" Your

“Your *Father* is arrested upon the Counte of *Halbert* ; & I am taken also, and not permitted to fende awaie anie one, so that the two Children must even go with me to the *Tower* ; poore lytel Innocentes ! How earlie a Taste of Sorrow for them ! Farewell, my Chylde, I am onlie able to fend these few Worddes, and I know they will grieve thee to the Hearte ; but praie for us, my beloved Chylde. God blefs Thee, Amen. Once more, Amen.”

The Distresse and Trouble this Postscripte threw us into, no Wordes can tell. After so fondlie-received Hopes & Rejoicing, to finde not onlie my deare *Father* but alsoe my *Mother* imprisoned, and that by my Acte & Deede ! And then to see the Distresse of lytel *Eda*, the Teares that run down her Cheeks, & the Sobs that shook her poore lytel Breaſte at the Newes that she had been broughte downe to here, supposed it were all Joye ! and to know that this younge Childe’s bitter Sorrow was all caused by mee. Oh it did seem too hard to
bear.

1553.

bear. Miftrefs *Anstey* did trie to comforte us bothe, by faying it woulde not bee for long ; but how long my *Father* hath pined in Prifon allreadie ! and can we hope lefs Time is in Store for him now !

Nov. 19.

I am writing all the Storie of *Nov. 15* to-daye, for I have been in my Bedde ever fyne that Daie, with Sorrow and Feaver, and my Hande doth now ache forelie with Writing. No more Worde from my *Parentes*, & deepe, deepe Sadneffe on all the Houfeholde.

To-daie, when I was up, *Eda* came into my Chamber ; ſhe was verie pale & ſad ſtill, and ſhe did weepe muche. Then ſhe did ſaye, “ It was verie bad, *Adolie*, breaking my Arm, but I would break both *off*, quite *off*, to ſee deare *Papa* and *Mama* and the *Twins* ſafe here.”

She did ſaye this with ſuch pure Earneſtneffe, that I could not chooſe but weepe, & then ſhe too, and ſo on for ſome Space, until
I did

I did murmur, “Thy Will be done, — we muste not complain, *Eda*, it is God’s Will, & He can and will, in His owne Time, bring us all neare together. When He saith ‘Meet agayne,’ no Crueltie can keepe us afar. But when He sayeth, ‘Waite yet awhile,’ no Friendes can bring us together; will you remember this, *Eda*, deare?”

“Yea,” quoth she; “God is with them alwayes, for they love Him, and if we love Him too, we shall get nearer to Him, and be close to them too; shall not we, *Adolie*?”

She did not wait for anie Answer; and it was welle, for her simple & beautiful Faythe had left me, her Elder Sister, all ashamed & speechlesse.

My *Father* hath writ to Master *Leslie-Knowe* a cheerful Letter. He speaketh of his Captious Re-imprisonment, and saith that the Release could never have been reallie intended to take place, or the Second Charge could

1553.

could never have been so speedilie hatched up. He saith that he is now accused of having aided the Ladye *Jane*, who, poore Thing, still lyeth in Prison too; and also with having Heretical Practices at *Erls Cope*, more especiallie with having received *Halberte de Sydenham* & lodged him there. He sayde that he and my *Mother* “are well, and do commend their Chyldren to one, of whom they knowe it will be the Truth to saye, that he fed them with an honest and true Hearte, and ruled them prudently with all his Power. And,” saith he plesantlie, “can this Cardinal *Pole* (who is so generallie spoken of as able to set all Things to Rightes, says Sir *John Cheeke*) can he himself do more? He doth entertain me with all the Reports of the Quene’s Marrying. She hath quite rejected *Courteney*, and it is sayde she inclined much to the Arch Duke, who will have *Gardiner*, the Prime Minister, on his Side, and to whom the Quene is well disposed; but the Nation stronglie disliketh

disliketh a Foreigner, a Spaniard, & a Roman Catholic.

1553.

“ Cardinal *Pole* is stayed on his Journey by the Emperor his Orders.”

All public News of the Kinde, with private Advices, and loving chearful Wordes to us, doth my *Father* continue in his Letter to goode Master *Leslie-Knowe*.

Nov. 26.

The lytel Babes do flourish, writeth my *Mother*, even in a Prison, and grow mightilie. They are now three Monthes olde. It is three Monthes since I last did see my dear *Mother*, and more syne our *Father* did go to *London*, the Daye of *Una's* Misfortune in the Water. Three longe Moneths! Eache Daye, perchance, is not so verie longe, but the whole Time! It doth seeme a longe Yeare agone syne we were all happie together, and the wilde Roses were in bloome; manie other Flowers have come and gone syne then, manie Hopes have bene here (and have died)
of

1553.

of his speedie Release, and now my poore *Mother* also!

I know not what to thinke, Sorrow and Trouble encompass me round about: Yet will I lift my Heart unto Thee, my God, and strive to do my Duties as regularlie as if they were still my greatest Care. My Sorrow shall not excuse me from Studie and Learning; but Studie and Learning shall charm me, perchance, from Sorrow. Dear *Parentes*, can ought do *that* now!!

Dec. 1.

The Winter verie severe; my poore Plantes and Flowers trulie do shewe it. The Poore are greatlie distressed, and my *Mother* hath ordered me to get readie her *Christmasse Bountie* of Blankettes, Coales, and warme Cloathes to dispense accordinge to her Liste. Poore Mistresse *Daye* is verie ille, & her lytel Twinnes of a Weke olde are punie and thinne, not like to my Twin Brothers; to her, I fele, I may give abundantlie.

The

The Robins come about in Numbers, & the Rose-Ouzle has bene seene, which never is but in verie severe Weather. The Ptarmiganne we see further Southe than anye before, they faye.

1553.

This is the Daye the Parliament is dissolved for not yielding to the Quene acceptable Counsell concerning her Marriage. The Convocation cometh to no calme or peaceable Resolution of the Difficulties betwene two Parties. Each hateing the Other, as well as thinking differentlie. The Quene is much displeased with the Petition of the Commons, that she shoulde marrie an *Englishe* Man, for she inclineth to the Prince of *Spaine* mightilie. The Answer she gave was, that "It was not for them to choose in this Matter." Verilie she is bent upon some Planne of her owne."

Dec. 6.

Cardinal *Brandini* is deade, and the Quene wisheth

Dec. 9.

1553.

wisbeth much to have Cardinal *Pole* sent to *Englande*, which the Emperor much mislikes, fearing he will oppose the Emperor his Plans for his Sonne; not because he wisbeth to be himself the Quene's Confort, but because the Cardinal is verie honeste & far-looking, & wille counfelle her to do the best Thing for her People, which is not to marrie a Forayner.

Dec. 11.

Alise writeth me that she and manie of her Friendes are already learning the *Spanishe* Tongue, to be readie at Courtte.

She liketh *Una* verie muche, and Ladye *Piercie*, when she is at the *Abbaye*, is moste kinde to her, and asketh much about *Halberte*. *Alice* saythe she doth replie warilie. I do hope she doth.

Master *Leslie-Knowe* hath hearde that there is moche Paynes taken to convert the poor younge Manne, and that *Una* her Parentes are verie busie in the Matter, writing often to the Priestes who see him.

This

This Trouble is not yet putte upon my Parentes, thank God! They are leftte in Peace and Quietnesse as to their holie Hopes.

1553.

Everie one is verie kinde, & manie Friendes of our Parentes, thinking of us this cheerlesse Season, have sent us lytel Giftes, which is a verie plesante Thing. *Eda* hath receaved a prettie Game called Chequeres, or Draughtes, and two little Figures in Clock-work, which play at the old Game of Water-Quintin, a most prettie Toye, and very ingenious.

Dec. 11.

A lytel Harpe came for me, and some Bokes & Singing Birdes, alle Thinges I muche delight in. A lytel Dormouse was founde in the Fieldes this Daye and broughte to mee. *Eda* did wishe verie muche to have it for her owne, but poore litel *Marye* had had no Giftes, and so we did take Counsel together, and *Eda* did give it to her. I did promise her a Cage, and Master *Leslie-Knowe* will get one for me in *Winchester* to-nighte.

Marye

1553.

Marye was so pleased, she did wishe to take it to Bedde with her, and can not pet it enoughe, nor looke too often at its brighte black Eyes.

Dec. 16.

Poor old *Bet*, the Woman that frightened mee so, is deade. She died after one Weeke of Illnesse, caused by the greate Colde of the Weather; & though we did sende her everie Kinde of Comfortte, her Hour was come, & she died. She did sende for me Yester-Night at Sunfette. Master *Leslie-Knowe* did take me to her. She did saie, “Ladye *Adolie*, I was righte, greate Trouble hath come upon thee. I knew it must, and more will come: let not my Bodie be burned for a Wytch. I am no Wytch. I know no more than all mighte know, who see with their Eyes. I can scarce-lie speake—but I praie—Thou wilt not let my Bodie be burned as a Wytch?”

“It shall not be. It shall not be,” sayde I; “but think of thy Soule, *Bet*, now.”

“Shall

“ Shall I pray with thee,” faide Master *Leslie-Knowe*.

1553.

“ Nay, nay, let me speake ; I am a gude Christian, I am sure ; I alwayes hated the Roman Catholics !” sayde she : as if that were her Safetie, to hate Fellow-Creatures.

Master *Leslie-Knowe*, much distressed, did kneele downe, and praye that a holier Spiritte mighte come to her ; then he showed her that Love, and not Hate, suited a Soule that did belong to *Jesus Christ* ; suited a Soule just going before Him ; and then he did praie agayne, I kneeling downe & joining with him. A softer Looke did come over her Face, and she did move her Lippes as if in Prayer too. Then faded the wild and frightful Looke so often seene near Deathe, and she did quiettly die. I had never seen anie one die before, but my lytel Sister and Brother.

Master *Leslie-Knowe*, as we came home, faide noughte ; but to-daie he hath made mee notice how sadlie wide-spreade is Religious

1553.

gious Hatred, for this poore Creature to believe herself a goode Christian for hating Others who believe also in *Christe*, albeit they call not on Him after our Fashion, and have Custommes which we thinke misleading and perillous.

Poore



CHAP. IX.

Dec. 14, 1553, to May 24, 1554.

POORE olde *Bet* was laid this
Daye in her Grave in the Burial
Ground of the Church, & not
as a Wytch. We have had
muche Converse aboute her, & about her Pre-
dictions of Evill, sadlie too reale. Master *Les-*
lie-Knowe doth thinke, that she did wishe to
make mee notice her that Evening, and did
not care if I thoughte her a Wytch then,
angrie, perchance, at being so often called a
Wytch, she thoughte I had believed it of her
(thoughe, in verie Deede, I never had,) and
spitefullie

1553.
Dec. 14.

1553.

spitefullie thoughte to alarme me, which she verilie did.

I asked how she coulde have knowne that Evil was coming to mee.

“ It was onlie too easie to tell that,” sayde he sadlie, hastilie turning away, as if he knew my next Wishe would be to knowe what was the freshe Trouble that she had tolde me of. But I coulde not truste myself to aske this.

My other poore Friendes are doing well, all the better for a few Giftes. They do thanke mee for them; I do tell them it is my *Mother*; but stille they do bleffe me, as if I could do them anie Goode of mine owne Meanes; this troubleth mee.

Dec. 20.

With Mistress *Anstey* to-daie: she did speak of the Colour of my Haire, and did ask me why I did wear it in a Silken Coif, and not in Lockes, like *Una*, or in Periwig, as is the Fashion in these days. I did replie, “ Because that I did prefer to do it myself in the Coif.”

Coif." We then did speake of divers other
Waies to fasten the Haire, as used in other

1553.



Times and Landes, and by divers Rankes of
People.

Maſter *Leſlie-Knowe* did ſit by the Fire-ſide
and reade ; but preſentlie, looking over his
Booke,

1553.

Booke, "Did you ever heare, Mistrefs *Anstey*," quoth he, "of the Hair Witchecraft?"

"Nay," did she reple; "what is that?"

"It was a Fantasie," sayde he, "that they who had Familiars, and could worke Gramarye, coulde make you die, or call you out of the Bodie for a Time, by burning a Locke of your Haire; and manie who in these Times do disbelieve this, are yet verie cautious and warie not to give awaie Haire off their owne or their Chyldren's Headdes, from some vayne Dreade and Misgiving, perchance, that it may worke them Ille."

"Was there ever anie Thing of Truth in it," quoth I.

"My Chylde, we may hardlie say when there is Truthe. So manie Factes are now known by the Hewers of Woode & Drawers of Water, that once were thoughte strange Coinage of some Philosopher's over-wrought Brain, and so much of outer Pulpe & Semblance round everie Truth, that needeth to be

be cleared awaie before the true Kernel of Wisdome is discovered, that it is harde to faye anie Beliefe hath no Attome of Error, or that anie Superstition hath no hidden Grain of Truthe.

“ Other Men, perchance, will discover that from the great Unitie of the Haire with the Temperament and Bodilie Substance of Man-kinde (& of Animalles too, since among them we see different kindes of Haire spring from divers Habits of Life & Kindes of Food), they can draw up a likelie Picture of the Mind & Temper from seeing but a Lock of the Haire, and thus the olde Superstitious Dread will be replaced by the fonder Arte, albeit not, perchance, a verie sure One.”

“ Are there divers Sortes of Haire among Men ? ”

“ It is one of the great Marks of divers Races—so differente, that if the Lorde had not sayde that He had ‘ made of one Bloode all the Nations of the Earthe,’ we might believe

1553.

lieve the *Negro*, with his curlie Woole, the *Red Indian*, with his straight black Hair, & the *European*, with the endless Varietie of Shade, were all of divers Origin; besides the *Tartars* and *Chineſe*."

"But is there anie Truthe in anie Shade of Wytchcrafte?" quoth Miſtreſs *Anſtey*.

"I dare not ſaye," replied he; "but the learned *Bacon* ſpeaketh darklie of manie Powers which one Minde may have upon other Mindes, and upon Bodies too; and the Tales of Gramarye ſeeme manie of them to be founded upon Sciences, ſtill verie lytel rightlie known by us.

"But though muche of their Marvel may be added by thoſe who firſt did tell the Tale, and who may have loved the Marvellous—I doubt not that theſe Tales will be one Day in Parte, at leaſte, explained. Even now I could ſhow you ſome Soothing Arts that, caſt into a Trance, perchance in ſome ſuch Trance ſtrange Sightes are, as it were, diſcovered;

covered ; or, perchance, the Fancie of the Waking Leeche may ally itself in some way with the Fantasie of the Sleeping Patient, and soe come strange Dreames and Visions. And, perchance, this Waye of relieving maye be one Daye used in Phyficke, if it ever can be brought to certain Rule and Order. I doubt not there lieth out of present Sight some Relation between the Secret of the Strange Sparke in manie Substances, and the Power of the Movementes I have told you of. Would you see them ?”

“ Oh yes,” quoth I ; and he forthwith did move his Handes before my Face, softlye & in Earnest, untill I did feele verie drowlie, and forthwith did fall into a Kind of Trance, which did verie muche alarme Mistress *Anstey*. Howbeit I was soone myselfe agayne. Found she had called Nurse & divers Others ; and Master *Leslie-Knowe* vexed thereat, and I that he should be so crossed for his Kindnesse. He did saye that we had no Time to go deeper

1553.

deeper into the Question then ; for that wee had not half examined the manie Kinds of Divination, Magic, and Wytchcrafte, as told of in the Holie Scriptures ; nor yet of the Belief that a Ring of a fingle Hair was bound round the Finger of all who had Familiar Spirittes, of all Changelings, & People looked upon with the Evill Eye.”

But Supper being readie, we did rather turne to some Refreshment of Bodie, & did find the Apricokes, which I had in the Summer stewed with Sugar to keep them, eat marvellouſlie well with Saffron-Cake & Curdes & Whey. Some were ſent off to the *Tower*, and my *Father* hath often praised them, and the Plummes which I did drie in the Oven for him, knowing he doth like them full well. He doth call them *Adolie-Brignolles*.

Dec. 24.

A verie ſad *Chriſtmas Eve* ; none of the Poore People that did uſe to come rounde, as Bellringers and Dancers, Muſicianers & Mummers

mers have thoughte to come to-daie, out of Respecte to our piteous Estate, and a deepe Gloome doth seeme to settle upon all around us.

1553.

“ Not like to other Dayes, not like Itself in happier Times—and yet this Daye must ever, ever rise like a sweet Star of Hope over the darkeſt, ſaddeſt State,” quoth Maſter *Leſlie-Knowe* to me this Morn, when he did find me in the Chapelle weeping for Sorrow, and verie colde and lonelie, in Truth. He did kneele down with me, and praye God to give us Grace to looke up to Him, far above the Chances and the Changes of this Preſent Worlde and alle its Griefes, to the Glorious Hope of a better Inheritance, which was given to us on This Day. Did weepe as I liſtened, yet felt more willing to be cheerfulle. He then did take me to the Seat we do uſe moſtlie, and ſoone my darling little Siſter came in. Did throw her Armes round mee,

Dec. 25.

1553.

mee, and give me a long, long Kisse. Then did Mistress *Anstey* and *Marye* follow, & Service did begin.

When we came to the Collecte, did praye with alle my hearte to be *dailie renewed*, dailie reminded by the Holie Spiritte of my great Need of Repentance, & great Pledge of the Love of God to me, and did aske for Faithe to bear readilie all my Tryales.—Then Master *Leslie-Knowe* did pause, so as to give us Time for private Thoughts. Oh deare, deare Parentes, how did I praye for you! Then he did reade the Epistle; and we did stande up to read the Gospel. We had just said, “Glorie be to Thee, Oh God,” when we did hear Cracking of Glasse and murmuring of Voices close to us, and a something did fall Close to me, put out the Candle, and hit my Headde. After that I can tell no more, for all was Confusion to me. I was sick with the Blow, seemed to see Men struggling & fighting, the din of Voices, and the Blows of Clubs and Staves

Staves. By & bye all was quiet. My Sister and the Refte were not near me; all was verie quiette. I did see and heare Noughte but the Chapelle with broken Windows, the Prayerboke torn, and the Candles knocked down and broken. It did seem an Awful Moment. I thought all I lovèd were killed, and I left, perchance, onlie to be spared a few Moments.

Kneeled down and did give my Soule to the Lord *Jesus Christ* solemnlie. The great Clocke did strike Eleven. It was Eight when all had come into the Chapelle for Prayers. Three Houres!

It was verie strange.—Where could *Eda* be? where all of them? were all Captives or slain? Just now did hear Voices, & shrink low to my Corner, lest it should be the Invaders of our quiet little Sanctuarie returning once more. But soone the well-known Voice of Nurse did fall upon mine Ear, and she and others did raise me up, carrie me forthe into the

1553.

the Aire, and so to the Castle, rejoicing to find me yet alive.

All were safe at Home. The goode Mifter *Leslie-Knowe* oute to see after the Mischief-Makers, and *Eda*, with *Marye* and Mistres *Anstey* onlie afraid Evill had befallen mee. They had creeped out of the Chapelle before the Men had come to Blows, and thoughte I was with Master *Leslie-Knowe*, until he did ask them of my Condition. My Headde was bound up; it was mucche cut and bruised. Then to Bedde for some Houres. What a *Christmasse-Daye*!

Dec. 26.

Find after much Enquirie, that the Men who did breake into our Chapelle were Converts of the Roman Catholics on the Lorde of *Sydenham* his Landes. They have been busie here too, but make verie little Advance. Did trie, however, everie Meanes, and their Convertes did finde oute at *Halberte* his Place, that he was gone to hide awaie.

awaie. Thus the Priestes did deteēt him.

1553.

Master *Leslie-Knowe*, moche worne by the fearfulle and suddē Alarms, and there are so manie Rifings talked of in different Partes, that the Future looketh but gloomilie.

If *Roman Catholics* rise, we are their first Prey ; if the *Protestantes* rise, all *Protestantes* will suffer, and the more, as the Quene onlie waiteth for some Movement to declare Her selffe more our Foe. Our Worshipp is put downe by Acte of Parliamente, & we pursue it but in Perill.

Even so, Lord, in Perills by mine owne Counciemen. Be Thou with us, as Thou wast with Thy Holie Apostle, and teache us to cling to Thee ever, ever, Amen.

The Yeare closeth verie gloomilie. Cardinal *Pole* Legate, the Mass everywhere, *Gardiner* high in Office and in Favour, and a Spanishe Prince to be Consorte. Priest-ridden indeed shall we be. And my owne deare

Dec. 31.

1553.

deare *Parentes* ! my blessed *Father*, my owne *Mother*, my *Babie Brothers*, all in the *Tower* ! We here with *Papist Neighbours* & with small *Defence*, may well be lonelie & sad at *Hearte*, well be cast downe ! Ah no.

“ *Thoughe our Pathe may be, by the
Home of the Deadde,
Death bringeth to us no Feare !* ”

Jan. 1, 1554.

“ *Whither dost thou flow,
Yeare just borne to Light ;
Whither ? we shall know,
Ere thy duskie Flight,
Whither, Whither, Whither tends
This Human Life ? and where Griefe ends ?* ”

Dark rose this Morning, dark indeed and sadde ; but at Eight of the Clocke there came a sudden Glorie over all the Skeye ; it smiled and opened, and the Sunne did shine out upon the Skirting Trees of the Foreste, & all was Light.

“ Let

“ Let there be Lighte—and there was—
Lighte!! ”

1554.

My deare, deare *Father* hath fente me a Booke, which he knoweth will be verie deare to me, chofen by him. Sir *John Cheke* did perform the Purchase. The Life of Sir *Thomas More*, writ by his Daughter ; heavie were her Sorrows, poor Soule, and it made me tremble to thinke of them. Ah, my own deare *Parentes*. God forbid. God forbidde.

Lorde have Mercie upon us.

Chrifte have Mercie upon us.

Lorde have Mercie upon us.

Did give the *Chriftmasse Giftes* this Day.

Great Talke of Rebellion in manie Partes,
no Hope of Release for Protestantes now in
Prifon.

Jan. 15.

Sir *Thomas Wyat* his Rebellion doth endanger the Ladye *Jane*, whom he fain would ferve, and manie Others.

Jan. 24.

Do

1554.
Jan. 31.

Do heare that the Ladye *Jane* is condemned to die, and that suddenie—and no *Protestantes* now do feele verie happie.

Laste Nighte at Supper, Master *Leslie-Knowe* did raife to his Lippes his Silver Tankard to drink from, when a sudden Flashe of Lightning did loosen the Ansel, and the Tankard did falle from his Hande, which held onlie the lyttel Fragmente. At firste he did seeme Awestruck; but lytel *Eda* did laughe at his Difappointment and strange Mischance, and that did a lytel relieve us. He was in Truthe a forrie Spectacle.

Feb. 12.

This Daie poore Ladye *Jane* & the Lord *Gilford* Beheaded.

Oh Sorry Sight! oh lamentable Day! is't thus our Royaltie must plante her Coloures?

“Red with the Bloode of noble Innocence—

“And darkened with a thoufand bloodie Shades—

“That

“ That shut out Hope, and leave our
Churche forlorne—

1554.

“ Like a lone Turtle pining for her
Owne.”

Lytel Skill of Verfe have I, but I know full
well that manie a Time and ofte doth it ease
the Hearte wonderfullie to let it drop “ in
measured Wordes & Cadence softe” its manie
wearie Paines.

My *Mother* writeth that the whole *Tower*
is full of Sorrow for the young Ladye *Jane*,
who did meete her Deathe so firmlie, & cling
to her Religion so constantlie, through all the
Miserie of her Fate. She did give Lord *Guild-
ford Dudley* a lytel Signe of Love as He was
ledde forth to *Tower Hill*. She did refuse to
see him & saye, “ Farewell,” lest he shoulde
not have Firmenesse, nor she either, for the
dreadfull Sceene to follow.

Feb. 20.

My *Mother* doth saye, that everie One who
doth visit her bringeth some newe Tale of the
Ladye

1554

Ladye *Jane*, and that no one can speake without Teares of her Deathe. To-daie in the Fields an Olde Man spake to me, and, "Goode Ladye," quoth he, "is it Truth that the young Ladye *Jane* is done to the Deathe?" I answered, "Yea, *Mike*." "Oh, goode Lorde, have mercie upon me, an old Sinner," sayde he, "if that young and faire Thing is laid low without Crime," and he did turne aside and weepe like a lytel Childe. Then he did saye, "I did see her once, but it is not *That*; we all are just the same, and we did spoyle our Meal Cakes with weeping over them the Daye the News did come."

I did tell him that she must now smile at all oure Teares, for that she will never, never wepe agayne. And as I did goe on my Waie I did wepe, longing for the Time to weepe no more.

But yet there is some Reliefe in Teares shed quite alone, with none but God to see, none but God to wipe awaye.

The

The Prisons are fulle. The Duke of *Susfolk* and Lord *Grey* are putte to Deathe. The Quene is verie busie. Her Marriage is to take place, and even all the Princes and Princesses Portions made out. Methinkes in good Time enow.

1554.
March 7.

I marvel how I can jest, with Matteres so grave on all Sides, and the Quene growing more and more severe to the Lady *Elizabeth* and to all the other *Protestantes*.

My *Mother* writeth that Sir *John Cheke* is taken, and no more with them, being in Prison, & he was wont to cheer them muche. She saith, and Master *Leslie-Knowe* hath heard in the Neighbourhood here, that there is greate Talke of a Conversion in the *De Sydenham* Familie, and it is saide the Grey Monkes have worked it, and hope to profite by it; but no Chance have they, for that the House of *Ladye Piercie*, which at first did seeme willing,
now

March 31.

1554.

now setteth quite the contrarie Waie, & the Desire of her Hearte is to make a Matche betweene her onelie Daughter and the Converted Person. He is now in Prison, but His Libertie is to follow his Conversion, upon his Oath not to attempt Sedition or Rebellion.

This must be poor *Halberte*. I truste not, oh how I truste not.

Master *Leslie-Knowe* heareth me ever called "the Heirefs of *Erl's Cope*," and he saith nought, not being willing to bring Harm upon the lytel Boyes, who may sometime be left verie unprotected and lonelie, he sayth, or be easilie stolen from us. My *Mother* saith they do grow verie fine lytel Fellows, albeit in a Prison.

April 6.

The new Parliament is assembled, and the whole Worlde thinketh that the Princess *Elizabeth* is to beset aside, and the Succession made to pass on to *Philippe* of *Espagne* himselfe,

selfe, which will cause great Disturbance and Anger.

1554.

A verie lovelie Daye. Do come with more Joy to the Spring after a verie harde Winter, so shall we come the more gladlie to our Haven, after being tossed oft to and fro on the Waves of this Troublesome Worlde.

April 13.

Do learne my Church Service dailie now, lest the Prayerbooke be taken awaie.

My *Father* getteth uneasie, and thinketh it safer for us to be in *France*, or in the *Low Countries*. We are to steale this Nighte secretlie for the Isle, and thence embarke in a lytel Vessel for *Holland*.

April 21.

Rainymede. So far on our Journie; we dare not go straichte, lest we be pursued; we ride all the Waie, but Nurse and the Chyl- dren in the Whitlecote, with our Clothes and Goodes.

April 22.

The

1554.
May 6.

The Prince mighte arrive in *Englande* this Daye. We are in the midft of the Channel—dark Waters—groaning Windes. I can write no more. I have been verie ille this Daie, but not fo bad as lytel *Marye*. We were quite in Feare for her, but ſhe is not fo ill to-nighte. *Eda* too is verie miserable, & poor Nurſe.

May 8.

Ille as I was, I coulde but laughe to ſee Maſter *Leſlie-Knowe* ſtagger and totter & fall, as if he were quite a Poore Creature. A Man who did come to help me as I walked, did reel and fall himſelf, and as he fell, Sick and Well did laugh; and he, ſoe woeful and all ſurprized, did ſeem to thinke it verie vaine to riſe and trie again.

May 11.

It is more quiet to-daie, and we are getting on more; but to our Diſmaye we ſaw a Veſſel trie to purſue us. We were in great Diſtreſſe,

Distresse, and thoughte it muste be English Officers to take us ; but beholde, the Signals soon did shew that they did take us for Pirates of their own Nation, and we were allowed to sail awaie safelie, when they saw that we were on no ill Intent.

1554.

It is wearisome to see the Skie and nothing else Daye after Daye, and to lose all the Letters too ; that doth grieve me sore, and there is no Help for it but a little calm Endurance.

Landed at *Antwerp* to-daie, and fought a small Lodgement for us to hide awaie in ; but as this is foreign Ground, it will not be verie safe if the Prince does not marrie the Quene after all.

May 13.

Much Diverfion in observing the Habits & Customes, so verie unlike our owne, and a strange Mixture of Cleanlinesse and Dirt ; the Houses wonderfully clean, painted Floors, and

May 16.

1554.

and even Outfides, while the People are far from being so, and do smoke, a Spanishe Fashion from the New World, & spitte verie continuouſlie. The Painted Floores not so ofte strewed with dirtie Rushes or Straw, as with us once was common, and even now lingereth in some Partes. The Tapeſtrie verie fine, and moche in this House even, of the Arras Hangings.

May 20.

Do learne the Dutch Tongue but slowlie, however French or German do tolerable well, and I can speake bothe of them. Had a Visit from *Alasco*, who is in *Antwerpe* from *Brussel* for a Space, and sayth he knew not we were here, till passing the House he did hear Mistres *Anſtey* play the Lute. I was much pleased to see him.

May 21.

Can say Noughte of Affairs in *Englande*, onlie that my *Parentes* are both unwell with the great Heat & confined Space of the *Tower*.

Daie

Daie of my Birthe. I am this Daye fifteen Yeares olde; and on the firſte Page of my Diarie I am writ downe thirteen. How manie and ſtrange Events have I ſeen in this Time; what Sorrows have I gone through; what Feares, ſtill worſe to bear, ſtill encompaſſe me rounde aboute !

How have I profited by my manie Dayes ! Two Yeares, twice three hundred and ſixtie-five Dayes will make ſeven hundred & thirtie Dayes; more than fifteen hundred Prayer-times Morning and Evening, beſides Public Prayers and Other Times. How muche nearer to mine Ende and Aim ought I to be ?

Twice a Twelvemonth engaged in anie other Science would make me experte and ſo far advanced and muche improved. Can I ſaye it has been ſo withe me in theſe moſt important Studies ? Do I love Prayer and Reading more heartilie ? Am I more fond of
yielding

1554.
May 24.

1554.

yielding to others? Lefs fond of yielding to myself? Am I more studious and energetick, and humble and meeke and lowlie?

Have I more Courage and Faythe to looke calmlie upon all the Lorde shall appointe unto mee?

Do I feel more and more that He is ever about mye Bedde and aboute my Pathe, and spieth oute all my Wayes?

Feare I dare not so encourage myselfe. Owne that my chiefe Prayer muste ever be, "God be mercifulle unto me a Sinner." The Lordde deale not with mee after mine Iniquities! for Jefus Christe his Sake, Amen.



CHAP. X.

May 25 to August 5, 1554.



HE Plague is begun. At the
Leaste they say, that there are
several sicke unto Deathe, with
all the Signes of Pestilence, in
this Citie, and we are advised to flee into
Ghent. So we are hastilie moving.

1554.
May 25.

Here we are arrived in a moste primitive
olde Towne, of the whiche Mistris *Anstey*
and I hope to make manie a prettie Exquisi-
fon.

May 27.

We did not move a Daie too soone, for the
Authorities

Maie 30.

1554.

Authorities have issued Orders, that no one shall come in from *Antwerp*, for any Cause at all. And as yet but few Cases in *Antwerp*, but manie in a Village neare, and in *Liege* alsoe, we hear. Master *Leslie-Knowe* hath writ to my *Father*.

June 1.

Yesternighte were waked out of our Sleepe by Men calling on us to get uppe and leave the Towne. Poor *Will*, our Man, had, it seems, sayde somewhat in the Evening in the Town that made Men thinke we had been sent oute of *Antwerpe*, and they angrilie insisted upon knowing which of the Familie had had the Plague, or had died of it, & was lefte in *Antwerpe*. They were verie moche enraged by his Denyal of anie suche Case, but let him goe for that Time, and being an orderlie People, had called up the Syndich & Officers to see into the Matter. The Officers did examine us one by one, and woulde not be content without seeing us fairlie undressed, though

though we did give our Handes, Wristes, & Throates readilie to be examined into. No Signe of Ille was to be found; but though we did swear we had had no Case among us in *Antwerpe*, we were obliged to go forthe, & to packe up our few Goodes and go albeit in the Nighte. They did putte us upon a *Sievres* Boate, and commande us to take Ship for *Englande* at once. Knew it would be of no Use to resist, yet Master *Leslie-Knowe* did saye muche, offer muche, and pleade for Justice and Mercie. They did but laughe & saye, “Go to. Your Quene will not take Heede to evil Tales of *Flanders* now; she is too wise!” So on we went, floating and shivering, pale and sick with Colde—and the Boatmen did shew Charitie and throw me a Boat Cloke, whiche I did wrap around *Eda* and *Marye*, crying with Colde and Sleepinesse. We did finde a Vessel bound for *London*, by great Good-Fortune (nay, by great good Providence) and we did enter in. It was from
Antwerp,

1554.

Antwerp, but we coulde not help that; and we did hear later that the Plague had made no Progreſs, and that it was thoughte to be onlie a falſe Alarme, ſuch as often do take place concerning ſuch a fearfulle Viſitation. Methoughte, that if ſo, pity 'twas we had left *Antwerpe*; but we were now on the open Sea, and had noughte for it but to go on. We did lay down the Chyldren, & they ſlepte while we did ſeeke how to provide Foode. The Boate had Stores, not goode, but enoughe to keepe us alive and the Men. We bought ſome, for we had not been allowed Time to buy ought on Shore in our hurried Night Marche.

June 2.

Laſt Lordes Day did complete my lytel Hiſtorie of the Prayer-boke, which is verie ſhorte and eaſie.

Maſter *Leſlie-Knowe* would then have me draw up a Morning & Evening Service, with eaſie Notes to them, for my own Uſe, and to
fee

see how I have proffitted by the Research I have had to make ; or at all Eventtes to make a Plan of the Prayeres in Order as they come, & mark those taken from the Roman Catholic or Greeke Ritualles. Did show it to Master *Leslie-Knowe* on Decke at Sunfette to-daie.

The Sentences to awaken.

The Exhortation to Confesse.

The Confession of Sinnes for everie one to make.

The Absolution given by the Minister from God to the Penitente.

These all were added to the Morning and Evening Prayer in the year of Salvation 1551.

The Lordes Prayer.

Holie Sentences.

The Hallelujah

Venite Exultemus

The Lesson from the Olde Testamente

The Te Deum, or

The Benedicite

{ Here did Morning & Evening Prayer begin.

now firste in Englishe.

{ used in all Languages and Churches.

{ faide after the Psalter.

{ from the Roman Liturgie, writ by St. Ambrose.

from the Roman Liturgie.

The

1554.

The Magnificat, for the }
 Evening Prayer, } from the Roman Liturgie.
 Or the Psalm XCVIII. was added in 1551.

The Seconde Lesson.

Benedictus, or Jubilate }
 Deo } added new in 1551.

Nunc Dimittis, for the }
 Evening, } from the Roman Liturgies.
 Or Psalm LXVIII. added new in 1551.

The Crede }
 The Salutation } from the Roman Liturgies.

The Lordes Prayer }
 The 1st Collecte for the } they are almost all from the
 Daye } Roman Liturgies.

The 2nd Collecte, Morn. }
 The 2nd Collecte, Even. } are all from the Roman
 The 3rd Collecte, Even. } Liturgies.

The 3rd Collecte, Morn. is from the Greeke Liturgie.

The Prayer of St. Chry- }
 softom } from the Greek Liturgie.

The Grace of St. Paul is from the Roman Liturgie.

So endeth the Firſte Service for the Morning
 and the Evening.

The

The Litanie, 2nd Service.

1554.

- The Letanie (to be faide
by all as well as the
Minifter & the Clerke) { is taken out of the Roman
and Greek Litanies, espe-
ciallie St. Gregorie his
great one.
- The Prayer againſt our
Foes } is taken from the ancient
Fathers.
- The Prayer for making
our Troubles bleſſed
to us } is taken from the Roman
Liturgie, but leaving
oute “ for the Sake of
the Saintes’ Interceſſi-
ons.”

The Communion Service.

- The Introit appointed 1552..
- The Lordes Prayer
The Prayer for a pure
Harte } from the Primitive Litur-
gies.
- The Commandementes { firſte uſed in the Service,
1552.
- The Prayeres for the
Kynge } from the Primitive Litur-
gie.
- The Colleſte for the Daye { almoſte alle are from the
Primitive and Roman
Liturgies.
- The Epistle for the Daye { From the Primitive Litur-
gies.

The

1554.

| | |
|--------------------------|---|
| The Gospel for the Daye | { From the Primitive Liturgies. |
| Glorye beto thee, oh God | { From the Primitive Liturgies. |
| The Nicene Crede | { From the Emperor Constantine's Council at Nice. |

Unum Catechumenorum here doth ende, and those Personnes who are not yet Confirmed muste go forthe of the Churche after the Prayer for "the Church Militant here on Earthe," if there be a Communion. If there be none, and no Sermon, the Collecte and the Blessing are to be read.

The Psalter

is appointed for everie Morning and Evening, there being 150 Psalmes, and 30 days in the Month, it is read through everie Month; about five Psalmes to each Daye's Service.

is used in the Romish Church, and called Nocturnes, or Night Services.

Translated into the Englishe Tongue 1539.

The Collectes.

1554.

The onlie new Ones are these, added or altered 1549.

Advent Sunday.

2nd Sunday in Advent.

Christmasse Daye.

Communion.

Quinquagesima.

Ash Wednesday.

1 Sunday in Lent.

1 after Easter.

2 after Easter.

Trinitie Sunday { composed by Alcuinus, and new-
lie adapted to this Daye, 1552.

St. Andrew.

St. Thomas. 1549.

St. Paul his Conversion.

St. Matthias.

St. Mark.

St. Barnabas.

St. John Baptist.

St. Peter.

St. James.

St. Luke.

St. Simon and St. Jude.

All Saints.

He

1554.

He sayde I neede not yet write out anie Particulars of the Order of Marriage, Confirmation, Baptism, Visitation, Communion of the Sicke, Churching, Ordination, and Consecration. The Rubricke for the Daylie Services would suffice at the Presente.

Nor neede I copie more than this Presente Liste into my Diarie. He did call to my Minde manie Lessones we had had together upon all its Partes ; and he bade mee remember to love and cherish it alwaye, and not to follow anie other Booke of Prayer as a Guide even in my private Devotions, except my *Mother* gave it to mee. I did looke anxiously at himme, and he did smile and saye, “ It is not poore olde *Bet* who has alarmed mee, deare Chylde, but the Signes of the Times, that warne me to warne thee, and now more especiallie as our Returne Home may expose Thee to some Perille, & so be warie, my precious Ladye *Adolie*.” We did sit long upon the Decke. The Waters did dance under
the

the Moonbeames ; the Starres did come forth
and looke so kinde, like Angels' Eyes, & the
Pathway of the God of Peace, did seeme to
be upon the Waters. " Yea, deare One,"
sayde Master *Leslie-Knowe*, " Tumult and
Passion on each Shore, but the Skye and the
Waters make for thee a calm Roade between
them this Nighte. May God ever be about
Thee, and guide thee through the deep Wa-
ters !"

He was verie much pleased to have my
Taske so quicklie done, and that too amid
Flittings and Feares, & did prayse me so as to
make my Harte leape, and I did take his
Hande to thank him, and he did pres mine
with a tender, loving Pressure, and we did sit
in the happie Silence that is better than
Wordes ; and that solemn Night at Sea did
bring Peace into our Heartes, and was as a
calm Reste in the midst of our Feares and
Fleeings-away and Cares—for God was with
us.

A strange

1554.
June 4.

A strange wilde Hope did darte into my Soule this Morninge, that wee shoulde per-chance pass through *London*, and soe get to the *Towere*! and see my *Parentes*! Oh Joye! Joye!

While thinking of this, *Eda* did come to me, and saie, "Make Despatch, dear *Adolie*, the Boat is nearlie readie."

"For what?" did I say, and reallie for the Moment did thinke we were aboute to land in *England*.

"To go to the Vessel for *Portsmouth*; it is close bye, and methoughte you would be glad to know it, *Adolie*," quoth the poor little One, dismayed that her Newes did seeme to cause me no Pleasure, but quite the Contrarie of that.

I was much Vexed, and did saye to the Childe hastilie, that I did "feelee sure she was wronge."

But the lytle Thinge did replie, "*Adolie*, I did

did see the Shippe, and heare the Message to the Captain."

"Who sent it?" quoth I.

"Master *Leslie-Knowe*; and he did thinke it verie goode for us, this Chance of going nearer Home."

"I thoughte we were to go to *London*."

"To *London*! nay, I never did hear it sayde."

I had let my own Thoughtes crosse mee, I was vexed altogether, and forrie, and I did saye, "Welle, welle, *Edie*, you have sayde alle now, so goe."

"I may not goe, I am to staye here."

My Temper was verie hotte, but when I did look at the Childe, and see how pale she was, my Hearte did smite me, and she leaned down on the Hammock and cryed softlie.

"What is it, *Eda*; are you sicke?" quoth I.

"Yea, very sicke, and verie fadde, deare Syfter, I have vexed you, and you are alwayes kinde to mee."

"Kinde

1554.

“ Kinde ! *Edie !*” quoth I, and I coulde not make an Ende, for my harsh Wordes to her but now, did seeme so cruelle when she was sicke. I did lay her downe as well as I coulde, gave her some Harteshorn and Wine, and with all the Care I coulde, did strive to chear her. Poore lytel Thing ! she did cling to me lovinglie, and did saye, “ It is not the Sea, *Adolie*, but I did fele so forelie, that we were not to go to *Dover*, and that you were grieved at it too, as well as I.”

“ What Goode of going to *Dover*, deare *Edie*, if not to *London* ?” quoth I, kissing her.

“ Ah, *Adolie*, it would at the Lease be a lytle nearer to our deare *Mother* and *Father*,” sayde the little One.

I did seeme so rebuked by the sweete Childe that I did saye, “ It seemed so to me too, *Edie*, and so my naughtie Hearte was angrie to finde that your *Newes* was verie true, I was hastie to you, dear One, will you
kisse

kisse mee and forgive mee?" And I did holde her close to my Hearte, and she did kisse mee lovinglie, and saye, "I did forget, *Adolie*, that you might be sorrie too."

And so we were at Peace agayne; and now it was Time to go. Master *Leslie-Knowe* had writ and given to the Captain of our Shipe, the Newes of our Escape for my *Father*, and how we were to go to the other One for *Portsmouth*. And soe did we steppe into the Boate, and awaie, and once more did we seeme to be verie far from doing as we would do.

Manie Dayes have passed syne we laste did write, or reade, or speake, with Calmnesse. It was on Wednesday we did leave our old Shippe and enter another, bound for *Portsmouth*, from the Coast of *Denmarke*. We soone did finde the Movemente verie roughe, and the Winde colde, the Cloudes did growe darke, and quicklie was our olde Friende, the Vessel,

June 12.

1554.

Veffel, loft to Sight, and it did feel like another long Farewell. But one Thing had been forgotten, and that was to enquire what Store of Food there was on Board. We did afke, and were tolde we mighte buy, as they had Hopes to get in verie foone, and not be fhorte of Provisions.

Some they gave us, verie hard Biscuit and verie falte Beefe, but ftill we coulde eat it. The poor Chyldren did make but lytel of it. We did talk together fadlie, until the Noife of the Windes made it impoffible. Then we did fit ftill below. We were not ficke, but we were verie fadde, and the hoarfe Crying of the Windes in the Shroudes did not muche encourage our Heartes. It was a fmall Veffel, & had onlie two fpare Hammockes, fo we did put *Eda* and *Marye* to Bed, and Miftrefs *Anfley*, Nurfe, and I, did fit upon the Floor, with our Bundles for a Back, and fo did we continue until Mafter *Leſlie-Knowe* did call mee forthe, and I did goe up. It was verie
splendid

splendid to see the Channel in its Furie, for the Storme was getting up.

“ Will there be Danger?” quoth I.

“ Yea,” he replied; “ these Waves are rising fast, and the Storme is verie greate. But, my deare Chylde, He that made the Storme—”

“ Is greater than he,” did I continue, “ and can command his Ways”—using the Wordes of an olde Chaunte: “ and in Deede I do not feare, Master *Leslie-Knowe*, all will be Righte, I know. How verie grande this is!”

“ I called thee,” saide he, “ to let thee see this wondrous Sichte, & because it is easier to have Courage when one has seen the Danger. If we keepe oute to Sea, and the Lightning touche us not, we are safe; but we may be driven on to the Shore, & thus be wrecked, by the Furie of the Windes. And now goe down agayne, deare Chylde, and praye. We shall have a fearfulle Nighte, but

‘ *Nighte*

1554.

*‘ Nighthe cometh on—but the Lorde is ours,
And Nighthe bringeth us no Feare!’ ”*

I did thank him, and goe backe, glad to have been up, but not forrie now to go downe agayne, as the Lightening was fearfulle, & the Vessel so unsteaddy, that it was hard Worke to keepe Footing. However he did help me down, and I did beg him to come in also.

“ Nay,” quoth he, “ I will not yet tell these poor Creatures of their Perill. Moreover, the Storme more pleasureth me than the Cabin;” and he left me, saying, “ God blefs Thee.”

Now, indeed, I did feel Terror, deprived of his friendlie Prefence. The poor Nurse & Mistres *Anstey* were in deep Sleepe upon the Floor; their Kirtles were covered all over with Cockroaches, and in vain did I drive them off; they still woulde return, until the Thoughte stricke mee to hold the Lighte
downe

downe low, which did drive them off, and I did sit downe, but in some Feare lest they shoulde come agayne. Greater Feare was, however, present with mee, I did fele so verie, verie lonelie, and the Noises above increasfing everie Minute. Ere long they did awake Mistrifs *Anstey* and Nurse. They did start up in an Agonie of Feare, crying out, and wringing their Hands, "What is that? We are going down."

"Nay," quoth I, "not going down, but there is a great Storm."

"And are we in Perill?"

Master *Leslie-Knowe* at this Moment did come in.

"You are not in Perile," saide he, "at this Moment, but the Windes have driven us out of Course, and we *may* be nearer Shore than we think."

Mistrifs *Anstey* and Nurse wept bitterlie.

"Nay, nay," quoth he, and did trie to soothe them, but in vain. One did crie for
her

1554.

her Sifters, and the other for her Children ; and I, (was it Hardness of Heart?—I who had so much to lose;—a Sister with me, Parents & Brothers afar off), I was quite quiet, it seemed to be too deep an Awe for Tears. I did go to Nurse and say to her, “ Deare Nurse, do you thinke *Eda* is asleepe ? She was “ *Nurse*” agayne in a Momente, and onlie cried, “ Goode Lorde ! if I have disturbed her !” ceased her Tears, and went stumbling & falling to looke at the Childe. Mistresse *Anstey* still wepte bitterlie, & still cryed oute, “ My Sister, oh, my Sister !” Her Wordes went throughe my Heart, my own dear little Sister lay sleeping all unknowing of her Perill, and our other One was perhaps watching over us both at that Momente. Scarcely did I dare goe neare to Mistresse *Anstey*, her Agonie was so greates ; but when she did seeme to be quite spent, I did take her some Hartshorne as well as I coude crosse the Cabine, and saie to her, “ My lytel Sister
is

is deade, she is near me now—If we die, shall not we too go and watche over our deare Ones?”

1554.

She did not heed me, but she did take the Hartshorne, and did growe more composed. Master *Leslie-Knowe* stayed with us all through that awfulle Nighte.

The next Daye we were all surprised to finde ourselves still safe, but the Storm & the Darknesse were but little abated, and no one knew where we were. It was verie awfulle, and the poore Chyldren, having awoke frightened & hungrie, made it more sadde. I did holde *Eda* in my Armes, she was pining with Thirst, and the Water almost gone. I did goe to the Men, and praie a little for her, but they coulde not heede me in suche a Storme as still was raging. It went on for two Nightes, and then we lost our Mast, and our Vessel lay helpless upon the Waters, and we knew not where we were. Foode we coulde not get, though the
Storme

1554.

Storme was going downe, for not knowing where we were, nor how long we might be kept out, we had no right to the Food of the Crew.

As it grew calmer, we did feele our Hunger more, because we felt *safer*, yet our Danger was really quite as great; for at anie Moment in the Nighte we might run on a Shore. At length we were so famishing with Hunger that we knew not what to do, the Beating about on the Waters had exhausted even the Seamen's Stores, and it did seeme as if Deathe must await us. We did sit calmlie on the Deck, (we did wish we were sea-sick, but that was past,) looking in Each Other's Faces. Master *Leslie-Knowe* prayed now & then in a weak but clear Voice—

“In all Tyme of our Tribulation,
Good *Lorde* deliver us.”

Edie ceased her Moaning, *Marye* her Crying,
& with Mistresse *Anstey* and Nurse and mee
and

and the poor Seamen, joined in a deep Amen. There was a Crye of Lande ! and then dreadfuller Fears of striking upon the Rockes ; but we drifted slowlie, verie slowlie, into a rugged lytle Baye, and the Shippe did run agrounde ; and with trembling Handes the Boates were lowered, and we did escape to Lande. It was on the French Coast, near to the town Quimper. We, once landed, did yet have to beg harde for a Lodgemente, and scarcely finde one, being English. They did aske if we were Herreticks ; we did reple, “ Oui, selon vous.” They did advise us everie where to go awaie ; at laste one Man and his Wife did seeme inclined to take us in, and when they did see the lytel pale-faced Chyldren they did mercifullie do foe on moderate Charge.

We had suffered so much in the five Dayes syne we leste our olde Shipe that everie Face was olde and faded. The Sichte of Foode made us alle famishe ; the Chyldren had been
carried

1554.

carried on Shore, and even the Boatmen coulde scarcelie creepe along. We did, holding each other. The Pains in the Stomach and Heade did seeme to pulle us to the Grounde. Poor *Eda* had been manie Times in the Shippe quite doubled with the Paine, and *Marye* losfe and wandering. We did putte them to Bed and give them a verie little warm Milke, but they were all Nighte verie ille. We ourselves were all spente and wearie, readie to fainte awaie if we did trie to move again, and went to Bed also, hoping to be better the next Day & able to re-embarke for Englande.

Long before Morninge I did hear fearful Cries from Nurse and the Chyldren. *Marye* was quite wilde with Feaver and Wandering, and poor *Eda* and Nurse could not move for Paine. Mistress *Anstey* and I were anxious to send for a Leech, but Master *Leslie-Knowe* did seme sure that *Eda* and Nurse were ille of Inflammation from eating after so verie long

long a Faste. He did give them some simple Medicine, which he had with him, and after some Houres they did lose the Payne in Parte; but while it did laste it was sad to see the olde Woman and the lytel Childe tossing aboute and moaning in their Beds.

1554.

Poor *Marye* had to be bled & kept quiet, as after her Falle.

They are no better, and I am verie ill too of a Feaver and Cough. The Woman of the House is verie much enraged at us.

June 15.

Mistress *Anstey* and Master *Leslie-Knowe* have both been ille, like Nurse and *Eda*. I not keeping my Bedde, but so ille I did feare I must give up too, Daie by Daie, and no one to take care of them but mee. Poor *Will* sicke too. The Leech forsook us; the Woman did reprove me dailie for all these Things; in vain I told her that we had been oute at Sea manie Dayes, without Food or
Thicke

June 30.

1554.

Thicke Cloathes, often wet through, & blown through, and in Perile of our Lives, too weak to move when once upon Decke from Weaknesse. She woulde heed noughte, and did saie she woulde turne us all oute. My Hearte did quake then. Poor *Eda* much better, still would often creepe to me with sad Moanings and pale Face, needing to be careffed & soothed. *Marye* was recovered, but verie weake. Nurse still verie badde, & two more ill ! But God did turne the Woman's heart. Her owne onlie Childe came home from Service ille, & that did soften the poore Mother. She has been more kinde ever syne.

Julie 6.

My dear Partie are all nearlie well able to creepe oute and sun themselves in the Aire ; & we hear that we had better goe offe now, as we shall be more seene. Our Money is nearlie gone ; in a little While we shall not have enough to pay our Journie home.

Julie 7.

An English Shippe is off the Coaste ; we
are

are quicklie to join her if she is onlie a Trader Vessel.

1554.

She is onlie a Trading Shippe, Master *Leslie-Knowe* sayth, and not a regular one ; but we shall be thankful to be put on English Grounde, as our Religion makes as greate a Dislike to us in *France* as at home. We do embarke to-night.

A verie long and wearisome Voyage, for we did find our Vessel to be a Smuggler, & so were obliged to wait the Possibilitie of getting on Shore not seen. But here we are, on Shore near *Southampton*, and we shall soone be at deare *Erles Cope* once more.

Julie 28.

At *Erl's Cope* agayne, and find Letters from my *Mother*, to say that my *Father* muche did regret having sent us awaie, as *Alasco* writ him Worde we were far from safe ; everie One knowing that the Quene would visit Nothing done in *Flanders* at the Presente,

Julie 31.

1554.

sente, especiallie agaynste Hereticks, though her owne loyalle Subjecttes. My *Mother* (how I did rejoyce to see her Hand Writing once more) sayde further, that the lytel Boyes were now seeming to pine for pure Air, and that they would be far better with us; so that on the *Monday* Weeke they shoulde leave the *Tower*, if possible, after we were at Home. This Letter was writ on the 17th (*Monday*), so in a Weeke we may yet see the little Fellows. She saythe that she and my *Father* are both better in Healthe, but verie miserable aboute their deare Chyldren, of whom they had heard onlie by Master *Alasco* his Letter.

“It is true,” saythe she, “that *Holand* is a Protestante Countrie in Partes, but still there is muche Poperie in *Flanders*, where you did goe. I write this in Hopes that *Alasco* may have spirritted you all backe agayne. The Prince is expected to-morrow. Now fare you well, precious Chylde; may this finde you at Home safelie, and in the Pathe of Dutie.

Farewell

Farewell my owne deare *Adolie*, Farewell.

1554.

Your loving *Mother*,

BEATRIX YTENEHURST.

We are as yette quite quiette here, and our poore Neighbours muche pleased to get us backe againe safelie. Sad Tales, (for the moste Parte invented, belike,) had arrived of the State of English Heretiques in Foreign Landes, how verie ill used and maltreated they have bene. I have writ to my *Mother*, to saye that we are all quite safe at Home, and doe love it but the more for all our Wanderings and Periles. Truelie we ought now to feel double gladde to feede the Hungrie and clothe the Naked, for the Lord God His Sake, for that we have been like them. No one can tell who has not had the like Experience, how at such a Time it doth cut to the Hearte if one recollects to have been harsh or neglectfulle to the Poore; nor how *alone* feeleth the Hearte that hath no Countrymen, no Fellow
of

Aug. 2.

1554.

of like Religion near in Time of Trouble, but his own sad, stricken Few.

Aug. 5.

No Worde of my *Mother* yette. We know not if the lytel Boyes do come or no ; but we have been verie busie adorning the Nurserie with clean white Testers and Hangings.

As we did walke forthe this Evening did see a verie irregular Raine-Bow. The Coloures going transverselie, and the Widthe of the Whole like unto Three more than like One ; whiche is a Marvel, without Doubte, but not Magick. However manie of the People did rise up, and finding worthie old *Purcell*, did call him a Heretic-Wizard, & did saie that he had raised this portentous Warning. The Priestes of the *Abbaye* were sent for, and they did come and affecte to believe he had an Evill Spiritte, which they must Exorcise ; so accordingle did cast him into a Trance (at the whiche the People did marvel) by the same Signes the Master *Leslie-Knowe* did

did use to mee. *Wille* was going through the Fielde in which all this did take place, neare *Purcell* his Cotte, & he did get in with the Crowde to see. By the Time the Trance was well established, the Raine Bowe was well passed, and the Monkes bid the People look around and see that it was gone. This doth marvellouslie strengthen their Power. But poor *Purcelle* was onlie accused because he had been seene in the Churchyarde laste. No Place, I should saye, for a Misbeliever to dare venture. Master *Leslie-Knowe*, after this Storie told by *Will*, did goe to see him and console him. He saithe that the olde Manne is verie readie to depart, and quite broken down by all he has of late suffered. His Minde is in Heaven, but his Bodie must suffer the Thinges of Earth.

Messenger from the *Tower*, to saye that the lytel Boyes do come in verie few Dayes. My *Mother* quite fulle of Thankfulnesse that
we

Aug. 6.

1554.

we are safe at Home. She writes that the Prince did arrive, and was received in State, on the 31st daie of Juli.

Aug. 14.

A Weeke is paste, no lytel Boyes yet. My *Mother* writeth that *Thyrfeldene* hath been ficke.

Aug. 21.

He is better, and they will arrive to-morrow. Heaven blefs and protect them, dear lytel Fellowes, in their Journey, and from all the Periles that broode over us all. Amen. Amen.



CHAP. XI.

THE deare lytel Boyes are arrived,
& looke verie well and thriving.
The One we call *Regie* is verie
like to swete *Bridgette* ; but
Thyrseldene has a more aquiline Caste. *Eda*
is moſte happie with them, and can not make
enoughe of them. The Nurſe, too, is moche
pleaſed to have “ ſome Real Babies,” ſhe
ſayes, to take Care of, now the “ Ladye *Eda*
is ſuch a big Girll.”

Nurſe and I did take them downe to-daie
to ſee Dame *Hurſte*, who has the Cotte in
the

1554.
Sept. 4.

Sept. 6.

1554.

the Foreste, & who woulde have Nurse to suppe with her, and soe I did leave them, and come backe by myselffe. As I did draw near to the House, I did see Smoke come out of the Store-room Windowes, and also from the Librarie at the other Ende. Whether burnt by Malice, or by Chance, who coulde tell? But, being in two Places, looketh very like a Foe his doing. I did finde *Marie* & *Eda* at Play, and the Maide *Bessie* sewing, not knowing of Perill. The Staircase near to them was now on Fire, so I did leade the terrified lytel Ones & Mayde to the other & tell them to go to the Cotte, & staie there with *Nurse*. But they were too much frightened to heed my Wordes. Then I did see Mistres *Anstey* calling out in an Agonie & looking for *Marie* in Despaire at finding the Nurserie emptie, & she tooke them from me, & led them oute awaie from the House, to calme them, & poore *Bessie*. I wente to my *Father* his Studie where Master *Leslie-Knowe* did

did meete me, & faye that he knew where my *Father* did keepe his Papers of Importance, if I woulde he helped me. I was verie gladde, & we did lifte oute the two Principall Cafes, carrie them oute, and then return to move more if we coulde, and I did fecure my *Mother's* Jewells and her Papers and a Portrayte of her *Mother*, which I well knew ſhe muſt dearlie love, mine owne Bibell nexte, and my Diarie and Pictures, and one or two ſmall Things and Clothes, did I put into a Cheſte, and ſee carried oute. The Houſe was now very hot all over, and in Flames in greate Parte. The Meſſengers ſent for Helpe were long of returning, and we had expended all the Water at firſte—at leaſte, the Servants had, before we came from my *Father* his Room.

I did all on a Sudden recollect my *Mother's* Myniature of lytel *Bridgette*, and haſten back for itte. It was not eaſie to finde—the Chamber was alreadie black with Smoke,
and

1554.

and I could hardlie breathe, but after much Searche in everie Place I did finde it, and putte it into my Bosom. But the Stairs were now all gone, and to my sad Surprise the Flames were bursting in upon me, & I knew not which Waie to go. I went to the Window to see for Helpe, but no One knew nor did guess that I was gone back into the House, and they were not looking at me. I did screame, but the raging of the Fire overcame my Voice, and the Flames were now quite neare to me. I felt that I must die and not save the Picture after all for my *Mother*; my Soul shrunk now from the sudden and bitter Shock. It did seme to me natheless a verie long Time this Death in coming, for all my Life did pass before mine Eyes, and I did praie,—oh so ferventlie to my *Saviour*, as I had never prayed before. The Flame now did scorch my Cheke and my Haire did partlie catch. I put it out with my Hands, (as if it coulede matter when I had but few
Minutes

Minutes ere I must be quite burnt). It did dart into my Minde, “Should I die a Martyr?” “Nay,” I thought, “a Martyr is one who dieth willingly for his Faith—now, oh my God, I die, not unwillingly if Thou wilt, but not I fear for my Holy Faithe.”

Then I did remember my Dreame long ago, and I did thinke, “If I am saved now, it will be to die for my Faithe.” And such sweete Joy and Peace came into my Minde at the Thoughte, that I felte no more Feare; but methoughte I heard Voices, & saw some Friends come to me, and then I do suppose the Smoke overcame me, for I do remember no more, till I did finde myselfe here, & putte up my Hande to feel for the Picture, and it was safe in my Bosom. Then I wepte. I had not wepte till now.

It was our goode Chaplaine who did seek the missing Lamb of his Flock, and did call, and hearing no Answer, did come and finde her stupefied, and seeming deade. He did
save

1554.

save muche for my deare Parentes, all of whiche he hath safelie in Charge, but it is a verie heavie Losse for them. He did save muche for my deare Parentes, for he saved me, their Childe, thanks be unto Godde! Amen. May I give unto Him everie Houre of the Life He has thus twice given to me!

Sept. 8.

We have writ to my Parentes, and tolde them of all the sadde Evente, & alsoe of the Safetie and Healthe of alle their Chyldren.

Sept. 9.

The poore Chyldren, wearie of their long Absence from *Erl's Cope*, and praie to be taken there agayne; it will be long unfit to be their Home, but the House that is our true Heritance is above, & can not be hurtte by Fire, or Thief, or Destroyer.

Sept. 12.

Have counted over the Linen and Plate, lytel Mirrors, and rare Drinking Glasse, & other precious Things saved.

Much

Much disposed to Feare to-daie. My *Father* hath writ to Master *Leslie-Knowe* to bid him look over the Papers, & sende the Liste to him.

I have to do the Same for my *Mother*.

Wee do still remayne in the lytel Cotte. *Erl's Cope* is but a sadde Ruine, that maketh one's Hearte sadde to see. The poore Chyl-dren fighe for their Storie-Bookes and Toyes, all burnt in the Fire, and wearie of the One that worthie Master *Leslie-Knowe* did save for them lest they shoulde lack Amusement. He is never wanting in kind Thoughtes. I do most lacke my owne Bokes, my owne lytel Corner, and my *Mother's* Chamber, where I did ever praie my Evening Prayer. Perchance I shall not long need a lytel Corner upon this Earthe wherein to praie unto my God, but an heavenlie. Nighte draweth on apace. My Parentes both in Prison, & their Tryall soon to take Place. And why am I to escape? It
was

1554.
Sept. 17.

1554.

was I who did commit the Deede. It is I who shoulde bear the Blame & the Punishmente.

To-daie I did saye so to Master *Leslie-Knowe*, he looking sorrowfullie at mee, did reple, "Alasse! my Chylde, perchance they will ere long thinke of this."

The Chapelle was not burned, and we do everie Daye goe thither for Prayers; but we have Householde Service in the Cotte. Because the Chyldren can not be lefte with so verie small Householde, lest Evil befall them. Yet even soe, I do ever run hastilie back, to see if they are safe.

Sept. 19.

This Cotte is very roomie for a smalle Dwelling, and poore olde Mistres *Hurste* is very gladde to make us as comfortable as she can, poore Woman.

When I do go out to see the Poore, Master *Leslie-Knowe* is ever with me; but I am as much in Feare for him as he can be for me.

His

His Calling is one sadly misused in our Dayes, and manie of oure Clergie are alreadie in Prisonne, dispossessed of their Benefices, and cruellie severed from their Wives and Families !

1554.

So long as my *Father* his Estates are not confiscated, we may hope to receive Money from them ; but the Golde he did leave with Master *Leslie-Knowe*, the last Time they met, for our Expenses, is not sufficient to maintain manie for long, and as yet we knowe not how long it may be that he is imprisonned. My *Mother* did bid me sende awaie some of oure Retinue a While ago, and I did so by sending ten to my Uncle *Baldwinne* who is a goode and kinde Manne, and will take goode Heede to them. Some Otheres now slepe in the ruined Castle, some in the Village secretlie, but none of them will enter other Service till they do know of their good Lorde whether he is freed or no. May I be as faythefulle

Sept. 20.

1554.

fathefulle to my Lordde God and Master, as they are unto their earthlie Master !

Sept. 21.

My *Mother* writes that the Aire of the Prison doth make her ille agayne; poor *Mother* ! well it maye, and the Dreade of the Tryall alſoe. Yet ſhe will be verie ſteadfaſtte.

The Rage and Furie of Oppreſſion doth increaſe ; alaſſe, alaſſe ! ſhall we be able to ſtand in the evil Daye ?

“ I thank my God in Jeſus Chriſt my Lorde.”

“ In His Strength we can do all Thinges.”

The dear little Babies grow, and will ſoon be able to talk ; *Thyrſeldene* can ſay ſome Wordes now, but *Regie* not ſo quicke with his Tongue, hath yet manie lovinge & particular Waies to ſhow his lyvely Spirritte and his warm lytel Hearte. *Eda*, ſo proude of them, doth ſhow forthe to *Marie* all the new Artes & Giſtes ſhe doth finde in Eache.

To-daie

To-daie I was playing with *Thyrseldene* when the goode Chaplain did note to me how like they were; and I did reple, that at the firste I had thought never to know them One from the Other, but that now it did seeme to mee None coulde mistake them.

“ And minde you not, Others will see as you did see at firste? I would counsel you to put some abiding Marke upon the lytel *Thyrseldene.*”

I did ask “ how?” and he sayde, “ You could have him branded with some Signe. Nay, turn not so pale, deare Chylde, it is in the Chance of your having to quit the Chylde that his Inheritance be not wrested from him.”

At the first Mention of my quitting the deare lytel Boyes, and poore lytel *Thyrseldene* having to contende for his Inheritance, mine Hearte did faile me, and I did vainlie trie to hide my Distresse. He tooke me by the
Handes

1554.
Sept. 22.

1554.

Handes and fayde, “ My deare Childe, you are forrie, and weake with muche Exertion & Trouble, we will speake further of this Tomorrow.”

Sept. 23.

To-daie, ashamed of my Weaknesse, I did myselffe begin to speake of marking the poore lytel Fellow ; & it was as we were sitting upon the Banke near to the Cotte, & the Babes were on the Grafs, at Plaie with *Eda* and *Marie*, while Mistress *Anstey* and the Chapelaine & I did holde Converse upon our sadde Condition, that I did call to the Nurse to bring *Thyrselfdene* ; and then I gave him to Master *Leslie-Knowe*, saying, “ You are quite right, it will be better so ;” & we carried him into the Cotte. Master *Leslie-Knowe* tooke him into his Chamber, and with a Kinde of Caustique did burn him on the righte Shoulder, prettie feverelie, in the Forme of a Th: and a Coronet. The poore Babe did crie piteouflic, but it was soon over ; & then I did saye, “ Will you not
marke

marke *Regie* too, lest anie Manne shoulde doubt he being the next real Heir to his Brother?" And he sayde, "Yea," and did fetch him too, and imprint upon his left Shoulder the Letter *R.* and a Crofs. Poor little Boyes! how they did moan; but no sooner was it over than they did laugh and playe once more on the Greene, while Master *Leslie-Knowe* did make me sign his Statement that he had so marked them, & he then put that Paper with the Others for my *Father*; & he did aske mee to whom should these Papers and the Chyldren be carried, if my Parentes & myselfe were in Prison? And he thoughte my Uncle *Baldwinne*, albeit a Roman Catholic, not safe enough from the Chance of their being seized and taken.

"My *Mother's* Sister *Wesie*," did I saye, "is a Protestant, and she is gone to *Bruges* just now. The lytel Boyes and *Eda* would be safer there, though the Contiente is unsettled, than in *England* for a few Yeares, if our Familie

1554.

milie is so hotlie purfued after." So he bade me write to her, in the Chance of my being seized, and I did so.

We did then returne to Mistress *Anstey* on the Greene, & ask her what shoulde she do in such a Case, and she sayde, "I shoulde, beg Leave of you, Master *Leslie-Knowe*, to go with you, and take Care of Ladye *Eda*, & mine owne lytel Ladye *Marie*, for I thinke no Respect will be paid in *England* to the Birthe of this Chylde, and it can give her no Rightes. She has Some Related to her Mother, the Quene Douagere, in the Low Countries, I thinke."

"But if the Prince *Philip* do consent to marry the Queene, and do persecute there also?" did Master *Leslie-Knowe* saye.

"Ah!" sayde she, "sufficient unto the Daye is the Evill thereof; I truste it will not so chance."

"Not Chance! Oh, my Godde," sayde I, low to myselfe, "there is no Chance; all is ordered

ordered for us by Thee, and Thou wilt take Care of these Thy little Ones."

"Even so, Amen," did a Voice replie ; & I saw that Master *Leslie-Knowe* had reade my Thoughte ; which did much amaze me, for I had not spoken, nor opened my Lippes, nor looked at him, but he is verie keen, and his Eyes are as quicke as when he was younge, and ever, ever kinde and gentle withal.

We then did break into lighter Discourfe, and after, when the Nurfes & the Chyldren were gone into the Cotte, we did purpose to take a lytel Turne in the Woodes, all flushed with the Sunfette, and Master *Leslie-Knowe* did slowlie repete these Lines of a small olde Poete, which, though poore in themselves, his thoughtfulle Tone made to suite the Scene and Time.

*"The Daye his laste Good-Nighte hath sayde,
The Sunne doth kifs the Yelmtrees Hedde,*

The

Diary and Houres

1554.

*The Darknefs falls on the Home of the Dedde,
And Shades on our Spirrites falle!*

*“ The Grey olde Tower is dark at laſte,
The faint Roſe-Cloude from the Skeye is paſte,
Our Handes reeche oute, and cling full faſte
To the guiding Raile or Walle.*

*“ Nighte cometh on with her Spirrite-Houres,
Nighte cometh on with her Hidden-Powers,
Nighte cometh near, but the Lorde is Ours!
And Nighte bringeth us no Feare!*

*“ At the Eventide—ſo His Worde hath ſayde—
Shall the Faithfulle ſtill by Lighte be ledde;
Though our Pathe may be by the Houſe of the
Dedde,
Deathe bringeth to us no Feare!*

Swete and low was his Voice, and I thoughte
as I did liſten, how bleſſed it were to paſſ in
this Minde through the Valley of the Shadow
of

of Deathe. And so musing did we pass on
silently, when his Verse was ended, for our
Thoughtes were verie busie.

1554.

Comming to the lytel Stream that runneth
through the Wode, we did perceive a lytel
Store of Fruit and Wine and Cakes, set out
where the Rocky Banke is smoothe, and
Master *Leslie-Knowe* did saye, "My faire
Friendes will sup here, I do truste." So we,
smiling and well-pleased, did sit down to our
Fare, and as I did eate, I thought "It is still
pleasante sometimes," and my Hearte was
glad and thankful for this Pleasure, & for
such a kinde Friende as Master *Leslie-Knowe*,
for this was alle his lytel Plan for us. After
we had supped he did calle, and a lytel Boye
did come and fetch awaie the Platters, and
he gave him a lytel piece of Money, and
walked awaie with him for a Space. When
he came back agayne to us, we did go home-
wardes, but by another Pathe, whereat I did
marvel. He was pale and changed, and
presentlie

1554.

presentlie he sayde, “ You did perceive that the Ladde had somewhat to say unto me; he tolde me that while he did waite in the Woode, he did wander near the greate Roade, and did hear two Men speak of *Erl's Cope*, and saye they “had a Warranty to searche it for the Person of the Ladye *Adolie*, and that they having found the Castle in a ruinous Condition, had been tolde that she was in a Cotte near bye, & were seeking for her.”

“ Nay, my deare Chylde, hear me out. I am going to take you home by another Pathe, lest they shoulde arreste you.”

“ Nay deare Master *Leslie Knowe*, then will they go to the Cotte, & feize the Chyldren insteade! Let me alone be given up to them at once; here, in the Woode, or lette us go home the shortest Waie and save the lytel Ones.”

Mistress *Anstey* had already run on, to see how it fared with *Marye* her Charge, and we were disputing in a friendlie Waie, when a
verie

verie udden Ende was put thereunto by two Men who did come to me, and ask if I were Ladye *Adolie*. “Yea,” I did reply; “what would you with me?”

One of them did verie respectfullie shew me the Warranty of the Quene to bring me to the Tower.

“I am readie,” quoth I, “to come now, onlie lette me saye Farewelle to my Friende.”

“Nay,” did he replie, “you are hardlie equipped for so long a Journey; if you will sweare to be at *Erl’s Cope* to-nighte at nine o’ the Clock, it will be enough.”

I did swear, and they left me verie courteouslie. I was amazed at the Gentlenesse of their Conduct, & at their letting me thus free for an Hour. We did reach Home. I did hastilie kisse the sleeping Chyldren, and, above all, my poore *Eda*, who has grown so far into my Hearte of late; cut off a bit of her Hair and take it, and my *Mother’s* Jewells and Papers, and my Bible, Clothes, Diarie, and

1554.

and *Bridgett's* Portrayte, all in a lytel Packe, readie to goe. I did kisse Mistres *Anstey*, I did give Master *Leslie Knowe* the Directionne to my Aunte *Wesey's* House in *Bruges*, and charge him to bring the Chyldren safely thither, as soone as he should hear of Eville befalling us, or even sooner should he thinke it well to do soe; and soe saying, I did commend them to him, and beseeche him to watch over them as he had done over mee, & I did thanke him righte heartilie for all, as well as I could, for my Hearte did long to weepe fore. But it was almost Nine of the Clock, and I must hastilie goe. So, kissing poore olde Nurse, & the swete Babes, and *Marie*, and *Eda*, I did give my Packe to a Boye of the House, and forthe into the Nighte with Master *Leslie-Knowe*. Poor olde Dame *Hurste* was aslepe, I woulde not waken her, but did charge Master *Leslie Knowe* to take some lytel Gifte and a Farewell for mee to her, and to old *Peter Purfell*

Purfell, and to one or two Otheres in the Village.

1554.

“ How firmlie you walke, my Chylde,” faide he presentlie—his owne Step was feeble, and his Kercher oft put up to wipe awaie his Teares. He was far more moved than I was ; yet when we drew near to my old deare Home, that I muste see, perchance, no more, standing scorched and ruined in the clear Moonlighte, & did call to Minde the Imprisonment of my dear *Parentes*, the Deathe of lytel *Bridgette*, the Fire, and our Escape from thence ; it did seme as if Destruction had indeed come upon us with a mighty Hande. And entering into the Chapelle for the last Time, I wept bitterlie before the Altar ; & when Master *Leslie-Knowe* would have led me into the Castle to meet my Captors, I did saye, “ Nay, here will I deliver myselffe to Imprisonment, it may be to Deathe, but it shall be, as for the Lordes Sake, so in His House.”

And I did give myselffe agayne to Prayer,
until

1554.

until I did hear Footsteps draw nigh. Then said I to Master *Leslie-Knowe*, "Fly, lest they detain thee also;" and I rose up, put mine Handes out to him, and he did claspe me to his Hearte, & saye, "God blefs thee, deare, brave Chylde; I would not leave thee but for thy Charge to care for thy Brethren." He then did kifs my Hand, & he was gone, and I was alone in the quiet, dark Chapelle. My Hearte did sink for Sorrow. I heard no more Footsteps, and I did weepe bitterlie for a few Minutes, too bitterlie to praye, but soone found it better to trie and call to Him Who was, I knew, not far from me, when all others were awaie.

*"Nearer than the sunny Skie,
Nearer than the Stars on high,
Nearer than the winsome Breeze,
Faythe her Lord and Saviour sees.*

*"Nearer than the Gate of Death,
Nearer than the whispering Breath,
Nearer*

*Nearer than the secret Thought,
Christe Himselfe to us hath broughte."*

1554.

It was not long ere I agayne heard Foot-steps, and the heaue Doore of the Chapelle open flowlie and cautiouslie. I was still on my Knees, but at the Sounde I rose up & stoode before the Officers. They did aske me agayne if I were "*The Ladye Adolie*, daughter of the Earle of *Yteneburst*, now in the *Tower* under charge of Rebellion;" & I answered, "Yea." Then they showed me once more the Warrant, and I saw that I was to be treated "with Courtesie & Care, she being Younge, and of Gentle Birthe," sayde the Instructions. And soe we mounted on Horses, I upon mine owne lytel *Brionie*, and awaie to *Romney*. Here, joined by Others, & fresh Horses given to us, I did beg to have *Brionie* led back by a carefull Hand, all whiche was *promised*, I marvel if ever *performed*! I did slip a lytel bit of my Glove,
with

1554.

with "God blefs you!" written upon it, into part of my Saddle, thinking it would go back to my Home, & Master *Leslie-Knowe* would fee it,—but I was a foolishhe Girl; for, of course, the Saddele was putte upon another Palfrey for me.

We did reste some two Houres here, and then on agayne to *Winchester*, where we did reste agayne, before we did go on to *Abbot's Worthy*. I was so fainte, that here we did stop for Refreshment, yet when I did trie, coulde not eate. Stille, after the lytel Reste, able to mounte agayne, and ride as far as to *Basing*, where indeede I was glad to lie downe, and did sleepe for three Houres. The nexte Parte of the Journey was long and tedious, for we had not such goode Horses, to *Bagshot Heathe*. My Captors were fearfulle, though they were all armed, for it is a noted Place for Robbers, & tired as I was, we could not stop there, but on to *Chobbe*, a wearie ten-miles to me, wearie and fainte as I was with
my

my long and unhappie Journey. So ill and weake to-daye I coulde scarcely fit upon my Horſe, but bravelie ſtrove to hide it, and at *Richmond* we did take Boate, a verie welcome Change to my ſtiff & wearie Limbes. Gliding down the River was pleaſante enoughe, but for the Thoughte when ſhoulde I taſte the pure Aire agayne! And ſo on to the *Tower*, where I was liſted out of the Boate & led to the Chamber prepared for me. I did enter it, being held uppe by the Officer, and there, juſt looking to ſee who was in the Chamber, I did meete the Eyes of my owne deare *Mother*. I did ſpring to her, & I do remember no more.

I have writ this Hiſtorie of my Journey ſyne I have been in the *Tower*, and have left out manie lytel Partes that I tolde to my *Parentes*.

Sept. 30.

The



CHAP. XII.

1554.
Oâ. 1.



THE poore Prisoners in the *Tower* do telle mee moche of the magnificent and grande Appareil of the Quene and her Consorte of *Spayne*; also of the Wealthe he has brought, (or promised,) their Progresse through *London*, and their high founding Titles whereby proclaimed.

“*Philip* and *Marye*, King and Queene of *Englande*, *France*, *Naples*, *Jerusalem*, & *Irelande*, Princes of *Spayne* & *Sicilie*, Defenders of the Faithe, Archdukes of *Austria*, Dukes of *Milan*, *Burgundy*, and *Brabant*, Countes of *Habsburg*, *Flanders*, and *Tirol*.”

Manie

Manie whereof are by Courtesie onlie. But it is indeed true that Marriages do make the House of *Austria* greate, firſte by Union withe *Spayne*, *Burgundy*, the *Low Countries*, and then with *Bohem* and *Hungarie* ; ſo that *Charles V.* is almoſte as wide-brooding a Royal Birde as *Charlemagne* once was.

The Prince is very grave & ſilent, howbeit the Queene liketh this Temper, for he ſpeaketh to none but Herſelf ; but the Nation and the Ladye *Elizabeth* laughe not a little thereat.

On the 27th Daie of *September* did they hang for Murder a Spaniarde, among manie others, at *Tyburn*. Theſe people do ſwarm now in the Streets, & inſulte the Engliſhe, the whiche not even the Quene *Marye* can grant Silence unto. She is removed from *Hampton Courte* unto *Weſtminſter*, her own Palace.

The Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, Lord Chancellor, did preache at *Paul his Croſſe*, on the 30th Daie of *September*.

The

1554.
Oct. 5.

The Duke of *Norfolk* is deade and buried, and his mourneful Dirge is well known unto all Men in *London*, even to us poor Prisoners in the *Towere*, filente & melancholie as we were before, and in verie dirge-like Spirittes.

Oct. 6.

This Daye the Spaniard was buried in *Westminster*, in the *Abbey*, and manie were the greene Torches held around him, & Singing by English and by Spanish very delicately & well. Moreover a Handbell ringing before, and on the eleventh Daye his Obsequies were performed very grandlie, with an Herse, after the Manner of *Spayne*; Black Cloathes and Hangings, a Requiem Masse, Arms & Banner all in Gold, with Escutcheons too, and a Horse Cloath of Black Cloath, and over it a Crimson Velvet, falling like a Bank to the Grounde.

Verie anxious to heare of the Chyldren, & know we can not for awhile. Trie to compose our Mindes about them.

Do

Do hear muche from all Visitors of that strange Knocking and Speaking of Rebellion, called *The Spiritte in the Walle*, whiche did muche astonie Men erewhile, and was the Occasion of manie Feares and much Foreboding; some saying the olde *Satan* was calling his owne, and meaning by this Quip, alle who did not agree with their Opinions; and others deeming that the great Angele *Michael* had shut him in there for the manie Discordes he hath wrought. My *Father* did smile at all this Follie, & so do others now, that a young Girle is found to have been the Spiritte, and to have made the Noise from her Bedde, in a Roome builded agaynst the Walle, whence she did speake her seditious Wordes.

1554.
Oct. 9.

My poore *Mother* is verie unwell and poorlie in her Healthe, so muche that her Release is ardentlie prayed for by manie arduous Friendes. Specialie pineth she for
Newes

Oct. 11.

1554.

Newes of *Eda* and the lytel Boyes, whiche Newes we dare not hope for yet, in these troublous Times. The Sufferings that Manie have endured for awhile, who yet have been fet free after all Hope seemed to be gone, giveth us Strength to hope on yet, and not fainte; & to know that our God is ever about us, even in a Prison, is a surer and a stronger Hope yet.

Oct. 15.

A Leech to-daie to my *Mother*; he did prescribe for her Sage-Poffets and Brandie, eaten with a Saffron Cake or two, and manie Thinges not easie to get in this Place. The Petition for her and me to have a separate Chamber, not answered, not attended to in anie Waye. Patience—Patience.

The Prince hath asked Pardon for manie Prisoners, & the Queene, willing to content him, hath fet free manie that were in Prisonne on the Counte of the Ladye *Jane* her Cause and other. Worthy Sir *John Cheke* did calle
& faye,

& faye, this was goode Hope for my *Father*, and we are alle righte glade to thinke he may escape after so long Imprisonmente. He did, howbeit, object that he coulde not leave my *Mother* and myselffe in this dismal Place, and he goe forthe; but I did replie, “ Oh deare *Father*, you were here long ere we were, & my *Mother* even long before my Time did come, I woulde gladlie staye here twelve Moneths alone, and see you goe forthe, free and happie.”

Sir *John Cheke* did looke on mee & faye, “ Well spoken, faire *Adolie*; and telle mee wherefore you are heere upon the Count of that young Renegade, who is a *Papiste Converte*, and is betrothed to a *Papiste Heireesse*, is it not so? *Halbert de Sydenham*!”

“ Yes,” quoth I, “ albeit I did not know he was certainlie a Renegade;” and then I did telle all the Historie of his Follie and his Perrille, and of my having concealed him.

Then Sir *John Cheke* did saie, “ And were
not

1554.

not your *Parentes* angered at the Libertie taken with their Castell?"

"Oh no," did I reple, and he could not hide his Smile, for often had they discourfed it together, as it appeared.

"Nay, my *Adolie*," quoth my *Father*, "Sir *John* doth but jest, he knoweth full well how we did weepe for Joy that our dear Childe did fo rightlie judge, and soothe to faye, *Adolie*, he was no fafer from a few Teares himfelf."

I did looke up, and true indeed Sir *John*, with Eyes all be-teared, did looke even then upon us, half-weeping.

"Qual genitor! tal figlia!

Il Cielo li ripiglia—

Ed io che farò?

Partiran, e partirò.

"Che genitor! che figlia!

Ghiunque le somiglia

*Se mai tal vedrò,
Adorerò—Adorerò."*

1554.

And did softlie sing this little Italian Song, which, he sayde, was writ some time ago upon a sad familie Historie in *Padua*.

My *Mother* did praie him to give it to her. Much Converse upon the evill and unlikelie Manners & Waies of our own Partie, who by hanging a Cat in *Aprill* laste, with the Holie Wafer in Effigie, excited great and lawful Anger. That which is held sacred by one Man of *Christ* his Flock, not to be ridiculed by anie other, howbeit he conceive verie different Opinions of it. And the Dagger that was flung at Master *Browne* in *Cheape* one Lordes Day, not to be anie more justified by the Zeale of the Protestant: why shoulde he not be a Christian also?

This blinde Furie on oure Side hath ever been a Thorne in our Pathe. Alsoe the stealing of the Hoste on Easter Eve, whereby the Protestantes

1554.

Protestantes did follow up the Same by saying that the God of the Papistes was stolen and losse, and that Another was putte in his Place, in a wittie but not reverent Ballad.

Alle this and much more Confusion and ill Feeling on either Side, do increase daillie the cruell Divisions that do rend our Church and Natione. Speciallie the Storie of Bishop *Bonner*, his Blow on the Ear to one of his own Clergie, and much Abuse and Intemperate Tales told of each Partie by the Other. Witnesse the *Spirrit in the Walle*.

Oa. 15.

My *Mother* much better agayne, thanks be unto God, and quite cheerie with the Hope of my *Father* his Release. He himselfe setteth not much Store by it, for he thinketh he is not verie sure that his chief Condemnation was the helping Ladye *Jane*, seeing that he was once half released for that, and re-imprisoned as a Heretique. But she dothe believe that the *Prince*, to become popular
and

and curry goode Report, will aske manie
manie Pardons more yet. Amen. Amen.

1554.

Did hear to-daie of *Eda* and the lytel
Boyes & Marye. They are all well and safe
at *Bruges*, and are not known to be anie
Babes of *Ranke.* Mistres *Anstey* and Nurse
and *Will* are there alsoe. Master *Leslie-*
Knowe on his Waie home to watche over
Erl's Cope and to see to my *Father* his Af-
fares. He sayde that little *Eda* did wepe
much when she did hear that I was gone to
Prisonne, and *Marye* too; but that when they
did enter the Shippe and make a quicke and
safe Passage without being sicke, *Marye* did
saye, "I thinke, *Eda, Adolie* is like the
Prophete *Jonah*, we do sail well now she is
not on Boarde."

Oct. 17.

Eda did reprove her for speaking "Wordes
so unkinde and unholie," and Master *Leslie-*
Knowe was frightened, for that one Sailor did
heare her, and saye to the Other, "Jack!
Dost

1554.

Doſt heare that lytel Heretic telling Tales oute of the Scriptures !”

Thyrſeldene and *Regie* do looke verie welle, he faithe, and do ſpeake a few Wordes more, and run everie where about the Houſe. Aunt *Weſey* is verie proude of them & of *Eda*.

Oſt. 20.

My deare *Mother* doth get a lytel better and then weaker agayne. I am not at Eaſe in my Hearte aboute her, ſhe is ſo verie Thinne. I have no where to goe alone and praye, ſave the Quiette and Darkneſſe of the Nighte ; then I do praye God to give mee Strengthe and Faithe, Healthe and Releaſe to my deare *Mother*, and Pardon to all the miſguided Ones, eſpeciallie poore *Halberte*, whoſe Deſertion dothe grieve me bitterlie, and I do often weepe in the Nighte for him, and praye that his Hearte may be turned to ſeeke Reſte and Peace once more in our owne Church.

Oſt. 22.

The *Lordes-Daye*, and, even in a Priſon,
it

it doth bring some sweete Thoughtes of Love and Peace. Did rise earlie, & repeate to my deare *Mother* the Vth Psalm—

“ Heare my Wordes, oh Lorde.”
and the XXVII.—

“ Unto Thee will I crie, O my stronge Defence.”

Then to Prayer with her and my *Father* reading the beloved Church Prayeres as arranged in King *Edward* his Reigne. After this, he did saye, “ How faire is the Course,” deare Childe of our Lyturgie, Firste the holie Wordes of God to invite us to come nigh. Then the solemn Acte of confessing our manie Sins, and the Shortnesses of our Goode Deedes, & the consolatory Absolution declared unto the Penitente, wherebye he is encouraged to lifte up his Voice in the Wordes of our blessed *Saviour*, who is alone the Waye and the Worde by Whom we dare crie “ Our *Father*,” and the short Prayeres to Godde to open our Lippes that we may shew
forthe

1554.

forthe His Praife; for without Him we can not even thank Him. Then we burſt forth with Songs of Praiſe into the glorious Pfalter wherein the pious Hearte can finde ever new Waies of pouring out her Love, her Faith and Zeale. The Holie Scriptures are nexte reade aloud to teache us holie Leſſons, and after each Leſſon a ſwete Song of Praiſe. Here we do ſaye our Creede and a kinde Worde to our Miniſter, and he to us, before more ſolemn Prayer. All the Collectes for the Daye are verie beautifulle, dear *Adolie*, and verie few ſuit us better than the one for to-daie, “that we being readie bothe in Bodie and Soule may cheerfullie perform thoſe Thinges that thou wouldeſt have done—doſt ſee, my Childe, all that is here meant?”

“Yea, Father,” quoth I, “even in common Life, the Spiritte warreth agaynſte the Fleſh, and the Fleſh agaynſte the Spiritte. It is not eaſie even in Safetie to live a Life in which ſpiritual Thinges ſhall ever beſet firſt & moſt

most regarded. Yet it is needfulle to please God that the Bodie shoulde so cheerfullie submit to the Spirritte as to perform without Let or Hinderance all the Wille of God. Now, if this is not easie even in common Times of Safetie—in Times of Perill, when the Bodie fears Deathe or torture, it is still more harde to be readie both in Bodie & Soule; and we neede ever to praye for the Holie Spirritte, lest the Feares of the Fleshe overcome our Faythe and make us Renegades.”

“Thou hast well saide, *Adolie*,” quoth my *Father*; “but is it thine owne or Master *Leslie-Knowe* his Thoughte, that thou hast rendered?”

“He never did tell me this to my Knowledge, *Father*; but oft hath he taughte me like Lessons of the Collectes and of the Scriptures; and I thinke, deare *Father*, the Epistle doth greatlie enlighten it, and so doth the Gospell, for therein we see the Fall of those who were led by the Fleshe, and soe lost the
Glories

1554.

Glories offered to them, and of him who came to the Feaste onlie for goode Things, and asked not for a Wedding-garment which was readie for him had he but wished for it. And then "they that are *Christes* have crucified the Flesh with the Lustes and Desyres. If we live in the Spiritte, let us walk also in the Spirite." *Gal. vi. 1.*

Here we did end our Converse this Daye, but manie Times and oft doth he explain, or make me explain, divers Partes of the Divine Service, and seemes to love it dearlie. Ofte too doe he and my *Mother* examine and see if I know well the chiefe Questions concerning which the Papistes and ourselves are now at Variance.

Oct. 24.

Rumours that the Lorde *Courtenaye* will ere long leave *Englande*. Sir John *Cheeke*, onlie released last Aprill, dothe feare Reimprisonmente and will go to forrayne Landes on the firste Alarm. But as yet all seems
smiling

smiling to Prisoners, for that manie are dailie
set free, and the Princeesse *Elizabeth* much
befriended by the Prince *Philippe*.

1554.

Strong Reportes that the Hereticks alone
are to expecte no Mercie. We were busilie
conversing to-daie upon the Psalmes of Re-
ioysing for the Daye, when the Door did
open, & a Visitor clad in dark Garments and
low Hat did appear. When the Gaoler was
withdrawn he did saye,

Oct. 30.

“ You do not know me. I am one
Courtenay, Kinsman to the Earle of *Devon-*
shire, and near upon joining him in foreigne
Landes. I did know you, my Lorde, formerlie,
and Sir *John Cheke*, my verie greate Friende,
did speake of you Yester-Nighte and charge
me to urge you to goe withe him under
Cover of my Cloake and Hat, for that he
lieth in verie greate Perille, and desireth to
speake with you. I will staie here till you
returne.”

My

1554.

My *Father* his Scruples did urge him not to quit his Prison thus even for an Houre, and so did he replie. But the Messenger did tell him that he was forelie needed, and would finde a Guide outside the Tower with Orders to conduct him.

And my *Father* did consent, marvelling muche wherefore so urgentlie was he required, and speedilie did don the Hat and Mantill and forthe of the Celle. When he was gone some halfe an Houre, my *Mother* & I did looke into Eache Otheres Faces and kifs and weepe for Joye, for we knew that he was escaped, and that this had the goode Friende meante.

We had trembled exceedingly when the Gaoler hadde come lest he shoulde discover the Misguise; but he did let him forthe unquestioned, and Master *Courtenaye* did sit as if verie miserable with his back to the Doore and never did saye "Farewell."

The Night Gaoler did come & bring us
Supper,

Supper, and my *Mother* did draw the Curtains (such as they were, made of her Mantell and Shawles), so that the Bed Corner was in Shadowe, and did aske to have the Visitor showne forth.

The Manne did stare wide, and saye,

“ A late Visitor in verie Deede ; why wente he not forth before ? ”

“ The Time did slip bye, Friend, in easie Converse after long Parting,” sayde he quietly, and did turn to goe forth ; “ but the Day-Gaoler muste not finde mee here ; ” and he did pres some Money into his Hande, whereat he did looke askance, but let him oute.

My *Mother* and I did claspe oure Handes and sit long in joyfulle Silence, the Teares ever and anon running over their Boundaries, as muche for the Simplicite of my *Father* as for the Kindnesse of his Friendes, and the Joy of knowing him to be safe, and we coulde not speake thereof. We were however

1554.

ever at lengthe wife enow to go to Bedde, leste the Gaoler coming in the Morninge and finding us uppe, and so moved, should suspect somewhat. And so to Bedde, not to slepe— At everie Noise (and mucche was there that nighte) did feare he was taken, and broughte backe to a separate Celle. At Morninge the Keeper did come in ere we were up. He did saye, “Aha, he is well caughte this Time,” as he did set downe our Breakfaste.

“Whom mean you, Friende?” did my *Mother* ask boldlie.

“Faith, *Roger* the Wilde One of *Bag-shotte*,” quoth he; “he was broughte in here laste Nighte, or belike this Morning, & he made a terrible Rout, & has wounded the Night-Gaoler, so that he is not fit to move.”

Heaven forgive me, but I felt a movement of Joy, “for,” thought I, “he will not now be questioned.”

“Is he a renowned Rogue,” quoth my *Mother* ?”

“Aye,

“ Aye, that is he ; where have ye lived to ask me such like Question ? ” did he replie, as he did quit us, and we were relieved for the Time, but it could not laste foe. And at his second Rounde he did perceive my *Father* to be awaie, & oh ! how awfullie did he calle on alle bad Spirittes, & calle us harde Names, and rave and tear his Hair, asking of us when my *Father* did escape, and manie other Questions, the whiche we did refuse to answer. The Governor being informed thereof, did sende for us, and aske us manie Questions, but we answered Nothing whereof he could make Use. He did aske us why my *Father* did go ? “ He was sent for,” quoth I. “ Where my *Father* now was ? ” and this we could not telle, in verie Truthe not knowing whither he was taken. They did aske, “ Who it was that did come unto us ? ” and we did replie, “ A Stranger.”

Seeing that Nothing could be made of it, they did speake of referring the Matter to the
Queene,

1554.

Queene, and did faye She would be revenged upon us. So were relieved, and allowed to goe backe to our Celle. We did, when there & alone, once more rejoyce greatlie to think he was safe; oh, so greatlie, that our present Durance did put on Smiles and make a Holiday.

Nov. 4.

We are in verie harde Imprisonmente, worfe Fare, and worfe Cells, and no Protestant Friend allowed to come to us. Still we doe rejoyce in his Safetie, for soe we truste in God it is. Priestes are to be sent to us now, we heare, to seeke to converte us. The Night Gaoler verie bad & confused in his Hedde.

Nov. 7.

Did heare agayne of Master *Leslie-Knowe* that the Chyldren are well, and alle whom we love at *Bruges*. He little knoweth how we would like to heare of my *Father* his Safetie.

Nov. 12.

The new Parliament is called & met, and
now,

now, no doubte, greate Measures agaynste us Hereticks, will be brought forwarde. A Prieste was shewn in to us this Daye, & we did somewhat tremble as he did open his Businesse to us. He did examine us verie stricthlie at firste, but soon did looke pitifulle and sadde, and begin to weepe. “Then,” quoth I, “it is *Halberte!*” And it was soe. He had entreated Leave to visit us, and, strange to saye, he was allowed to do it. He did bring me a lytel Billett “From your goode Chaplain,” quoth he, “whom I did meete a Daye or two agoe; I coulde deliver him up as an Heretic, but I love him for your Sake. And now I muste awaie; but I will have Leave to come yet agayne, for the Quene is verie zealous to convert you, as She hath done me.”

We coulde not finde it in our Heartes to say Oughte unkinde to *Halberte*; yet we did feelee grieved and ashamed for him. He did not looke happie, albeit he did merrilie bid me

1554.

me “ wishe him Joy of his Marriage with my pretty Friend *Una*.” Poore Fellowe ! poore Fellowe ! He did saye further, “ Oh *Adolie*, wherefore art *thou* a Hereticke ! Woe is mee !!” Whereat I did long to say more, but coulde not.

He forthe, my *Mother* and I did open Master *Leslie-Knowe* his Letter, wherein he dothe saye, that a Summons to *London* from the Earle of *Devonshire* and Sir *John Cheke* did make him to come hastilie, and he was glad enow to hear of the Plan they had suddenlie conceived to bring my *Father* safelie oute of the Kingdomme without his owne Concurrence. That on the Daye appointed, younge *Courteneye* shoulde lure him forthe in Disguise ; that a trustie Fellow shoulde leade him from the Doore to a low House on the Bank of the River, where he, in a Boate with two strong Men, shoulde be readie to feize & convey him on boarde a lytel Vessel lying at *Gravesend* till Dufke, when the
younge

younge *Courteneye* shoulde come off Shore there, and bothe steer awaye for *Hollande*, not shewing anie Hast or Concerne, and meete the Earle of *Devonshire* at *Antwerpe*, “ and alle is so far rightelie done, that,” saythe he, “ I saw my loved Lorde passe downe the River in the lytel Vessel, & I did blesse Godde for his Safetie, and long to bring you Worde thereof. The Earle of *Devonshire* goeth shortlie, lest he be apprehended for his share in this Plot, and Sir *John Cheke* likewise. My Lorde will soone see his Babes once more. The Lorde preserve his Wife and Daughter. Amen. He was verie angrie at the firste to finde how Sir *John Cheke* had tricked him into an Escape, and into forsaking his Ladye and Childe, and muche downecaste thereat, and at the Riske of *Courteneye*, who did natheles join him safelie in the Vessel at *Gravesend*. Farewell.”

No



CHAP. XIII.

1554.
Nov. 13.

NO Wordde of my *Father* nor of the Babes. We did receive one Visitor to-daye, a Prieste, who did tell us that the Feaste of Sainte *Nicholas* is this Yeare to be observed with all the holie Observances. They did goe so far in former Times, as to speake of this Sainte and Bishope as “the Holie Childe,” because he did keepe his Fasting-Dayes in Infancie, sucking but once on those Dayes, and was ever meeklie and graciouſlie disposed from his Cradle. This Childes Feaste is therefore

therefore to be revived and observed as of Olde.

1554.

Nov. 14.

The Quiette we are now lefte in is not verie cheering. Priestes onlie do visitte us and examine us sharplie upon oure Beliefe and our Formes of Worshippe; but *Halberte* hath not appeared agayne. No Letters can we now have that are not first visited. The Queene is verie anxious to establishe her own Religion, and now that *Halberte de Sydenham* (for whose Sake we are imprisoned) is a Papiste, it seemeth harde to keepe us here for having been his Friendes when a Protestante. The Priestes tell us that She therefore greatlie doth desire to have us converted, for as our Familie is goode and olde, and as we are one with so manie powerfull Houfes, it might goe farre to lead on Others also. And verilie they do trie harde. It seemeth that *Halberte* his lytel Stream of Royall Descente is nothing thoughte of, onlie his Landes and his Religion.

1554.

gion. This Daye is the Repeale of the Attainder of my Lorde Cardinall *Poole* commenced, and it will progresse verie speedilie, as the Quene is so much at Haste for it.

Nov. 20.

Priestes this Daie did come around with the Minutes of the Council of *Carthage*, verie tremendous upon the Subject of Baptism by Hereticks, and saying that such are no Baptisms, and that a Heretick is far worse than a Heathen. "The which is no doubt so far true, that One who has hearde of the *Lorde Jesus Christ*, and of the Holie Spirritte, and then putteth anie Other in Place of them, is far worse than he who did never hear of his *God* at alle," quoth my *Mother*; whereupon Anger did take the Fielde, and Convincing no more thoughte of, these *Holie Men* did fire up and speake bitter Wordes to her, telling her she was leading her Childe by a Waie full of Perille and Wronge. But she, holding my Hande did saie, "*Lorde*,
here

here am I, and the Childe that Thou gavest mee." And she did looke up so serenely & calmly that I was quite loste in admiring her Courage. Do thinke the Priestes were so too, for they did quickly and quietly retire withoute their horrible Menacings.

1554.

Hastie Messengers did seeme to run to & fro in the *Tower* all the Daye, and our Gaoler to-nighte did saye it was because of a Man and a Woman who were pilloried for Lying and saying that Edward the Kinge was yet alive, the which hath much excited all the Worlde; howbeit his Deathe was too much witnessed, for any to give Credence to such a Report, albeit Manie do saye in Secrete that he did not die by a true Disease, yet that he did die is disbelieved by none of any Partie or Persuasion whatsoever.

Nov. 23.

The Cardinal *Poole* is to come to Courte to-morrow. Men say he will pardon all who will take Oathe to the Romish Church, so
would

1554.

would not *Bonner* nor *Gardiner*. Cardinal *Pole* is a wise and gentle Man they do say, and one that had he been Pope, as so nearlie he was erewhile, would have had great Gentleness and Charitie, and belike might have healed all the Rents and Woundes of *Christe* his Church. On the 27th of this Monthe he is to pronounce an Oration and Absolution, the Parliament sitting at the Whitehall, sayth Martyn *Forrest* our Gaoler.

Nov. 24.

This Daie did receive terrible Newes. That anie escaped Prisoners will be served without Mercie, if caughte, either in *Englande* or on the Continente. This did make our Heartes to quiver and ache for our beloved Fugitive, whom our God preserve and bring in Safetie to his lytel Ones. For me & my *Mother*, see no Hope of Safetie save in the Land of long and safe Repose, where we shall meete the lytel *Bridget* and the firste *Thyrseeldene*, and where we shall rejoyce in the
 Prefence

Prefence of our Lorde and Saviour. Amen.
Amen.

1554.

On the 13th Daye of this Moneth, Ste. *Nicholas* his Superstition was revived, and on the following Daye manie did do Penance at St. *Paules*, it being S. *Erewauld* his Daye, the whiche is mightilie to the Liking of the Papistes. Manie Rumours we do hear in our few Letters from Master *Leslie-Knowe* of the Protestantes who can, escaping. My own deare *Mother!* would I could see her go to my *Father*, for she is sicke and comfortlesse without him. An unknown Hande hath sent me the Breviarie and a Persuasion to the Roman Religion. *Halberte* I do gues.

Some have reported latelie Kinge *Edwarde* to be alive; how great a Commotion would there be if this were so proved, but that it will not be. My *Mother* did receive this Daie a verie faire Drinking Glasse, of pure Redde, from foreigne Landes, but no Name thereunto,

Nov. 25.

1554.

unto, onelie in the Foote thereof a quaint Device of a Manne and a Horfe, he leaning agaynſte the Beaſte aſleepe, & Children bringing him Wine. Under all this, the Wordes,

"Friede giebt es hier für mich—
Freude? niemals ohne Dich!"

At Sight whereof we did weepe Teares of Joy, well gueſſing whence might come the pretty Giſte, & the lytel Box in which it did come yet further did betray the Truth. There was in the Hay within the Box, many a Bit of Thyme and of the Flower that they do call Everlaſting, tied together. The Contraſte pretty and affecting. The Thyme had faded—but the Everlaſting ſtrong and freſh as ever. Such is his Love for us. A great Bleſſing in this preſent Time, dear *Father*, and to be yet more bleſt when Everlaſting Gates do open for us alle. And ſuch is our Saviour's Love, outlaſting Time, through the Life thereof while it doth laſte, and full of Strength for Ever.

We

We did marvel moche that the Rude Searche of the Gaolers for written Papers had left us those beloved little Messengers, but no Doubte they were meante to cheer us.

1554.

My *Mother* is somewhat better, and her Tryall will now, perchance, take place before the Chriftmaffe Season. She awaiteth it anxiously now that my *Father* is gone forth. Her Captivitie hangeth verie heavilie upon her, and noughte that I can doe sufficeth to cheer her. Blessed *Mother*! how are we gently nurtured by her.

Nov. 27.

This Daye the KINGE, in splendid Attire, goeth to Masse—significante enow of all we are to expect henceforthe. The Morrow we are to be formally examined agayne, and before the Bishops too, belike, but of this I am not certayne—neither upon the Subjectes. Give us Courage and Strengthe, oh Lorde, to acte by the Holie Worde we love, & having
done

Nov. 30.

1554.

done alle, to stande readie and firme in the Evill Daye, for *Jefus Chrifte* his Sake. Amen.

Dec. 1.

My *Mother* taken hence to-daie to be examined in Council, and two Priestes in the Mean-While to visit mee. Of these One did question closely with mee of the Intercession of the Virgin and Saintes, and the Other of the Doctrine of Works of Atonement. My Hedde did ache ere they did leave mee, but they did not confuse mee in my Minde at alle, thanks be unto Godde.

Darknesse and Eventide and Nighte are come on, & my *Mother* is not yet returned! Can any Evill have befallen her?

Dec. 2.

Uneasie and sleepelesse, I did praie moche in the Nighte for my sweete *Mother*, she being still absent, and I did imagine manie a sad Reason for her long Delaie. Weake & tired, feare that my Courage did faile, & my Faithe, for when I thoughte of all that mighte have

have befallen, I did weepe; and this Morning, when the Jailor did saye, "She is come backe, but to a different Celle for Contumacie," coulde not hide my Griefe, but did crie aloud, and falle upon the Bedde, and groan, for my poore Hearte did seeme readie to breake with exceeding Sorrow. Ande I did seeme to see her Distresse alsoe, & foe for some Houres did give up myselfe to exceeding Griefe. Yet did at lengthe remember that I shoulde presentlie have Worke to do, & did commande myselfe to be in Readinesse "both in Bodie and Soule," firste, by struggling againste my Sobs and Teares, and then by Prayer. I was still engaged in deepe Prayer when my Celle did open, and I did see a Monke enter in his Gown. When we were alone, he did shew himself to be Master *Leslie-Knowe*! Oh how did my Hearte leape to see him agayne. "How is it with thee, my deare Childe? Safe still, and stedfast?"

"Yea, by God's Blessing," did I replie.

"But

1554.

“ But oh, Master *Leslie-Knowe*, they have taken awaie my *Mother* from me !” And I did weepe bitterlie.

Then he did aske mee all I knew concerning it, and saye that he had sworn to my *Father* not to desert us, but to do all in his Power for us both, and especiallie for my *Mother*.

“ Wherefore,” quoth he, “ shall I go visit the Ladye Countesse, & bid her escape under my Friar-garb, *Adolie* !”

“ Nay !” quoth I, “ thou wilt be taken in her Stead, and put to Deathe surelie as an Heretick Prieste, while we shall possiblie escape that.” He shook his Headde.

“ Do you thinke itte ?” quoth he.

“ Yea,” I did replie. “ Yet I scarcely desire to escape for mine owne Sake, though I do muche wishe my *Mother* may ;” and here I coulde speake no more. He, drawing near unto me, did speak tenderlie & soothinglie untoe me, telling mee to be of goode
Cheere ;

Cheere ; that he did hear as often from my *Father* as a safe Opportunitie did offer, & that he did saye the Children were well, and he safe, & living in a separate House with them, seeing my Aunt covertlie, and not so as to bring her into anie Distresse, whiche would be but a bad Rewarde to her Charitable Deede in securing the Chyldren.

We did converse thus in the French Tongue not to be easilie understoode, in Case the Gaoler mighte have greedie Eares ; and then Master *Leslie-Knowe* did quietlie aske me my Catechisme, and question mee concerning my Faythe, as if he were a Roman-Catholic Priest, thus, “Dost thou believe that the Holie Catholic Church is the onelie true One, and that the Protestant Church is a wicked and horrible Sin, Schism, and Delusion ?”

“Nay,” quoth I, “I believe the Protestante Church to be the true Primitive Church, and the Romish Church to be fallen therefrom.”

“Dost

1554.

“ Dost thou believe in the Intercession of the Saintes, and dost thou praye unto them for Aide and Protection ? ”

“ Nay, The Lord Iesus Christe is the onlie Intercessor and Mediator between God and Man ; there is none other Name.”

“ Dost thou believe in the Seven Sacraments ? ”

“ Nay ; Christe did ordain two onlie, and we hold no Forme a Sacramente except such as He did ordaine.”

“ Dost thou believe in the Real Presence of our Lorde in the Holie Wafer ? ”

“ I do believe that which Christe Himselfe did saye concerning it. That He Himself is present in Spirit with us now, as He then was in Actual Presence ; and not having suffered when He spake those Wordes, they could not mean that the Bread was His verie Bodie, but a Similitude thereof and Token of His Presence.”

“ I see,” saide Master *Leslie-Knowe*, “ thou
art

art a confirmed Heretic, Ladye *Adolie*, and I doubt not but the Council will finde Means to push thee yet further on manie Pointes than I have done. I shall leave it to them to deal with thee," quoth he, perceiving that the Door did slowlie open wider at the firste Wordes of this his Replie, and that the Gaoler did come quietlie in, and listen.

"Thy Blessing?" did I murmur. He did looke displeased, but quicklie composed his Countenance, and did saye,

"Yea, Faire Childe, I will give thee a Blessing, albeit thou be a Protestant, this asking it of me is a goode Signe. The Lorde enable thee to seize and holde faste the True Faythe. *Benedicta sis filia, et in grege Christi salva, &c.*" did he pronounce slowlie. The Jaoler believed it to be a *Roman* Blessing, while it was onlie a *Latin* one, so was my Error covered, and my Blessing secured. Did think, when he was gone forth, that my last free Earthlie Friende was still in mightie Perill,

1554.

Perill, and did praie agayne for him and for my *Mother*, & reade my Bible, a Marvel that I have it yet.

Dec. 3.

Hearde to-daie before the Councille. Questioned of my Beliefe just like to Master *Leslie-Knowe* his Questions, and did answer in like manner, and finde how goode it was that he had thus put me to it. But the Inquisitors, as I may call them, verie greatlie enraged, did appoint the 5th Daye for my Tryall, but then it was the Feaste of St. *Nicholas* and Daye of Assemblie of Convocation, so that the 7th Daie was then named, and I muste looke to seeing my Dayes cut off this Yeare, for if my Sentence is given on the 7th, hardlie shall I quit *December* in Life. Lorde, Lorde, heare my Crye, and see my Teares, not for this Deathe, but for the Unfitnesse for it, that grieveth me fore. How shall I dare to appeare before Thee? Yet how can I refuse Thee, and dare to live? Deathe may come
to

1554.

to me as soone if I do forsake my Faithe ;
but what shall follow Deathe ? Whereas, if I
do die for my Faithe, and strive to cling to
Thee, surelie Thou wilt have Mercie upon
me, surelie Thou Who hast said, “ Give me
thy Heart,” hast not refused mine ? hast pardoned
all my Weaknesse and Backslidings,
and wilt take me to Thyself ?—My *Mother*,
oh my *Mother* ! shall I never see her agayne !!
Oh my Soule, deepe is thine Agonie. Can
I saye unto thee, Peace ? Nay, but the
Lorde wille. Be with me, with me, oh my
God, in this strong Sorrow.

Dec. 5.

Do spend my Daie now in Prayer ; short
is my Time, great Thinges have to repent of,
and little Space or Leisure, for the Priestes do
visite me still. To-daie they did lay before me
a written Paper to sign. I woulde firste reade
it, whereat they did murmur and resist, and
at laste did tell me, it was a Paper by the
Signing of which my *Father* would be saved,
my

1554.

my *Mother*, and myself. I did crave Leave to read it, seeing so much did hang thereunto, and was at length permitted. I did quicklie perceive it to be a Denial of the Holie Religion wherein I have been nurtured, but I did reade it carefullie. It was artfullie set forth, the Recantation making Lighte of the Differences, and smoothing awaie some Pointes ; yet so decided, that to sign it was to give up my Holie Faythe—and I did feele sure I coulde not doe it. Then came a low Voice, saying unto mee, “ Thy *Mother*.” It was one of the Priestes.—He well knew how to tempte mee. I did looke at the Penne laide readie for mee and at the Papere doubtfullie, & a Moment did waver, but no more. Mine Eye did catch the Breviarie and the Persuasion, which had been sent unto mee, & I did remember that to sign *this* would be saying “ Yea,” to all that my dear *Parentes* had taughte mee to say “ Nay” unto, and I did putte the Paper from me & faye,
“ In

“ In verie Truthe, I can not do it.” They did fall to Abuse of mee, and faye that I did not love my *Parentes*, and did onlie care to be moche entreated, and manie other fuche like Thinges sayde they—but to all this I answered not. Then one did crie oute, “ The Boke that did make her waver, & turne aside from the goode Pathe, what was it?”

“ The Bible, the Heretick’s Bible,” quoth another, & to this I did replie, “ Nay, it was the Breviarie,” and did pointe thereunto. Whereupon moſte furiously did they demande my Bible, vexed, as it ſeemed, not to have found it upon this Matter. But I woulde not give it up; they did ſearch over the whole Chamber, they did ſearche even my-ſelfe & my Cloathes, but they coulde not finde it. In Rage did they at laſte leave mee, and I, fainte and wearie, did lie downe upon my Bed for verie Sickneſſe and Heavineſſe of Hearte. Yet was I glad that my deare *Mother’s* Name had not led me to do a great Wickedneſſe,

1554.

Wickednesse, though used to urge me thereunto. How woulde she have mourned had she known it, and had it been successfull! Do thanke my God that I was enabled to stande, and truste I may not be agayne so neare falling. Having thus prayed, & confessed my Sins unto God, did lie downe, and commending myselfe and all I love unto His Gracious Care, did fall aslepe and reste my wearied Headde, until the Gaoler did break my Repose, he coming in with a Letter for mee. It was not opened, and I marvelled why, but soon did see superscribed Wordes "*Polus Cardinalus*," & my Hearte did beate quicklie. It was natheles not from him, but from the goode lytel *Una* and her Mother, now in Londonne, a livelie Entreatie to mee to be warned in Time, & to come into their Holie Church; they did saye that I shoulde be tryed the same Daye as my *Mother*, & that they shoulde be present, for that *Halberte* & they all did mourne fore that our Captivitie shoulde

shoulde bear the Semblance of a Penaltie for saving him. “Semblance onlie, for, deare *Adolie*,” did she continue, “all Men do saye, that if ye were but converted, all woulde yet be welle— if ye resist, I dare not saye.”

There was much more to the same Pointe and Purpose, and a few Wordes from *Halberte* himselfe, and then a long Letter from *Una*’s Mother, and one from Mistresse *Anstey*, one from Master *Leslie-Knowe*, to give me moche goode and holie Counsell, and to saye that he was safe, and had seene my *Mother* in tolerable Healthe, but not willing to escape without mee. From Mistresse *Anstey* that my *Father* is welle, and verie manie swete Tales of the lytel Boyes, *Marie*, and *Eda*, she saithe *Thyrselfdene* groweth very like unto mee. She sendeth her Letter to Master *Leslie-Knowe* for the Ladye *Piercie*, who, by getting Cardinal *Pole* to superscribe it, coulde cause its not being opened. Wherefore Master *Leslie-Knowe* doth write frelie and ferventlie.

He

1554.

He doth commend my Answers made to him the other Daye, and praie for me that I may stand firmlie. Ladye *Piercie* doth moreover tell me of the Proceſſion of the Boy Biſhoppe Sainte *Nicholas*, how that, ſpite of the Defence, it was duliae ſet forth and honoured on the 5th daye of the Monthe in ſome Pariſhes, ſpeciallie *St. Nicolas Olave*, and that the Boy Biſhop preached marvelous welle, His Texte being “I am wiſer than the Aged.” An odd Texte for the Revival of an olde Follie, not to ſay more. He will be counted Biſhoppe until the Holie Innocents Daye. Maſter *Leſlie-Knowe* ſaith that poor olde *Purſell* died in Faythe laſte weeke, having withſtoode all Efforte to convert or frighten him from his Religion, or even to entice him by Promiſe of Comforts. And now he is ſafe in his Lordes Loved Prefence; and I—I ſhall ſoon meet him there! Amen. Oh Lord Jeſus, Amen.

Eventide.

1554.
Dec. 6.

Eventide. This Daye is over, and an awful one doth draw very near. Dare I, dare I go before the Bishoppes and stand my Tryall? Oh if I do tremble and quake thus before my Earthlie Rulers, what shall be my Fear when I do see the "Great White Throne set?" What, if I have denied my blessed Church and her pure Worshippe through base and cowardlie Fear, have cast awaie her healthfulle Aides to the earnest Soul, and sought to prop my faltering Steps with the patched and uselesse Stays of the Romish Church? Dearlie do I love my Dear Ones, and painful is the Stake, my Soule, yet wouldest not thou rather embrace a Stake now and thy Deare Ones hereafter, than thy Dear Ones now and a Stake hereafter? Consider and see. I know thy Sorrow to leave them, I dare not think of it, but consider, my Soul, the Glory of a Deathlesse Life in The Prefence! So glorious, I oughte never to count the present Loss, nor stay to balance the
Joy

1554.

Joy of seeing *Eda* and my *Parentes*, and the lytel Boyes on Earthe, againste the Heaven that is prepared for us alle, and where lytel *Bridgette & Thyrfeldene* are now rejoyfing & worshipping with the Holie Angells. Yet, oh my *Mother*, that I might see Thee agayne ! *Mother, Mother*, that loved me, and wast so gentle and loving when everie *Parente* in Englande was harsh ! Oh, my owne deare *Mother*, Heaven be with Thee, and blefs Thine other Children !

Have



CHAP. XIV.



HAVE thought latelie muche of the Earlie Fathers' Writings, & Bishop *Ridley* his Discourses, and *Bradford*, and Others, worthie Defenders of our Faythe in the presente Time; but on *this* awfuller Daye noughte doth soothe my Soule but my beloved Bible. In that alone is Peace and Calme. My Heart doth beat high & tremble so ofte as I do cease to reade & praye. It is true that the Lawes agaynst Heretickes are now under Consideration in the present Parliament, but my Fate therein is clear enow. At Noone this
Daye

1554.
Dec. 7.

1554.

Daye do go to the Tryale, to be tried by the Lawes of King *Henry* the Eighth againste Hereticks, and they are Draconique.

Eventide. Did goe, and will trie to set downe in Briefe the Substance of my Tryale. At Firste coulde scarcelye see the Bishoppes, or heare the Forme of Accusation redde, but ere long did regayne Calmnesse enow to hear that I was accused of having contumeliouſlie disobeyed the Holie Church, my Sovereigne, and the Lawes of God & Man, having received and tried to keepe from Forgiveness and Salvation, a hereticke Soule, disposed to repent, & that in a House where I had no Righte to Rule, and agaynſte the Lawes of *Englande*.

This was the Firſte Counte.

Secondlie, my deep-seated Hereſie & Forwardnesse & Contempte of the Reconciliation offered by the offended Mother Church.

This was the Seconde Counte.

To the firſte Counte I did pleade "Not guiltie," by anie Code of Laws, in sheltering

ing one purfued by private Vengeance, as was he whom I did fhelter. They asked whose Vengeance? And I did replie, “*North-umberlandde’s.*” Now his Partie having vanifhed, and the Duke of *Suffolke* putte to Deathe, and his Ducheffe & her fecond Hufbande, Mafter *Beatie*, (recentlie the Scourge of thefe,) fleeing for their Lives, neither *Bonner* nor *Gardiner* coulde faye oughte, but the Cardinal *Pole* (who was prefent, though not prefiding,) did afke fome Queftion, which quicklie fet afide, they did purfue my Enquiry upon the fecond Counte, after vainlie trying to urge that my *Parentes* were offended at my Deede; whereat I did gladlie affent & pleade Guiltie, for, that they knew noughte thereof, is true. Then did they afke mee the Four Queftions which Mafter *Leslie-Knowe* did afke mee, and fo to others. When they did afke mee wherefore I did rifke fo moche, and refufe the goode Offers of the Church, I did replie in the Wordes of St. *Cyprian*,
“that

1554.

“ that nought coulde be so precious as the Favour of Godde.” They did aske mee if it was not verie strange that I shoulde be let to suffer if my Church were the true one; and I did replie, “ But St. *Augustine* teacheth us that God’s Judgements are generallie incomprehensible unto us, and the Right Meaning thereof to be reserved unto the Daye of Doome, when we shall know all Things.”

They did shew Surprise that I did quote the Holie Fathers, and thencefrom did lose their former Manner of treating me as a weak Childe, & did speake more earnestlie, offering me wondrous Favours if I woulde recant. I neede hardlie telle alle that they did saye, but they did keep me there manie Houres. At the Laste my Sentence was pronounced.

“ Whereas *Adolie*, daughter of *Alwynne* & *Beatrix*, Earle & Countesse of *Yteneburste*, is a most contumacious Heretique, she is condemned to die at the Stake, and that soone & without Hope of Mercie.”

I did

I did not fainte nor waver ; then they did saye once more, “ Wilt thou abjure thine Errors ? ”

“ Yea,” did I replie, “ I abjure all involuntarie Errors of all Kindes ; but I cling faste unto my Church, and will die in her Holie Communion and Fellowship, & may God have Mercie upon my Soule ! ”

At the Wordes, “ *Yea ! I abjure,* ” they did crowde eagerlie forward, & then, Cardinal *Pole* especiallie, did looke anxiously at mee. But when I did profess Love & Allegiance to mine owne Church, they did falle back and looke darklie on mee. One of them did saye that I muste give up my Bible, and that they had already sent for it ; adding with a jeering Quip, that since I had replied to them with so manie a Texte, I muste needs know it by Heart.

Then my *Mother* was brought in. I did no sooner see her than she did run, & I run, and were fast locked in each other’s Armes speechlesse,

1554.

speechlesse, for manie Feelings of Sorrow.

“How is it with thee, my Childe?” quoth she, at length.

“*Well, Mother,*” quoth I, “for I am counted worthy to suffer.”

“God speed thee, my precious One,” did she replie, and was quicklie called from me to be tried alone, with a coarſe Jeſt that we ſhould not be long parted. So, with a long Kiſſe and a burſting Hearte, did we quit our Holde, & ſhee placed before the Biſhoppes, I carried back to my Priſonne. It was my firſte Thoughte to ſeeke for my beloved Bible, & I did paſs my Hand up the Chimney & feele the Ledge of Stone whereon it was accuſtomed to bee—but it was not there! It was like another Parting, & I did weepe abundantlie over it. My Thoughtes were confuſed; I did thinke upon my Ende, now ſo ſurelie appointed unto mee, and *I did now believe it*. This Morne I did tell myſelfe to prepare for Deathe; but I did not feele it *ſo true as now*.

Now

Now I did indeed say, “ *I must die,*” & did feele Eternitie verie neare. I muste now to Prayers for my *Mother*, that she may be saved alive.

1554.

Have but iuste heard that my deare *Mother* is condemned alsoe to die some Daye verie soone, but the Daye not told to her. Her earnest Prayer to have mee with her, disregarded and contemned. Bitter is this Cup unto my Soule ! Oh my God, let this Cuppe pass from me ; Father, hear my Prayer ! Let us meete agayne ! once, once, agayne in this Life !—Father, forgive mee ! Not my Will, but Thine, be done ! Forgive mee my Impatience, and forgive our Persecutors their Rage and Malice, laye not this Synne to their Charge ! Amen.

Dec. 9.

Can no more saye, “ Redde in my Bible fuche and fuche comfortable Wordes,” that Comforte is denied me ; yet do hope the Wordes I have redde & learned, now may bee
verie

1554.

verie present with mee. Do repeate often the loved Chapters of St. John, from the 10th to the 18th, and the 40th of Esay, with others very precious unto mee and to all who love the Lorde.

Have now noughte to do, but to prepare for Deathe, have writ to my *Mother* by the Gaoler, who was the Same that did tell mee of her Condemnation, and to my *Father* a verie long Letter, and have packed it up in my Boxe with all my *Mother* did leave here, & my own Treasures, & did purpose to truste them to him for her, with a loving Letter, bidding her see that they should safelie reache my Friend Master *Leslie-Knowe*, or my *Father*. Manie Teares did falle as I did reade over the long Historie of the last three Yeares in my Diarie, & did meet with Paine the Names of Manie so deare to mee.

Dec. 10.

Halberte did come in with no Disguise. I asked him "Wherefore?" and he did replie,
"that

“ that the *Cardinal*, so stricke with my younge and faire Countenance, doth give him free Leave from the Quene to visitte me & seeke to converte mee. *Halberte* did entreate mee in everie Waie, shewing mee the Safetie and Glorie of his new Faythe, yet not methoughte like unto one who felte secure or joyous in it. The manifold Dangers to my Soule, and Perrille of Life, of my Per-sistance in my fatal Heresie, with many other Wordes. At the Laste, he did throw himselfe in Teares & Sobs before mee, tell me, it was “ a lytel Thing, small Difference, to yelde, that we did reallie thinke the same, and that I was dying for my Obstinacie in a Trifle.”

“ A Trifle, *Halberte!* then why didst thou thyself Change? why seek to converte mee, if the Difference is naughte? And why should I be here for no other Cause?”

“ Thou art here for other Cause, for my Cause; oh, *Adolie*, if thou love me, if thou
love

1554.

love *Alife*, join us & be oures once more!"

"*Alife!* is *Alife* gone to the Romish Church too?"

"Yea," quoth he, "some Weekes fyne."

At this I did but saye, "Oh, *Alife!* *Alife!* and weepe bitterlie.

"Nay then," quoth *Halberte*, "I muste free thee from Prison at the leaste, *Adolie*, & thy *Mother* too!"

"Nay," quoth I, "not now I am condemned;" but coulde saye no more, the Gaoler did come and calle *Halberte*, and he, the Teares still running down his Cheekes, did say mee "Farewelle," and goe forthe. He did promise to take Care of the lytel Boxe for mee. The Gaoler did wipe his Eyes, & seeme to feele for us in oure Distress, for we were now both weping.

Dec. 11.

In my Distresse and Trouble can not slepe for thinking of my deare, deare *Mother*, my *Father*, and the *Chyldren*. Do praie earnestlie for

for them, and marvel what shall be their Fate. Little do we know our owne. As mine is prolonged Daye by Daye, do scarcelie feele so verie fure of dying, yet do know there is no Mercie for mee. Am free now from the Priestes, and able to thinke muche over my Bible, and speciallie, my *Saviour* His Wordes, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you Reste." Feare I have not so fullie taken His Yoke as to feele so blessed and at Peace.

1554.

If I were fure my *Mother* were safe, coule submit gladlie, but do fele my Soule bursting at the Thoughte of my *Father* his Defolation and the poor lytel Ones their terrible Lofs. I am noughte—but SHE !

Dec. 12.

Cardinal *Pole* did fend for mee this Nighte at Eight o' the Clocke and plye me with more Questions; all in vain. I did not yelde, thanks be unto God.

Dec. 15.

Bonner

1554.
Dec. 18.

Bonner did advise that I mighte tell where my *Father* was; but *that* I woulde not. He did trie me by *Weightes* till *Gardiner* did crie “ Holde! enoughe!”

And trulie so; I was well-nigh stifled, but woulde saye noughte. Bruised and sicke, did get up slowlie onlie to have the *Payne* of *Threates* and *Abuses* if I woulde not telle. Then backe to my *Celle*, where soone a lytel Basket of rare Flowers was broughte to mee. Some white Paper was in it, and I did searche for Writing; there was none; then I did bring it near the Lighte of my Candle, and did reade in Milke-writing—

Dec. 18.

“ Farewell dear, dear *Childe*, unless thou wilt be releasd before eight of the Clocke on the Morrow, when I and *Halberte* shall carrie thy *Mother* forthe.

“ If she can not be founde for the Cruelle Houre, know, dear *Childe*, that she is safe! Oh that thou mayst be also safe!

“ Thy

“ Thy God be ever with thee, prayeth
thine ever loving, ever faithful

“ F. LESLIE-KNOWE.”

1554.

Cardinal *Pole* did fend to mee, juſt as I made
an end of my Replie to this Letter, a touching
Note full of Pity and Tenderneſſe. He is
ſaid not to love Perſecution, and he doth ſeem
verie deſirous to ſave Lives; but to convert
Hereticks alſoe. If he trulie ſerveth God in
his Heart, as I believe he doth, how can he
hold ſuch Deedes to be right! But I do praie
God to bleſs him for his kind Zeale, and to
pardon all who have compaſſed my Deathe.
I did write thus to him—

“ Moſt kinde and charitable, yet my pain-
fulle Judge, I dare not do this great Wicked-
neſſe. I can not give my Soule for ever, to
ſave my Bodie for a little Time. I do not
feare Deathe, for it is the Waye Home; but
I do feare to fall from Grace. I thank your
Charitie,

Dec. 17.

1554.

Charitie, & do beg to have my Bible agayne, and heartilie praie God to bleſſe your Grace, and to pardon all who have wrought mee Evill for *Jeſus Chriſt* his Sake. Amen."

Dec. 19.

Did lie downe to Reſte, not to ſleepe, for my laſte Houres drew on as I ſuppoſed; but no, not ſo ſoon. At Seven of the Clock agayne ſent for to hear my Fate pronounced. It was decided that at Eight of the Clock on the next Morning I ſhould be burned at a Stake, and my *Mother* at the ſame Time, though not to goe forthe together, leſt the people make an Uproar. and for that ſame Reaſon is it to be earlie. Did aſk yeſterday to ſee my *Mother* once agayne, but woulde not ſo to-Daie, for that I truſte ſhe is eſcaped, and then would her Flight be diſcovered. Outwardlie calme did come backe to my Celle, and have ſpente my Daye in manie Prayers for her and for all I do love ſo verie dearlie. Do ſeeme ſcarcelie able to praie for myſelfe, but
to

to see ever Christe the Lorde taking me to His Bosom and forgiving mee all my Sinnes. Do repeate His Wordes and think how soon shall I hear them and others as gracious spoken by Him ! Then do picture my *Father* in his Sorrow, and do weepe bitterlie. Now will I make an Ende of this my Journal of my Life ; it is nearlie two at Nighte of the Clock, my Time runneth very swiftlie. Soon shall I, now welle and unlikelie to die by Nature, knowe the greate, greate Secret, “ What meaneth Eternitie ! ”

1554.

LETTER TO MY MOTHER.

“ DEARE and honoured *Mother*, Syne I did write to my *Father* have hearde that there is great Hope you may escape, for the whiche our Lord God be praised. He is thy Saviour and Defence. Wherefore do occupy these my laste Momentes on Earthe in testifying unto thee my Joy thereat, for my *Father* his Sake and the lytel deare, deare *Boyes* and
fweete

Dec. 20.

1554.

sweete *Eda*. Let her not forget mee. Yet, perchance, the Manner of my Deathe had she better not know, lest she bee not able to forgive, as I do, fullie, and with Prayers for their true Peace, those whose Zeale hath done mee to Deathe in my opening Yeares. And as *thou* and my *Father* will forgive alsoe, dearest *Mother*; will ye not, for my Sake?

“ Though it be in mine opening Yeares, yet, deare *Mother*, not so soone as that I faile to prize the tender Love & Care that did leade mee with Gentleneffe all my Dayes, while other Children were punished by their Parentes with Beckes and Blowes and harsh Worddes. And to thy gentle Care, deare *Mother*, under our gracious Godde, do I owe all my present Peace at the Approache of Deathe, & firme Hope in my Saviour. Have charged mine honoured *Father* with kind Love and Thankes from my inmoste Heart to Master *Leslie-Knowe* for the swete Flowers & the Billet, and all his Instructions; & I do beg of thee,
deare

deare *Mother*, to kisse Mistresse *Anstey* and lytel *Marye* for me, and *Una* too, and *Alise*, when ye meete agayne. Two Things do give mee present Joye in the Midst of “our light Affliction, which is but for a Momente,” deare *Mother*; & one is, that thou art safe, and will live to blesse my *Father* and his lytel Ones, deare *Mother*, the whiche I shall know more surelie at the Stake this Morne; & the other, that my Lorde is with mee, and that there is Joye for mee, greate and exceeding Joye on the other side of the fierie lytel River of Deathe, throughe the whiche I muste now passe. Farewell, my *Mother*; oh that I coulde have seene thee once agayne, *Mother*! & my *Father* too! Farewell, alle, alle! Now shall I lay these Letters bye in ye Boxe, and prepare to die, for the Houre is nigh. Amen. Farewell.

“May God blesse and preserve ye alle! *Eda* is thine onlie Daughter, may she be alle thine Hearte can desire, and may gentler
Dayes

1554.

Dayes rise upon alle I love ! Be Thou, oh Lorde, aboute their Pathe & about their Bedde, encompassing round aboute them, and filling their Heartes with the Love of Thee. Amen.

“ Let not Nurse & *Will* forget me, nor the Others.

“ Now have laid bye Alle, but can not finde Cardinal *Pole* his Superfcription. Do suppose *Halberte* did take it awaie ; he did aske for it, but I did forget to give it to him. Have cut off my Haire, & laide it in the Boxe too for my *Mother* ; and my Journalle will be quicklie there, too, then all will be readie, & I will repeate holie Verses till I am called. Do think moche of this of St. *Peter*, now very fuitable for me, ‘ Give ye all youre diligence therefore hereunto, & in youre Faythe minister Vertue ; in Vertue, Knowledge ; in Knowledge, Temperancy ; in Temperancy, Patience ; in Patience, Brotherly Love ; in Brotherly Love, generall Love.’

“ ‘ If these Things be plenteous in you,
they

they will not let you be idle nor unfruitful
in the Knowledge of our Lorde & Saviour
Jesus Christe.'

1554.

“ ‘ Wherefore, Brethren, give ye more Dili-
gence to make your Callynge & Election sure,
for if ye do suche Thinges ye shall not fall,
& by this Meanes shall there be plenteouſlie
miniſtered unto you an Entryng in unto the
everlaſting Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour
Jesus Christe.' 2 *Peter* 1.

“ With theſe holie Worddes do I ende my
Diarie, for now may I ſaye, ‘ I do laye mee
downe and take my Reſte in Deathe, for
Thou art with mee, Thy Rod and Staffe they
comfort mee. Lord *Jesus*, receive my Soule.’
Amen.

“ ADOLIE.”

Aged 15 yeares 7 months.

My Childe is no more ! and I, why do I
yet live ! Sorrow, thou art my Childe, and
Defolation

At Rotter-
dam,
Dec. 29.

1554.

Defolation lieth in my Bosom. When *Halberte de Sydenham* did come earlie in the Morning, *Dec. 19*, & shewinge the Writing of Cardinal *Pole*, was admitted, and allowed to leade me forthe unquestioned, I did believe he was going backe to fetch my Childe. He had been to her, but firste, before he did seeke mee, and woulde not telle me, that he had founde her not, she being at Councille, till I was safe in the Boate with him. Then, when I did crie for my Childe, did telle mee, & saye Master *Leslie-Knowe* was on the Watche to bring her safelie forthe, & had the Pass-Word, so did bear me awaie. Alasse! he even then did know, or guesse, that it was too late; the laste Chance was over, but he deceived mee. It booteth not to saye muche of my Voyage. He did putte mee on Boarde a Dutche Vessel readie to saile, & did goe backe agayne. To-daie have hearde the Truthe, that Master *Leslie-Knowe* did onlie gain Admittance to her in her Celle at seven o'the Clocke
on

on the Daye she was to suffer, in Time to offer to her the Holie Sacramente. He founde her verie calme and well prepared to die; therefore he did tell her boldlie how that the Plan to make *her* escape had failed, and that I was in Safetie, he did hope, no Searche as yett being made for mee, and *Halberte* having now *Pole* his Writing to shew. She did bleffe him for the Newes, and commend to his Care the Papers and other Treasures in the Boxe. Her beautiful Hair all cut offe, and she pale and composed, did seem to him readie to be laid asleepe in *Jesus*. Her Minde & Discourse most heavenlie. In receiving the Sacramente did praie for all who had injured her. Then, after the solemn Blessing, he did conceal the Chalice & Paten under his Monkish Disguise, and give her his Farewelle Embrace, just as the Belle did founde for her to go forthe. He did take uppe her lytel Treasure & leade her tenderlie forthe. She was placed in the Carte; he was not allowed to follow her,

1554.

her, but rudelie thrufte backe. Howbeit he did reach *Smithfelde* quicklie, and in Time to fee poore *Halberte*, who in Defpair to be fo late, did rufhe to the Carte and faye in Latin “*Salva eft!*” whereat the Face of *Adolie* did beame brightlie, and her Eyes did turne to Heaven with fuch a Looke of Thankfulneffe! When ſhe was placed at the Stake, and the Faggots did burne, ſhe was entreated by manie who wept her Youthe and Innocence, to recant, but ſhe did faie, “Naye! naye! Chriſte is Alle in Alle, I will not forfake Him, who never hath forfaken mee.”

“He forfaketh thee now,” quoth one.

“Nay,” quoth ſhe, “He is faythfulle that promifeth, noughte can now keepe mee from His Love.

“Lorde, into Thy Handes do I commend my Spiritte, Pardon mee and my Foes! Amen.

She died as the Sun aroſe upon the Earthe. And ſo is paſſed awaie from Earthe, my verie deare

deare and beautifulle Childe, my loving and faythfulle *Adolie*, in her earlie Years, her Eyes fixed upon one bright Morning Star.

Do goe to-morrow with my heavie Harte to *Bruges*, there to weepe with my Loved Hufbande over our faire, faire Flower.

God grant us alle Grace to witnesse as true-lie unto Him, if need be, as my precious Childe hath done. Oh that I shoulde have escaped and she be done to Deathe!

Here a melancholie Partie, yet thankful to meete agayne are we. New Persecutions everie Daye in *Englande*. The Bishoppes wax more and more cruel, and *Bonner* will have the Deathe of *Cranmer*, *Ridley*, *Hooper*, *Latimer*, and Others in the coming Yeare.

We are safe here at the Presente, and in outward Peace while concealed. Lorde teache usse to truste in Thee, and to bow meeklie to Thy Will, knowing that Thou, in thy Love, hast taken awaie from the Evil Dayes
to

1554.

Bruges.
Dec. 31.

1554.

to come, our beloved and blessed Childe,
Adolie.

Master *Leslie-Knowe* is safe here; & *Halberte* hath sent me from Cardinal *Pole* the Bible of *Adolie*, taken from her Celle. When I was not founde, there was great Outcrie made, and *Adolie* did loke verie happie, inso-muche that Manie did observe the same. Farewell, *Adolie*, Farewell! deare and holie Childe, Name for all Peace and for all holie Vertues. *Adolie*, farewelle!

Verie deare waft thou unto mee, oh my Childe, and though I murmur not at thy glorious Deathe, yet nought on Earth can fill thy Place in the Heart of thy fonde Mother,

BEATRIX YTENEHURSTE.



1552.

“ Houres ” of *Adolie*.

1552.

When I firste do open mine Eyes.



L AID me downe & slept and
rose up againe, for the Lorde
sustained me.” Ps. iii. 9.

“ Teache me, Lorde, the
Waye of Thy Statutes, and I shall kepe it
unto the Ende.” Ps. cxix. 33.

“ Openne Thou mine Eyes, that I maie
beholde the wondrous Thinges of Thy Lawe.”
Ps. cxix. 18.

When I leave my Chambere.

Let me heare Thee, Oh Lorde, all the Daye
longe,

1552.

longe, faying unto me, "This is the Waye, walke in it."

When I goe to my Devotions and Readings.

Be with me, Oh Lord, and bring me throughe my Devotions and Prayers this Daye with a willing and teachable Minde, not colde, nor wandering, but meke and fervent.

At Studie.

Teache me to learne, gladlie, diligentlie, & modeſtly, not angrie or fullen if reproved, not careleſſly or idly loſing my Time, nor turning puffed up in mine own Conceits if I doe well, and am praized and commended. Teach me to love and honour my Teachers, and to remember that every one of them bringeth me a Worde from Thee, faying, "Be not wiſe in thine own Conceits, ſeeke Inſtruction, and lay Holde upon Underſtanding. Honour thy Father and thy Mother and obey them in the Lorde." Even ſoe, Lorde. Amen.

At

1552.

At Noonday.

When that most excellent and glorious Creature, the Sun, doth shine and make all Thinges smile, I thinke there is no Glorie to be likened unto His Glorie who made the Sun, and who calleth Himselffe the Sun of Righteousnesse and the Light of the Worlde. Shine into my Hearte, oh Lord Iesus Christ; shew me whether Thine Image and Thy Likenesse are to be found therein, and if indeed I be risen with Thee, then pour the Beams of Thy Grace upon me to make me strong in Thee, Oh Lord, for the Day of Temptation, Sorrow and Rebuke. Teache me to love Thy Holy Wordde, and the Church that enjoins it upon Her Children, and to be ready to die for the Truth if need be, & to be zealous unto Thee in my daily Worke. Amen.

At

1552.

At Sunfet.

*So teache me, Lord, my youthfulle Wayes
By Thy goode Wordde to guide,
That I may live untoe thy Praise
May die to Sloth and Pride.*

*Fair smiles the Morn of my Young Dayes
Swete Friends the Journey share;
Perchance at Eve with mournfulle Eye
Alone I shall be there.*

*But not alone if Thou be nigh,
Nor mournfulle, if aright
I turne to seeke with tearfulle Eye,
Thy promised "Evening Lighte."
No, Thou my Saviour art, my Lorde,
My Trust is in Thy Power;
For Thou both canst, and, by Thy Wordde,
Wilt stay me in that Hour!*

As the brave and ever-working Sun sinks
into what femes His Rest, though we know he
but giveth to other Lands the Light we have
enjoyed

enjoyed manie Houres, so let me, at the grey
Closing-in of the Day, when I no longer walk
abroad, seek in mine own House to love and
praise my God, to practise Self-Denial and
Gentleness, and to be in all Things moderate
for myself, and generous for others. Amen.

Then reade the Evening Prayer & Lessons,
& when I have more Time than usual the His-
torie of the Evening when Christ was be-
trayed, and of that other Evening when He
was buried.

When I receive my Parents' Blessing.

Let their Blessing sink down into my Heart,
and be unto me as the Dew of Heaven, and
as the Dew of Heaven doth cause the Seedes
in the Earth to swell and growe when warmed
by the Sunne, so may the good Seede sowne
in my Heart be watered with the Dews of
my Parentes' Love, and quickened to Growthe
by the Love of my Savioure for His Holie
Sake. Amen.

Upon

1552.

Upon lying down in my Bed.

Thou art about my Bed, & about my Pathe,
and spiest out all my Waies.

I will laye me downe, and take my Reste,
for it is Thou Lordde only that makest me
to dwell in Safety.

Peradventure the Darknes shall cover me,
then shall my Night be turned into Daie.

In Difficultie or Temptation.

Lifte up my Heart to Thee, Oh Godde.
Make me a Waie to escape this Temptation.
Help me to leape over this Wall of Diffi-
cultie.

Grant me a meek and quiet Spirit.

But fervent and constant in all Troubles.

Give me Patience, Oh Lord.

Strengthen my Temper to bear Provocations
calmlie!

Increase my Diligence and Zeal in my
Duties.

Give

Give me Courage to overcome every Hindrance, and Perseverance to continue stedfast to one Aim.

Set a Watch, Oh Lord, before my Mouth and keep the Door of my Lips.

Teach me to restrain myself and to be moderate.

Restrain me from anye Impatience.

Help me to holdde to the Truth whatever be my Temptations to forsake it!

In time of War and Tumult.

God preserve our Rulers!

God be with us and give us Peace and Concord!

Be Thou too with those I love in the Strife, and bring them back unharmed to me!!

Support our Faithe, Thou that art a very present helpe in Trouble. Strengthen and console my poore Mother in her Anxietie & Trouble.

If it be possible, keepe the Feare of Thee,
and

1552.

and the Love of Thee, and the Trust in Thee, ever before the Eyes of those in the Battle-field, and drive out all cruel and harsh Thoughts and Desire of Bloodshed. Amen.

At Table.

Let me not be one of those whose God is their Belly, & whose Glory is in their Shame, who minde Earthlie Things. Helpe me to recollecte this Wordde, "Let your Moderation be known unto all Men. Labour not for the Meat that perisheth. Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the Glorie of God." Amen.

When provoked to Angere.

Let me not be easily provoked, oh Lord, my God, but leade me to take Thy Yoke upon mee, and to be meke and lowlie in Hearte, courteous and fulle of Gentlenesse, silent, or at the least quiet, when I do hear provoking Worddes

Worddes — so neither rude nor hastie in my
Answers.

1552.

For Thou, oh Lorde Jesus, hast said,
“Blessed are the meke.” Even so, Amen.

When dismaied and distressed.

O my Lorde God, teache me not to be
dismaied nor confounded, for I have putte
my Truste in Thee ; in Thee is my Truste, oh
keepe me trulie Thine. Though Sorrow &
Distresse come on so faste, though my own
Sins, and the Misfortunes they bring upon me,
seem manie and grievous, I know Thou canst
forgive me all those Things of which my Con-
science is afraid, and take away from me all
those Things whereat my Hearte and my Flesh
faileth.

Actes of Penitence.

I do humbilie grieve over my Follie, and
confess my Sins unto my God ; I have not
been stedfast unto Him ; I have prayed faintly
and

1552.

and coldly—reade without Diligence in His Holie Worde. I have let my Humours run wilde, & work me Sin & Sorrow; my Hearte did rebelle and long to disobey the Will of my earthlie Parents, and the Orders of those set over me. My Courage was dismaied at the Work appointed for me, and I did sinfully neglect it, and waste my time in Plaie, saying to myselfe that my Worke was too harde for me—and saying to my Master that I thoughte it woulde not take long to doe, yet in my Hearte knowing that one *must be false*—and that both were foe in real Truthe.

When my *Mother* gentlie did reprove me, did not my Hearte resiste and rise up againste her Reproofe? When my owne Conscience sayde, “It is most true,” did I not turne a deaf Ear to the Wordes it spake? Oh, I must arise and go unto my Father, and saye to him, “Father, I have synned agaynst Heaven and before Thee, and am nowise worthy to be called Thy Chylde.” Wash me
well

well fro my Wickednesse, and cleanse me
from my Sin. For I acknowledge my Faultes
and my Synne is ever before me. Make me
a cleane Harte, O God, and renew a right
Spiritt within me. O geue me the Comforte
of Thy Helpe againe and stablish me with
Thy free Spiritt.

1552.





MORNING PRAYERS.

MORNING THOUGHTS. I.

Now upon the first day of the Week, very early in the Morning. St. Luke xxiv. 1.

The Thoughtes.

EVERY Body knoweth the wonderful History of our blessed Lord his Resurrection. I have learned ever since I was a little Child, how that it teacheth us to live for the Life Eternal, and how that it remindeth us not to let our Thoughts of Sorrow in our Troubles remain in the Tomb, but look on-wards to the House of the “Risen indeed”—
those

1552.

those that love the Lord. But I will now think more speciallic upon the Time of the Day, when Mary Magdalene and the other Mary and Salome brought Honours to a beloved Friend, dead, and found that He was risen as He said, and saw the Angels guarding the empty Grave.

It was very early in the Morning; they loved much, and gave the best, earliest Moments of their Day to their Lord. It was very early, for they were unhappy, and Sorrow can not sleep much; it was very early, for they were full of Love and Gratitude for all His gracious Words to them, and were anxious to hasten to His Tomb, to give him Honours due. It was very early, for they perhaps feared His Holy Body might be borne away if they waited. They, it is playne, did not fear the Soldiers at their Post. That Morning had never been to them before, the Sabbath. The Sabbath till then had been the last Day of each Weke, the Day of Rest.

Now

Now it was to be the first Day of all Dayes, the Call every Week to every Christian, to begin all his Plans with worshipping God on the Lord's Daie, and with remembering the Home that Christ did promise to prepare for us.

The Questions.

Do I love to rise early on the Lord his Daye ?

To remember Christ's Rising, and to think upon my own ?

To ask myself, am I indeed living as one dead unto Sin through Christ's Death, and alive unto God through Him ?

Are the Services pleasant to me ?

Do I attend to them carefullie, and strive to find Some-Thing to suit myself, therein ?

Do I join gladlie in the Praises, humbly in the Confessions, earnestly in the Prayers ?

Do I follow the Psalms cheerfully, the Lessons attentively, and the Sermon also ?

The

1552.

The Prayer upon entering Church.

O Lord my God be thou with me and about me this Day in Thine House, keep the Knowledge of Thy Prefence ever before mine Eyes for Chrift's Sake. Amen.

MORNING THOUGHTES. II.

Now, when Jacob awaked from his slepe, he sayde, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew not. And he was afraid, and sayde, How fearfull is this Place! This here is nothing else but an house of God—a gate unto Heaven! Genesis xxviii. 16, 17.

The Thoughtes.

WHERE did Jacobbe finde the gate of Heaven? Where he had lain down to Slepe, and had dreamed of Heaven and the holie Angels, and thus been comforted. Comforted by what Thought? The Thought that God was near him and about him, even while he was an Exile from his own Countrie and his Father's House." What is an Exile? One who

who is kept out of his owne Lande by Law. We too are Exiles from Heaven, we are to live untill a set Time (appointed by God, but unknown to us) upon this Earthe, and then we are to be called home.

The Questions.

Are we living like Exiles longing to be called home?

Are our Thoughts often there?

Is our Time spent in preparing for it? are we learning to speak its Tongue? and is it to us while we are here a “dreadful,” that is, an awful, though very well-loved Thought, that God Himselfe is not far from every one of us?

The Prayer.

So teach me to number my Dayes that I may apply my Hearte unto Wisdome. Work in me a constant Love of my heavenly Houre and an earnest Desire to prove, through my
Lord

1552.

Lord and Saviour Jefus Chrift, one who fhall ftand at the Door not in vain, but clothed with the Wedding-Garment of His moft worthy Righteoufnefs, oh Lord my God. Amen.

Reade Acts, chap. vii.

MORNING THOUGHTS. III.

I will lift up mine Eyes unto the Hills, from whence cometh my Helpe. Pf. cli. 6.

The Thoughtes.

I WILL lift up mine Eyes. When I am in Trouble, when I am in Temptation, when I am in Doubt what ought I to do. When I am in Prosperity, when I am praifed, juftlie or unjuftlie; when I am blamed, juftlie or unjuftlie; when I am right, and others wrong; when I am bright, and others feem dull.

For in all thefe Cafes there is fomewhat to fear; the Danger that is plain and eafy to be feen

feen in Times of Trouble, or the Danger that lies hidden under Succes, Prosperitie, and Prayse, and which is the most to be feared really, because it wars against the Soul.

1552.

The Questions.

Do I fear Pain and Danger too much?

Do I love Ease too well?

Do I seek to be at Ease, and do I shrink from Work, from Pain, and from Fear, as if I had no God to helpe me?

Do I looke to Him in all real Trouble? in Temptation? and do I ask His Helpe to bear Paine and Succes also, meeklie?

The Prayer.

Without Thy Helpe I can do nothing, oh Lord my God; wherefore I do pray unto Thee, and lift up mine Eyes unto Thee, to keep me from all Sin and Wickedness, & from my Ghostlie Enemy, and from everlasting Death, as well as from all Evil, in this present World.

1552.

World. Teach me to bear Sorrows meekly, & Disappointments without Impatience, And to be ever looking unto Thee for Helpe in my daily Journey through a part of Life, for *Jesus Christ's* sake. Amen. Amen.

Read St. Matt. the v. Chapter.

MORNING THOUGHTS. IV.

Earlie in the Morning will I direct my Prayers unto Thee, and will look up. Ps. v. 3.

The Thoughtes.

OH Lord God Almighty, be Thou with me in every Event and Circumstance of this Daie, help me to looke to Thee for Helpe, for Guidance, and for Love,—what-ever be my Troubles, my Joys, or my Temptations this Day. Nothing will, I know, come upon me without Thee; nothing can happen to excuse my being self-willed or perverse. Do Thou therefore turne my Heart to true
Obedience

Obedience and fearles Faith. Great Events may be near me this Day ; or little Trials, so small that I scarcely ought to feel them Trials, yet if they tempt me to Sin in any Way, they are ; Trials of my Faith and Obedience ; —they do say, Lovest thou *Me*? from God to me ; and I will not forget to ask His Help, knowing that every tiny Obstacle may make me fall, if I try to stand alone, though by the Help of my God I can do all Things.

The Prayer.

Oh help me then, my God, to look up ever unto Thee earlie in the Morning, and whensoever I need Help, & teach me to trust to Thy Love, remembering that Thou dost will my Happinesse and my Holinesse, & to watch my selfe carefully in all my Duties and Pleasures, Hopes and Feares, that I may be ever and only Thine own Childe, oh Lord *Jesus Christ*. Amen.

Reade the Psalme li.

MORNING

1552.

MORNING THOUGHTS. V.

I will arise, and go to my Father, and will saie unto him, Father, I have sinned, against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy Son.

St. Luke xv. 18.

The Thoughtes.

BEFORE I go forth to fresh Work, and fresh Enjoyments, both prepared for my Good by my Heavenlie Father, I will draw nigh unto Him and will say, “Father, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, & before Thee, and am no more worthie to be called Thy Child.” Oh how often do I sin against Thee, my Lord God! how coldly I return to Thy Services; how sadly I remember that I must one Day leave all I love on Earth and go to Thee; how slowly I forsake any evil Habit, or pleasant Sin, or lazy Manner of doing my Duty. How little is “God in all my Thoughts!” Yet do I not know of whom it is said by *Davidde*, that “God is not in all their Thoughts?”

Thoughts?" — Who it is that saith, "Tush, God hath forgotten, He hideth away His Face, and He will never see it?" Surely God does see it; surely He does perceive all Ungodlineffe and Wrong. He knows it, when my Heart shrinks from my Duty, my Devotions, or from Self-denial for others. He knows it when I am puffed up, and inclined to trust to my own Good Works, instead of to Christ my Saviour. He sees it, when in trusting to Christ my Indolence tells me to work not at all, since my Work cannot profit me.

The Questions.

Do I steadily fight against such evil & sinful Thoughts?

Do I strive against every Evil Temper, & recollect that every Fault is a Sin against God?"

The Prayer.

Grant, oh my Heavenly Father, unto me the Spirit of true & deep Repentance. With-
out

1552.

out Thy Help I can not even see my Faults, much less repent of them. Help me in my Meditations, my Penitence, and my Amendments, for Jesus Christ's Sake. Amen.

Read Matt. xviii.

MORNING THOUGHTS. VI.

I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy Child.

St. Luke xv. 18.

The Thoughtes.

YES, when the Morning comes, I will arise and go to my heavenlie Father, & will begin my Daie by saying unto him, "I have sinned;" for how often have I sinned? How often have I, Daie by Daie, broken my Resolutions? How often do I lose an Opportunity of doing a kind Action or saying a kind Word? Of avoiding anything that might grieve or vex any one? All Mention of their Faults, Failings,

ings, Misfortunes, Misdemeanours? All flight-
ing Looks and Tones, as well as Wordes?
All unfair Questions, and all harde Thoughts
of them? How often do I allow my Idle-
nesse to hinder me in being goodnatured?
My high Thoughtes of myself, and Love of
Victorie, to prevent my being the First to
make Peace, if I have quarrelled? My Vanity
to come between me and a generous Pleasure
in the Success of others? or in their Prayses?
or my Love of my own Wille and Waie to
spoil the Pleasure of our Leisure Houres?—
To make me a Burden to those in Authoritie
over me? or to make me forgetfulle of the
Feelings of others?

The Prayer.

So let me then reflect, oh Lord God, before
I go forth upon the Business of the Daie, and
let me watch myselffe with Care, that I may
be gentle, loving, and industrious all this Day,
doing mine owne Duty, not hindering others,
but

1552.

but aiding and consoling all who need. Be Thou with me, my Father, and my God, in all. Amen.

Read St. Matt. chap. xxii.

MORNING THOUGHTS. VII.

If I take the Wings of the Morning and remain in the uttermost Parts of the Sea—Even there also shall Thy Hand lead me, and Thy right Hand shall hold me.

Pf. cxxxix. 8, 9.

The Thoughtes.

“**T**HE Wings of the Morning.” Yes, every one assures me that the Morning is the Time when one can do most, & do it best, & most quicklie. Therefore *David* speaketh of taking the *Wings* of the Morning, going forth, that is, earlie and with Energy, to fulfil some Intention,—may I ever do thus when I have much or important Work to do. But what did *David* purpose to do? To remain in the uttermost Parts of the Sea, to find out

out if there might be any Place where God was not. We know the Answer that he found. We know Who saw *Jonas* even in the Belly of a Whale in the deep Waters,—and we are very certain that God is Every Where. Oh, then, who can hide any-thing from God? He knows each little, tiny Wish and Thought and Plan, even before I can say, “I have been thinking of such or such a Thing,”—He understandeth those Thoughts long before; and if I, “by Searching can not find Him out,” and if the World by *Wisdom* knew not God,” we know that He is ever near us, and delighteth to speak to our Hearts.

Then I will not take the Wings of the Morning to try to escape from the Thoughts of Him, but, like the joyous little Lark, to mount up to Heaven, singing. And as this same Bird, after his Song is over, doth come back to his Nest, and care tenderlie for his Mate & his little Ones, and do his daily Duties for them, interspersed with Songs now & then,
fo

1552.

fo will I come from my Prayers to my Duties with a cheerful, willing Mind, and bear myself pleasantlie throughout the Day unto all around me.

The Questions.

Do I ever thus begin my Daye?

Do I ever go away again to refresh my good Resolutions with a few Words of Prayer?

Do I endeavour myself to improve in all I learn, to be steady, diligent, and gentle in all Things?

The Prayer.

Almighty God, look upon me, blefs me, protect me, and be with me all this Daye. Teach me to look up unto Thee for Help, now, before I begin my Daye, and often before the Evening comes, and my Daye closes. May this very Day be a Step in my Road to Heaven, oh Lord Jesus Christ, for Thy precious Sake. Amen.

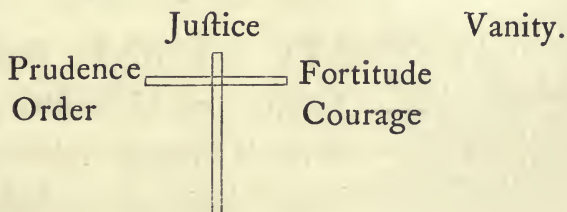
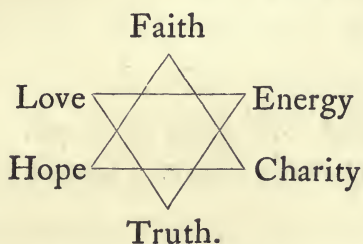
Read Pf. cxxxiv.

Evening



Evening Thoughts.

1552.



Self-indulgence. Temperance.

Sunday—Faith

Wednesday—Fortitude

Monday—Energy

Thursday—Justice

Tuesday—Love

Friday—Temperance

Saturday—Order.

SUNDAY

1552.

SUNDAY EVENING.

*Faith.**I am the Lord your God.* Exod. xx. 2.*Have Faith in God.* St. Mark xi. 22.*This is the victory that overcometh the worlde, even oure Faith.* St. John v. 4.*Truth.**What is Truth?* St. John xviii. 38.*Lie not the one to the Other.* Colofs. iii. 7.*The Thoughtes.*

HAT is Faith? Faith is that Temper of Minde that doth believe Things which are not seene, because it believeth the Worde of Him that speaketh. A Childe believeth its Mother, her Counsel or her Promise, knowing that she is true, and loveth him. God is Truth—His Promise to save us if we love Jesus Christe oure Savioure, is Truth

Truth—and we, if we woulde follow Him, and bee of His owne happie Children, must love the Truthe, & the Truthe shall make us free. Let me not thinke that Iesus Christe will come into my hearte if I love not Truthe. Faithe towardes God must alwaies produce Faithfulness towards Man, and kindlie Thoughtes of my Neighbour. Faithe will give me Strengthe to take up my Crosse in meek Patience and in active Work, and so to follow my Lorde and His holy Servants.

Faithe will teache me to love the Hope of being with Christe, more than all the Praises and Fallacies & Delights of Earthe, so that God may indeed be my only God, the Sovereign of my Hearte. It will keep me from Fears and Idleneffe, from False Words, Deceit, and all Kinds of Untruthe, and will helpe me to seeke my better Countrie, as the holy Men of olde did, and to love my God with all my Hearte.

1552.

The Questions.

Is my Hearte filled with Faith?

Do I wish to become more full thereof?

Do I love to thinke aboute God?

Am I very watchfulle to be true in all
Thinges for that it is God His Owne Name,
“The God of Truthe?”

The Prayers.

Almightie God, looke downe in Thy Mercy
upon me, and give unto me that stronge
Faithe in Thee, that can only come of Thy
special Gifte, by the Holy Ghost, and teache
me to make Thy Holie Worde a Lampe unto
my Feet, and a Lighte unto my Paths, for
Jesús Chríst's sake. Amen.

MONDAY

MONDAY EVENING.

1552.

Hope.

Whatsoever Thy Hand findeth to doe do it with thy Mighte. Eccles. ix. 10.

Hope maketh not asbamed. Rom. v. 5.

For we are saved by Hope. Rom. viii. 24.

The Thoughtes.

TO hope, is to look forward into the Time to come, for some goode or pleafante Thinge. The little Childe can only hope for Things a very little Waie off from his Grasp, the Toy, or Jewell, or Fruit, held out before his Eyes; if told of it, without seeing it, he can not form any Idea of it. But hardlie is he a little older, and awaye on his own Feete, than he begins to hope to find some loved Play-Thinge, and to seek it to-day in the Place where he found it yesterday. In a few Months he can hope for a Pleasure promised
for

1552.

for To-morrow ; then, as he grows older still, he can look forward a Week, a Month, a Year, nay, even to the Days of his leaving School, and being a Man. And I—how far can I look forward ? My Soul, hast thou in thy thirteen Yeares learned to looke forward very far on Earth, and not raised thy Hopes to Heaven, which may be far nearer to Thee ? And dost thou hope for Good on Earth, with the strong Hope that can give me Courage to persevere agaynst Difficulties and against Idle Fears that thou shalt not reach the Good thou strivest for ? We are tolde in the Holie Booke to ask in Prayer, believing, and surelie we must worke in Hope, believing also. It is Hope that makes men do great and good Deeds. It is this Hope that makes men bear evil Things in Patience. It is this Hope that can only come from Trust in our Lord & Saviour Jesus, for our everlasting Peace & Salvation, and for a Blessing upon our Handiworks.

The

The Questions.

1552.

Am I of a hopeful Mind ?

Or is it my Nature to be desponding ? or
fearfulle, or idle ?

When I feel this, do I try to believe in the
Truth of God's Help and Prefence ?

When Troubles or Labours frighten my
Soul, do I try to pray ?

The Prayers.

Oh Lord my God looke Thou upon mee,
and be mercifulle unto Me. Pity my weak
and fearfulle Hearte, and teache me to have
Courage to act arighte, and to bear arighte,
whatever be Thy Will concerning mee, but
to be strong and active against all my Sins.
Amen.

TUESDAY

1552.

TUESDAY EVENING.

Charity. Love.

*And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving,
if any Man hath aught against any. Eph. iv. 32. ✓
Love as Brethren, be pitiful, be courteous. 1 Pet. iii. 8.
And walk in Love. Eph. v. 1.*

The Thoughts.

I HAVE often read the 13th Chapter of
Corinthians, and I do suppose that no One
ever did read it yet without an earnest Wish
to be of such a heavenlie Disposition & Turne
of Minde, to be like that very lovely Temper.
Likewise, in the Epistles of St. Paul to the
Ephefians and the Philippians, there are many
Verses that do most truelie teache the Wisdome
that cometh from above, and which is first
pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easie to be
entreated. And to be fulle of suche Wisdome
is indeed Wisdome; how much more happie,
calm, & beloved is one who liveth after these
holie

holie Counfels, than one of whom every one knows that he is ftryfe-loving, peevisfh, froward, ungentle, and who knoweth himfelf (which is a grievous Burden to him when he thinketh thereon), that he is eafilie provoked, fond of vaunting himfelf, and loveth to have the laft & the fharpeft Word in ftormy War of Difpute ! Let me think well upon the Call of our bleffed Lord, to be meek and lowly in Heart, for thofe are the moft tender & loving towards others who think lyttel of themfelves. As they are not full of their own Wit, or Wifdom, or Skill, or good Fortune, or Dignity ; they are readie to fee when and how to give Aid aétivelie or quietlie to others, and how to avoid giving them Pain or feeming carelefs about their Comfort, or caufing them to be noticed by fome untoward Remark, juft when they would fain be left in Peace. No Daie can pafs without our having fome Chance either to do a kind Aét or to avoid an uncourteous or unkind one—and fince God telleth

1552.

telleth us to be gentle and courteous, as well as loving, it is plain that there is much Room and Opportunitie for it.

The Questions.

Do I try to love, for God's Sake, all those He gives me?

Do I studie their Feelings and their Comfort?

Do I keep down all proud and vain Thoughts that I may be ready to think of Others? And because Christ said, Blessed are the Poor in Spirit?

Do I wish to be meek, or do I despise Meekness?

Do I strive to restrain my Temper and my Tongue?

The Prayer.

The beginning of Strife is as when one letteth out Water. Oh let me, my God, live a Life of Love, forgiving all that vex me, loving fervently,

fervently, and praying for all my Family, Friends, all Christians, and the Holy Church, being a truly humble and gentle Follower of my Lord all the Days of my Life for His Holy Sake. Amen.

1552.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Fortitude. Courage. Patience.

Whoſo endureth unto the Ende, the ſame ſhall be ſaved.

Matt. xxiv. 13.

I have written unto you, yonge Men, becauſe ye are ſtronger.

1 S. John i. 13.

Who is he that ſhall harm you? 1 Pet. iii. 13.

Be ſtrong and of a good Courage. Joſh. i. 6.

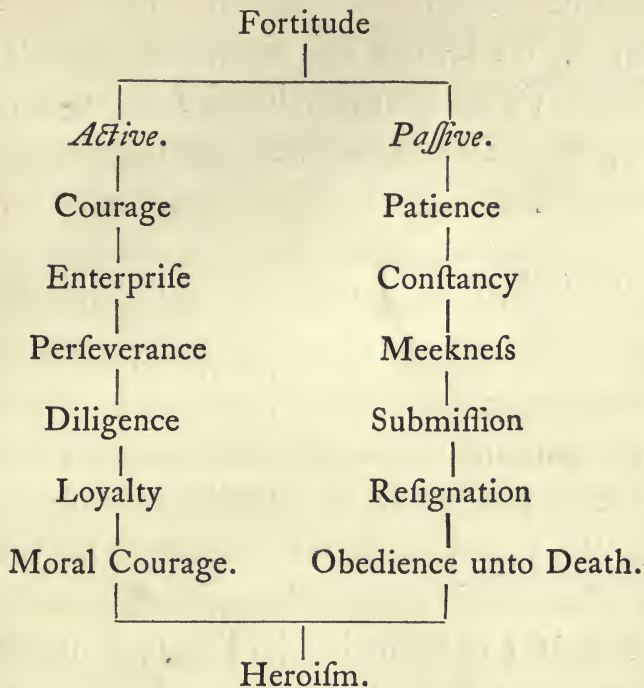
The Thoughtes.

AS Faith, Hope, and Charitie are called the Chriſtian Graces, ſo are Fortitude, Juſtice, Temperance, and Prudence, called the Cardinal Virtues; for it is ſaid that Cardo meaneth

1552.

meaneth “ a Hinge,” and that all others do turn and hinge upon these. If this be so, let me try and examine myself, as to the first of these, and see how much I lack of so important a Qualitie, and of those that turn or hinge upon it, as a Door upon an Hinge. Cardo is the Latin for an Hinge. Everybody knoweth that Fortitude means brave Endurance; but there are many Kinds of Fortitude, and some that teach active Virtues, & some passive. True Fortitude teaches one both to *do* and to *suffer* courageously; and I will divide the Virtues that spring from it into two Heads.

Fortitude



When I examine myself by this Light, by the Light of God's Word, by the Light of the Examples of Holy Men of Old, I fee clearly that all these Holy Virtues must have been in the Hearts of those that were Apostles and Martyrs, and of those also that are in these Days bold enough to commence the great Plans

1552.

Plans of Reformation, and Spreading of the Gospel, but let me also see what Need I have of like Virtues, and what Faults I may fall into, for Lack of active Courage, and meek Patience.

For lack of Courage.

Untruth

Deceit

Fearfulnesse

Faithlesnesse

Continuance in evil

Ways

Ungodlinesse.

For lack of Patience.

Peevishnesse

Fretfullnesse

Indolence

Self-indulgence

Disobedience

Inconstancy in anie good

Worke.

For if I constantly yield to fear of Pain or Exertion, I shall fall into all these; my Duties will be stained with Indolence and Inconstancy. I shall be uselesse to others, having neither Courage, Presence of Mind, Self-command, nor Firmness; nay, even my Wordde may come to be doubted, for who is sure if he always yields to Love of Ease and Safety, that he would speak the Truth if he thought it

it would injure his Ease or Safety? Truth & Firmness are what is called Moral Courage, and often need as much Boldness of Heart as active Service does. Patience in Sicknes & Pain, in Suspence, in Sorrow, in little Ills, such as Cold, and Wet, & Hunger, & Weariness, & Submission & Obedience to Lawfull Authoritie, though called *Passive Fortitude*, often require some Exertion and Trouble. Shieness and bodily Fears are a very great Triall to some People, & are only to be conquered by Fortitude, the Fortitude of a true Christian, who looketh ever up to God, and knoweth that no Event of Life cometh by Chance, but that all are ordained of Him, and that He may be served in even the smallest daily Duty, for He is so great that Nothing is great nor small to Him. So then I will trust in Him, and thus find Courage to subdue all Fears, all Anxieties,—Strength to persevere in every right Waie, undismayed even if I faile often; and Patience to bear every

1552.

every little and every great Ille as a Message from Him, saying, “ Bear this for Mee.” It may seem strange to some Persons to find in Lessons, & Tempers, and Vexations, Food for the same Virtues as in Apostleship, Reformation, and Martyrdom,—and yet it is so, for it is in all the Faith that lays firme Holde on our Lorde and Saviour Jesus Christ, that can alone give any Strength against Pain & Fear.

It is Fortitude that gives Courage to obey allsoe, and to submit, as well as to plan and to perform, to rouse oneself to a harde Lesson, as well as to bear Witnes of the Truth,—to take Reproof and Correction meeklie, and to bear Sicknes, Disappointment, or Dulnes, as well as to fight a Soldier’s Warfare. And we know, that if we thus daily practise looking up to God in *little* Fears, in daily Duties, *He* will not mock when our Feare cometh. He will give us Strengthe to be true to Him through all Things,—to press the closer to Him, as our own Friend and Safety, when
Trouble,

Trouble, Sorrow, Need, Sicknes, or any other Adversitie cometh upon us. We then, "going through the Vale of Myfery, shall use it for a Well," shall find Support and Refreshment there, and I may begin this happy Course of fearless Love now, while I am but a little Childe, and He will be with me, will save me from vain Fears and Timidity, & enable me in every Event to see His Hand, & to do His Will. Amen.

The Questions.

Have I been wanting in Fortitude this Daye? In Energy? Perseverance? Diligence? or actual Courage?

Have I been perfectly *True*? or has a want of Moral Courage led me to deceive?

Have I failed in Patience? Obedience? Gentleness? Temper? or Constancy to-day?

Have I been angry at any Provocation or at any Difficulty?

Have I looked forward to the Future with Fear?

The

1552.

The Prayer.

Lord Jesus, look upon me and teach me to go forward and persevere in whatever Thou wilt have me to do, trusting Thee with every Fear, calling upon Thee in every Difficulty, and confessing unto Thee every hindering Sin or Folly, every idle Shrinking from future Pain or future Exertion. Be Thou with me, Lord Jesus, in all Things, now and evermore. Amen.

THURSDAY EVENING.

Justice. Vanity.

For the Things that are seen are temporal, but the Things that are not seen are Eternal. 2 Cor. iv. 18.

Prove all Things; hold faste that which is Goode.
1 Thes. iv. 21.

Grudge not one against another, Brethren. James v. 9.
Judge not that ye be not judged. Matt. vii. 1.

The Thoughtes.

THE Things that are seen are temporal, they belong to Time, and must pass away. The Things that are not seen are Eternal.

If

If we could open our Eyes and see the Angels all around us, I suppose that we never should forget that we were on our Way to their Home, that we must learn their Language, and love their Wisdom and their Pleasures, it would seem to us then that all human Learning, and all human Praise, and all Worldly Honours, would be worth nothing, if we heard the Angells rejoicing over one, and another, repenting Child of God, and never over ourselves; and we should never for a Moment, perhaps, prefer the temporal to the spiritual World. But the Eternal Things are *not seen*, and though we know which are in Justice the most important Things, we follow as eagerlie after the Praise of Man as we should do after the Praise of God, and not after the Praise of Man for God, but for Pumps and Vanities which we have vowed to give up. We like to have praise of our Dress, our Bounty, our Talents; we like to be sharp upon other Folks; we like to be told we are
better

1552.

better than our Brethren, and all this is Vanity, and springs from caring more than Justice would allow, for Things that pass away. Vanity makes us judge too well of ourselves, too harshlie of others, so that we are never so inclined to be unjust as when we have first been puffed up with Notice; and here let me prove and examine myself upon the two Parts of Justice—Justice in judging, and Justice in judgment—the first affects our Thoughts of others, which should be ruled by Charitie; the second, our Decision as to Things, which are, and which are not, important.

The Questions.

Do I try to think justly of the comparative Importance of heavenlie & of earthlie Things?

Do I pray against too much Love of Ease and Comfort, Pomp, and Show?

Do I pray against Vanity, or do I love to hear myself praised for my Looks, Dress, Wit, or any other personal Good?

Do

Do I try not to fancy myself talked of at all?

Do I love my Drefs too well, or my Pleasures?

Do they fill my Thoughts pretty often?

Do I in earthlie Things strive to think iustlie and correctlie? Especially in my Judgments of Others, and in what I say of them? or do I let a vain Excitement lead me to speak ill or carelessly of them?

Do I dislike those who do not quite agree with me, or do not suit my Taste?

The Prayer.

Thou Lord God of alle Eternitie, teache me to value most dearly such Things as Thou dost approve, to love that which Thou dost command, and desire that which Thou dost promise, that so, among the many Changes of the World, my Heart may surelie there be fixed where true Joys are to be found, for Jesus Christ's Sake. Amen.

FRIDAY

1552.

FRIDAY EVENING.

*Temperance.**Thou shalt have none other Goddes in my Sight.*

Exod. xx. 2.

*The Time is at hand. 2 Tim. iii. 6.**Let your Moderation be known unto all Men.*

Phil. iv. 5.

*My Son, give Me thine Heart. Prov. xxiii. 26.**The Thoughtes.*

AT first Sight I do not seem to have much
 Need of studying Temperance. I am
 not likelie to be intemperate. All my Waie
 of Life is ordered for me, so carefullie that
 not even in simple Fare am I likelie to be in-
 temperate. I have always learned that, to care
 much for such Things as Eating, and Drink-
 ing, and Sleeping was not to live the Life of a
 Creature with a Living Soul. I have been
 ever taught to seek to enjoy more the Plea-
 sures of Thought, and of reading the Works,
 and

and hearing the Wordes too, of great and clever Men ; and most of all the Pleasure of doing Good, of visiting the Sick & the Poor, of giving up some Thing for others, and of hearing of holy Men of old : These, & speaking to those I love about holy Things, have been the Pleasures I have been taught to love. But there are many other Things that are Temptations to me—I love Praise & Notice, and I like to think that my Friends care much for what I say and think. It pleases me to be reckoned fond of Learning, of Music, of Poetry, of Painting, of Goodness, and I *am* fond of them, & inclined to neglect, perhaps, some other Duty for them. But Moderation will teach me not to give too much Time to any of these Things, nor to Amusement, nor to Visiting, nor to encourage in myself that vain Love of Praise which tempts me to like even false Praise, which is Flattery. The Praise of the Wise and Good we may value, but still only in Moderation. Learning
and

1552.

and Amusement we may enjoy, but in Moderation, not letting any Thing occupy our Hearts but God alone. Amen.

The Questions.

Have I been moderate and self-denying this Day?

Have I given up any Wish of mine own to serve or please Another?

Have I striven to keep a Command over mine own Thoughts & Desires? not coveting Good denied me, nor caring too dearlie for even the Comforts I do enjoy?

Do I hold them as God's Giftes, & desire to use them to His Glory?

The Prayer.

Have Thou Mercy upon me, oh my Lord God, and be not extreme to mark my manie dailie Sins against Self-denial. Teach me to worshippe only Thee, & not mine own Ease or Pleasure, for Christ's holy Sake. Amen.

SATURDAY

SATURDAY EVENING.

1552.

Prudence. Order.

Let all Things be done decentlie and in Order.

I Cor. xiv. 20.

Let every Soul be subjectte unto the higher powers.

Rom. xiii. 1.

Ye Younger, submit yourselves unto the Elder.

I Peter v. 6.

Redeeming the time. Eph. v. 16.

The Thoughtes.

THIS Cardinal Virtue, Prudence, means Care, Forethought, and Order in all we do. To think over every Plan and Purpose well beforehand, & to consider carefullie its Consequences. It is a Virtue most needful to those who rule; but no less needful to those who are to obey. When the Younger, or Weaker in Age, or Sense, or Station are told to *submit* themselves, we are quite sure that God will notice *how* we submit ourselves, whether

1552.

whether cheerfullie & humblie, or frowardlie and unwillingly, and also whether we obey not only willingly, but *as well as we possiblie can* ; whether the Order given is for our own Good, as “Learn to do well,” or for the Comfort and Good of others as well as ourselves, thus, “Bear ye one another’s Burdens, & so fulfil the Law of Christ;” or, “Thou shalt not steal.” What, then, if I do wish to obey and to learn to serve God & my Neighbour truly, does Prudence teach me? Prudence teacheth me three old and good Rules,

“Let everie Thing have its own *Place*—
 Let everie Thing have its own *Time*—
 Let work and Play have *cheerful Face*—
 And make sweet Echo to this Rhyme.”

For without a *Time* for Everie-Thing I leave much undone; and without a *Place* for Everything, I lose much; & if I do not obey the Rules given unto me, “with cheerful
 Face,”

Face," I do not yield ready Service to my God & my Rulers; neither must I ever let myself break even the smallest Rule of Order in the Absence of my Rulers; Can it ever be in the Absence of my God? and is not Order His first and great Law?

1552.

The Questions.

Is Order irksome to me, and do I dislike Rule and Governance?

Do I dislike Order in every Thing, or onlie when my own Ideas of observing it are over-ruled?

Do I, for Instance, find Pleasure in arranging my Hours carefullie; my Bokes & little Propertie tidilie, only as long as I can do it my own Waie?

Am I carefuller to spend little upon myselfe, more upon others, & to waste nothing?

Do I keep a strict Account of all I expend? And of the Way I expend my Time?

The

1552.

The Prayer.

Grant unto mee, oh Lord, the Spirit of Order and Forethought, that I may be an usefull and active Childe of Thine; not wasteful, not rebellious, not unmindful of the Duties I owe to Thee, my Neighbour, and myself. Amen.



PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

PR Pepys, (Lady) Charlotte Maria
5167 The diary and houres of the
P858D5 Ladye Adolie, a faythfulle
 childe, 1552

